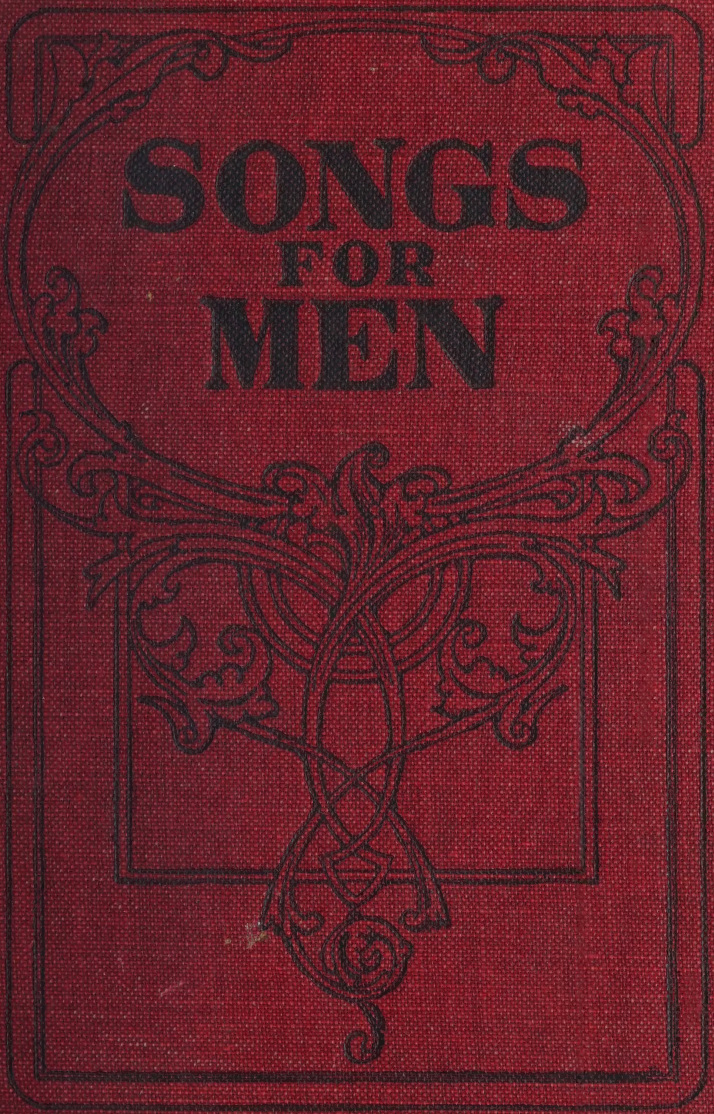
# SONGS FOR MEN



2.00

# Songs for Men

A Collection of

## Gospel Songs for Male Quartettes and Choruses

By

Dr. D. B. TOWNER and H. A. RODEHEAVER

Assisted by

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

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Prices, postpaid:
Single Copy 50 cents
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THE RODEHEAVER CO.

14 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

# PROEM

"SONGS FOR MEN" contains a liberal supply of well chosen New songs, covering a wide range of subjects, and embraces the old favorite compositions of its editors.

Dr. Towner, as Musical Director of the Moody Bible Institute, is preeminently qualified to select judiciously, and Mr. Rodeheaver, having had practical experience as Chorister of the Rev. W. A. Sunday Tabernacle meetings, is well fitted for the duties of Co-Editor.

Chas. H. Gabriel, as associate editor, has rendered valuable assistance in the preparation of the book, which we offer the public with pleasure and confidence, believing it will meet the needs and demands of all associations requiring music for men's voices.

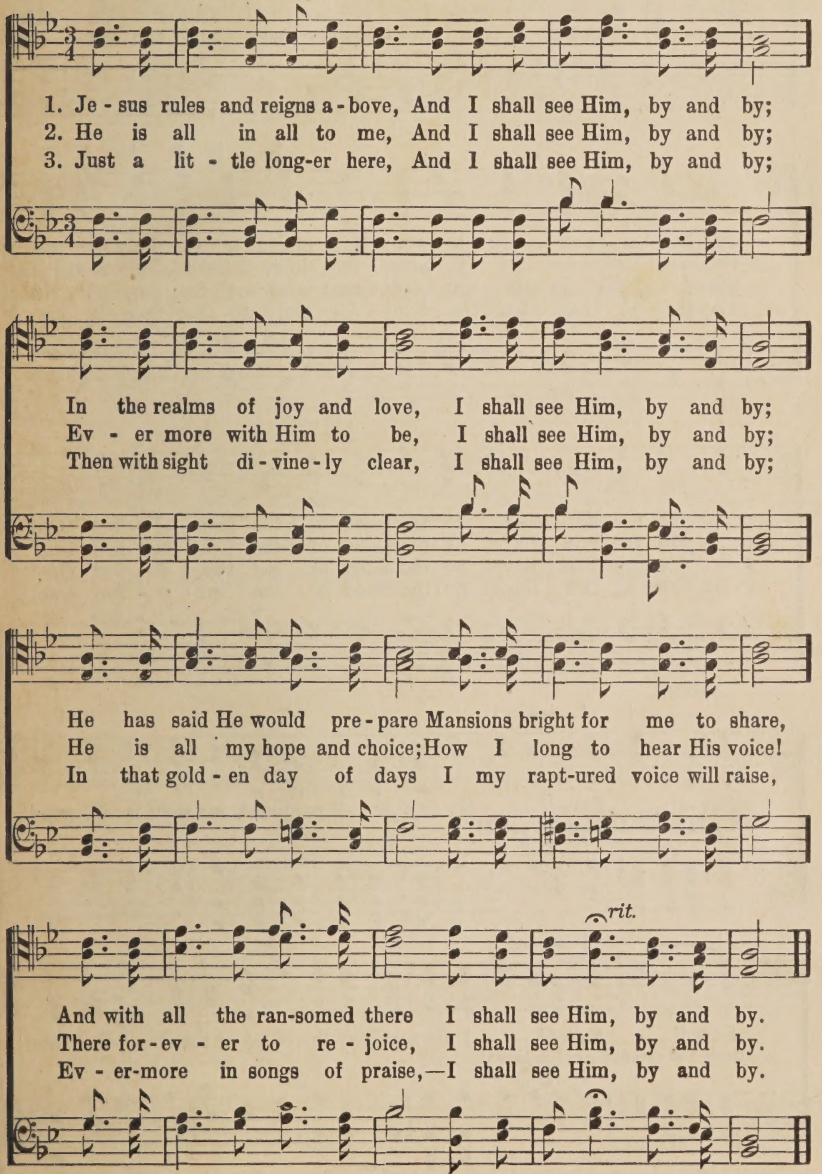
THE RODEHEAVER CO.

Chicago, 1913.

# Songs For Men.

## No. 1. I Shall See Him By and By.

A. W. F. and C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Je - sus rules and reigns a - bove, And I shall see Him, by and by;
2. He is all in all to me, And I shall see Him, by and by;
3. Just a lit - tle long-er here, And I shall see Him, by and by;
In the realms of joy and love, I shall see Him, by and by;
Ev - er more with Him to be, I shall see Him, by and by;
Then with sight di - vine - ly clear, I shall see Him, by and by;
He has said He would pre - pare Mansions bright for me to share,
He is all my hope and choice; How I long to hear His voice!
In that gold - en day of days I my rapt-ured voice will raise,
rit.
And with all the ran-somed there I shall see Him, by and by.
There for - ev - er to re - joice, I shall see Him, by and by.
Ev - er-more in songs of praise,—I shall see Him, by and by.

# No. 2. Saved By the Blood.

S. J. Henderson.

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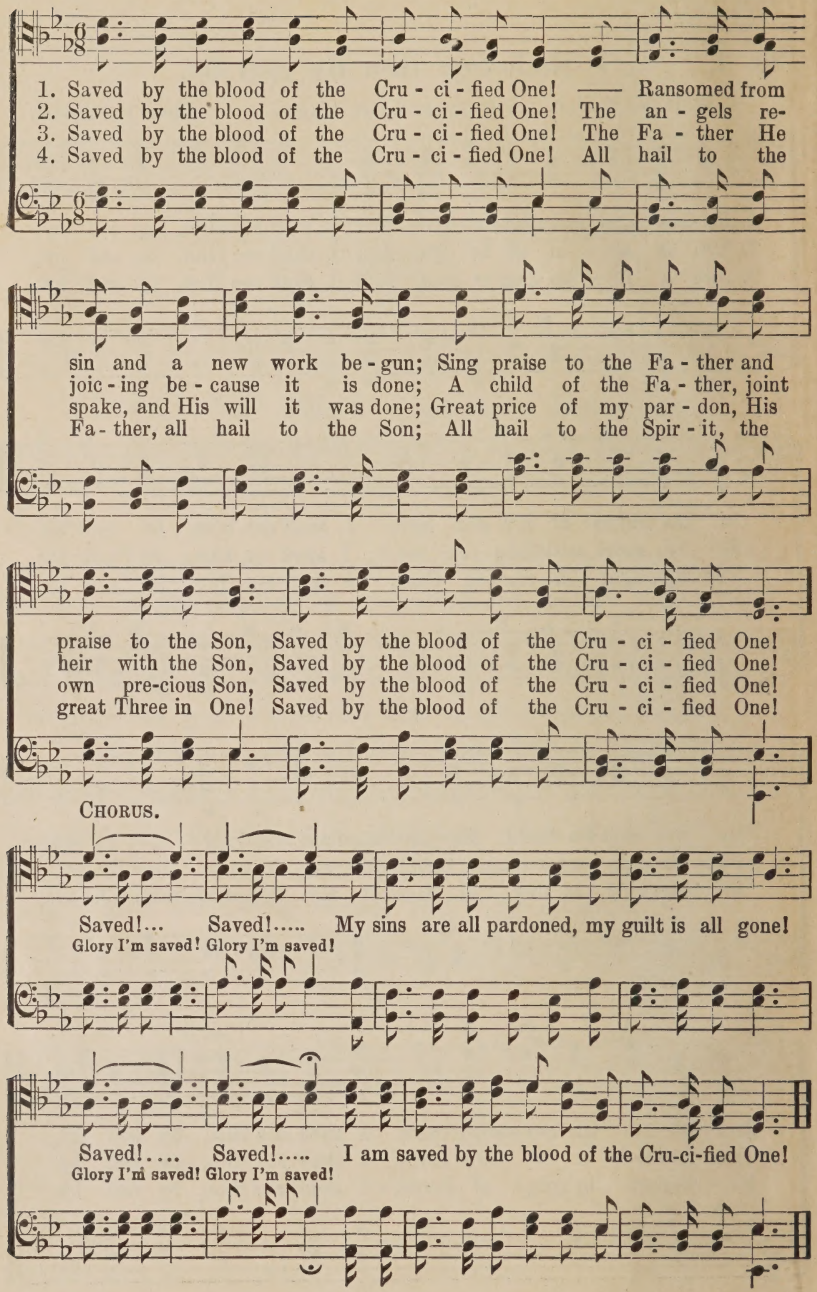
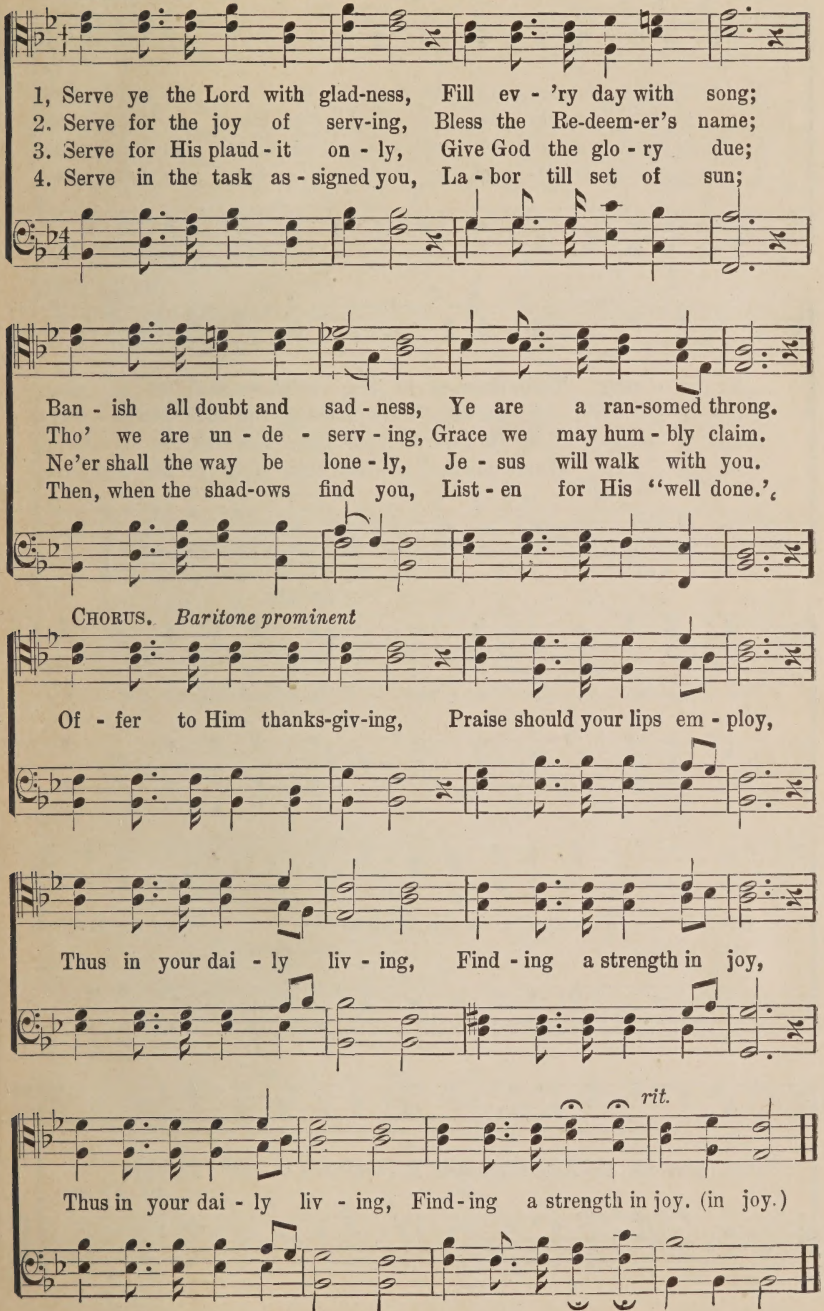
D. B. Towner.


1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! —— Ransomed from
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the
sin and a new work be - gun; Sing praise to the Fa - ther and
joic - ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint
spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
Fa - ther, all hail to the Son; All hail to the Spir - it, the
praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre-cious Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
CHORUS.
Saved!... Saved!..... My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
Glory I'm saved! Glory I'm saved!
Saved!.... Saved!..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
Glory I'm saved! Glory I'm saved!

# No. 3. Serve Ye the Lord With Gladness.

Harriette Waters. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. E. O. Sellers.


1, Serve ye the Lord with glad-ness, Fill ev - 'ry day with song;
2. Serve for the joy of serv-ing, Bless the Re-deem-er's name;
3. Serve for His plaud - it on - ly, Give God the glo - ry due;
4. Serve in the task as - signed you, La - bor till set of sun;
Ban - ish all doubt and sad - ness, Ye are a ran-somed throng.
Tho' we are un - de - serv - ing, Grace we may hum - bly claim.
Ne'er shall the way be lone - ly, Je - sus will walk with you.
Then, when the shad-ows find you, List - en for His "well done."
CHORUS. Baritone prominent
Of - fer to Him thanks-giv-ing, Praise should your lips em - ploy,
Thus in your dai - ly liv - ing, Find - ing a strength in joy,
rit.
Thus in your dai - ly liv - ing, Find - ing a strength in joy. (in joy.)

## No. 4. In That Land So Far Away.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY M. J. BABBITT. M. J. Babbitt.

1. In His glo-rious beau - ty we shall see the King In that land so
2. O the won-drous rap - ture when the day shall break In that land so
3. Sin and pain shall van - ish with yon gold-en dawn In that land so
4. Lift your eyes, O pil - grim, to the heights a - bove, In that land so

far a - way; There the song of tri - umph we shall join to sing
far a - way; In the King's own like-ness we shall then a - wake,
far a - way; Face to face we'll see Him with the veil un - drawn,
far a - way; Where you shall be - hold Him King of life and love,

CHORUS.

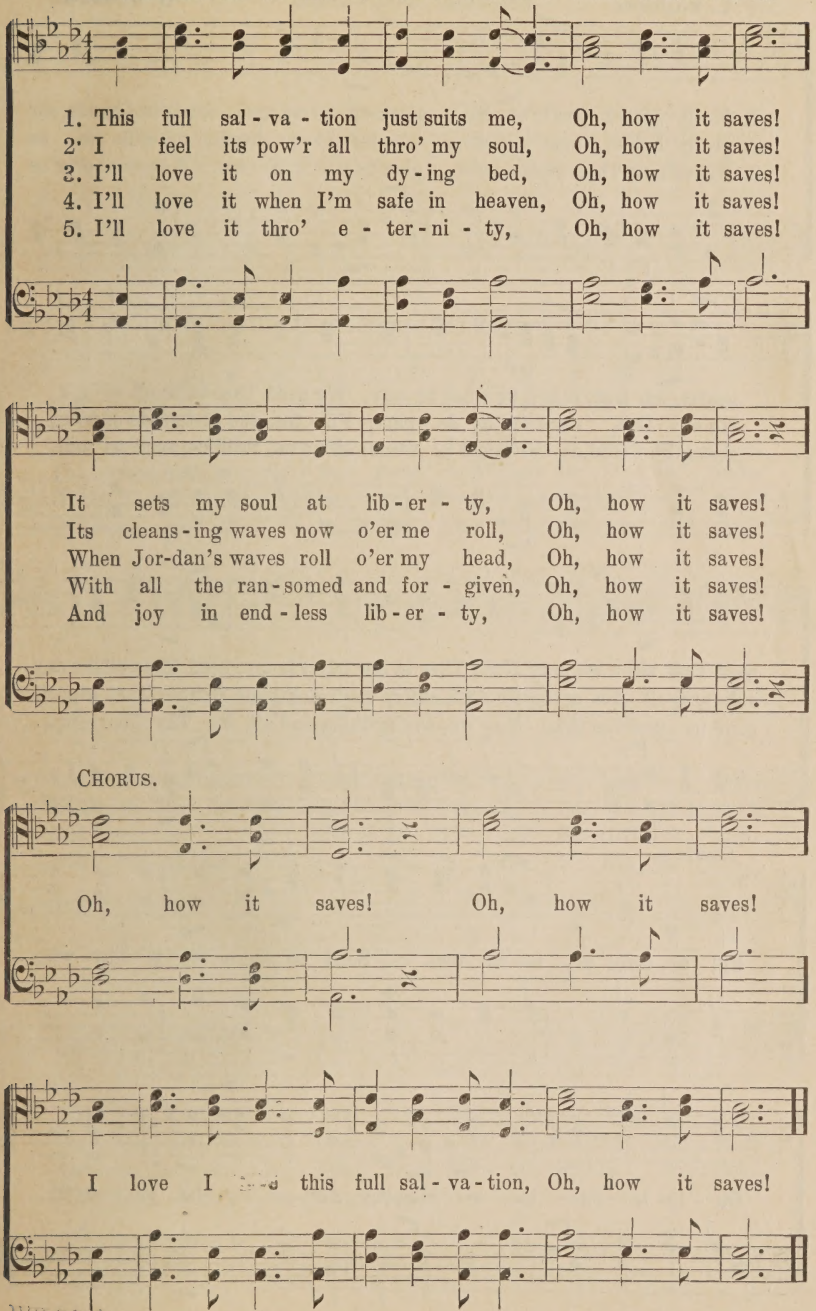
In that land so far a - way. In that land so far a-
so

way, When shall dawn the nightless day; When the shadows
far a - way, nightless day:

flee, then we the King shall see, In that land so far a - way.
so far a - way.

## No. 5. How It Saves.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer A. Rodeheaver.


1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven, Oh, how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!
It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!
When Jor-dan's waves roll o'er my head, Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran - somed and for - given, Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
CHORUS.
Oh, how it saves! Oh, how it saves!
I love I [illegible] this full sal - va - tion, Oh, how it saves!

WILSON
Nov

# No. 6. Holy Spirit, Power Divine.

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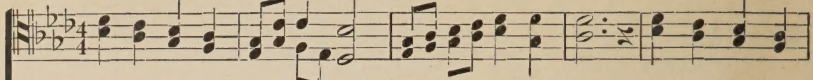
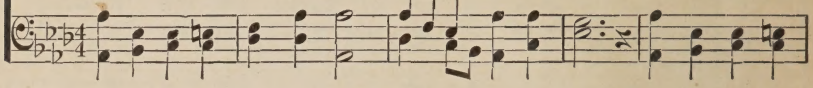
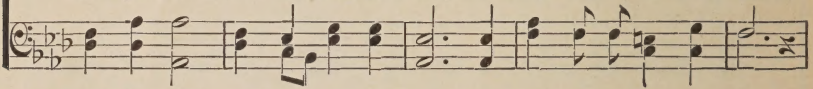
F. L. Buchanan. D. B. Towner.



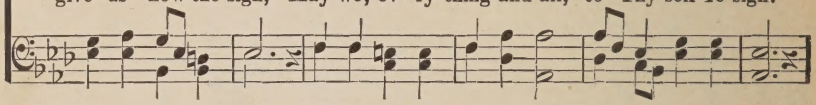
1. Ho-ly Spir-it pow'r di-vine, quick-en us we pray, Guide our hands, our
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly dove, en - ter ev-'ry heart, A-bide in us
3. Fill us now Thou bless-ed one, give us pow'r di - vine, Hov - er o'er us



hearts, our feet, teac h us what to say; We need Thee in times of toil,
Ho - ly One, nor from us de - part; Fu - tile the at-tempts of man,
strength of God, ev - er round us twine; Move us, thrill us, send us out,

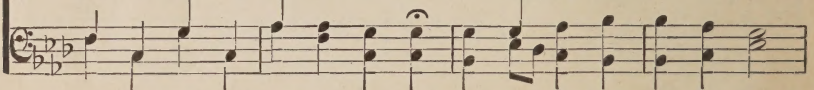


need Thee when we pray, Need Thee in our bu-sy hours, need Thee all the day.
vain are all his arts, Fool-ish ev-'ry tho't and plan if from Thee a-part.
give us now the sign, May we, ev-'ry-thing and all, to Thy-self re-sign.

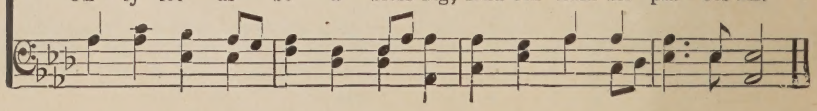


CHORUS.

Fill us, thrill us, use us, fuse us, Send us where it is Thy will;



On - ly let us be a bless-ing, And our hum-ble pla - ces fill.



# No. 7. O Brothers, Lift your Voices.

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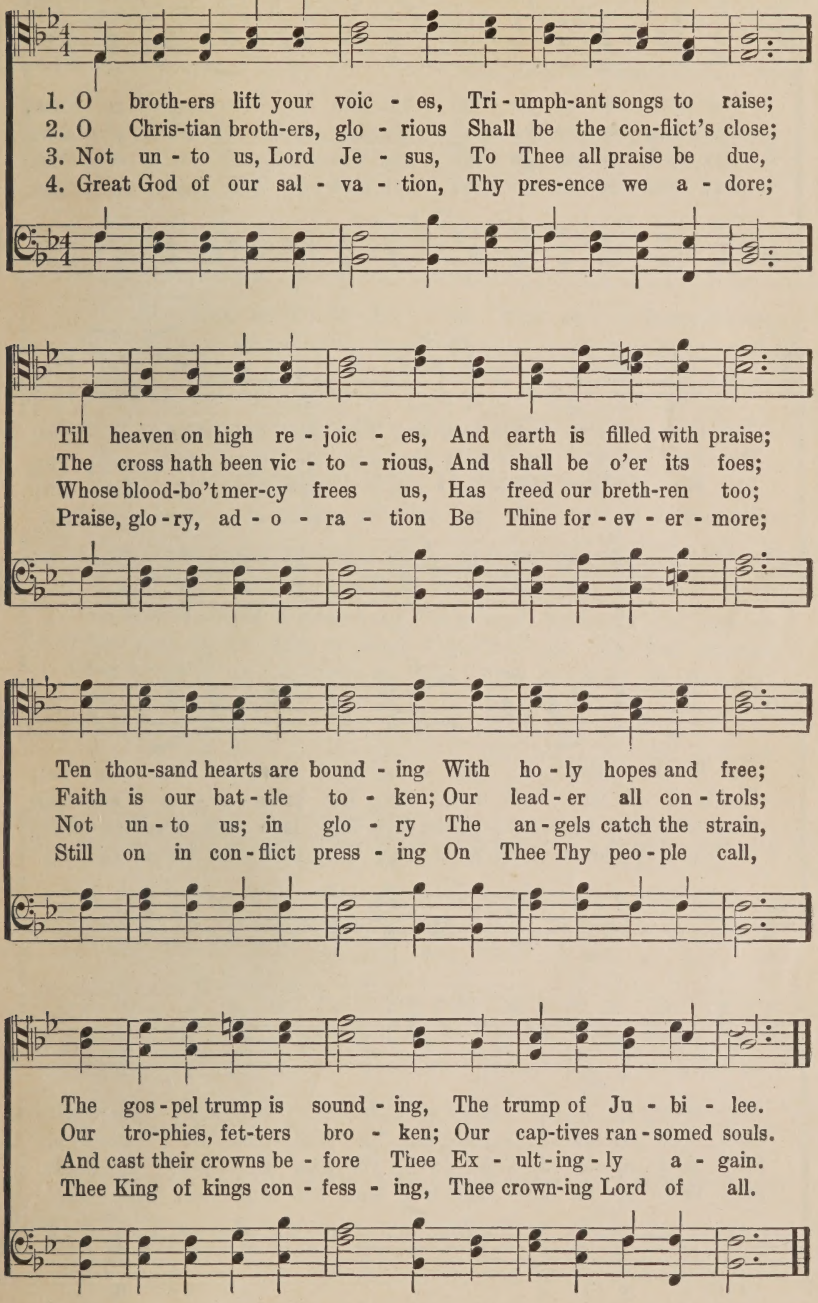
Edward H. Beckersteth. B. T. Worden.


1. O broth-ers lift your voic - es, Tri - umph-ant songs to raise;
2. O Chris-tian broth-ers, glo - rious Shall be the con-flict's close;
3. Not un - to us, Lord Je - sus, To Thee all praise be due,
4. Great God of our sal - va - tion, Thy pres-ence we a - dore;
Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise;
The cross hath been vic - to - rious, And shall be o'er its foes;
Whose blood-bo't mer-cy frees us, Has freed our breth-ren too;
Praise, glo - ry, ad - o - ra - tion Be Thine for - ev - er - more;
Ten thou-sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
Faith is our bat - tle to - ken; Our lead - er all con - trols;
Not un - to us; in glo - ry The an - gels catch the strain,
Still on in con - flict press - ing On Thee Thy peo - ple call,
The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee.
Our tro-phies, fet-ters bro - ken; Our cap-tives ran - somed souls.
And cast their crowns be - fore Thee Ex - ult - ing - ly a - gain.
Thee King of kings con - fess - ing, Thee crown-ing Lord of all.

# No. 8. Stay Thou Upon Jehovah.

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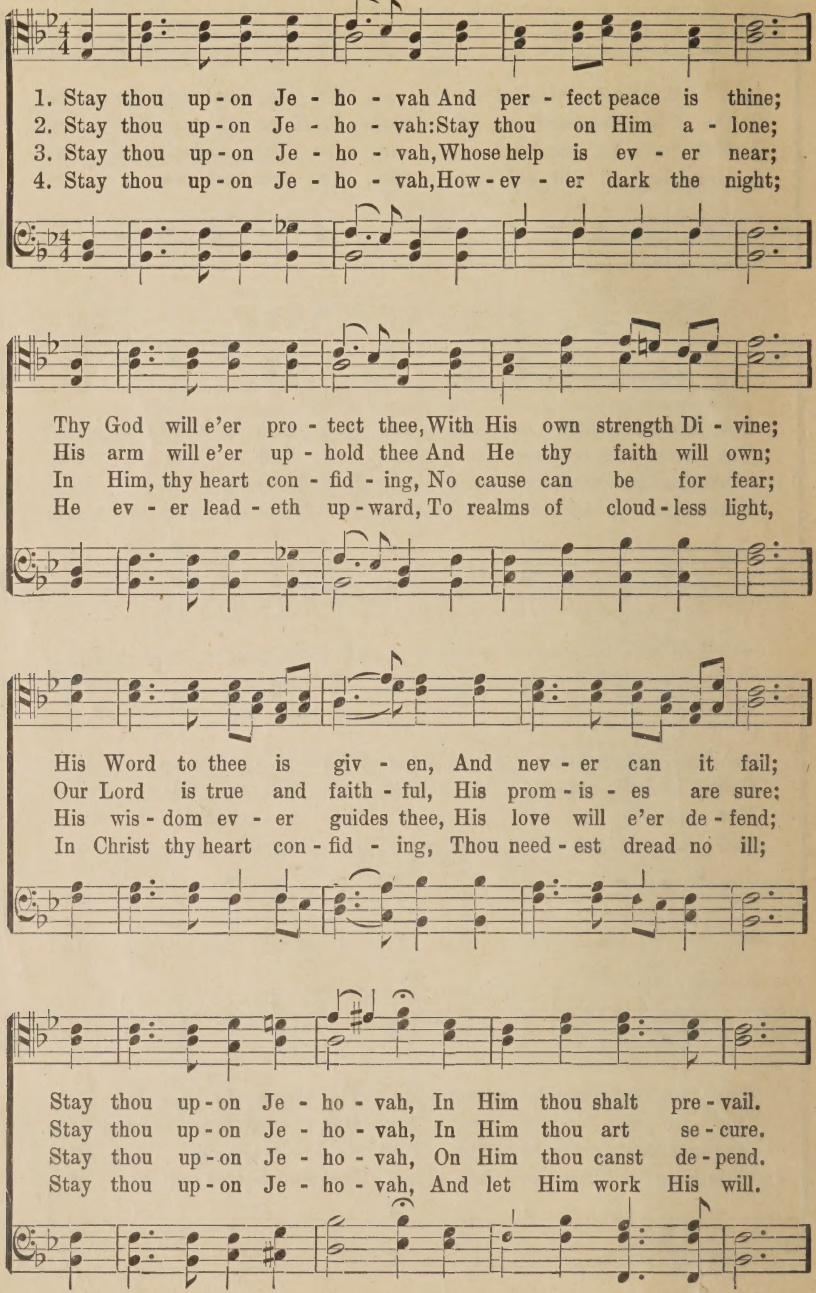
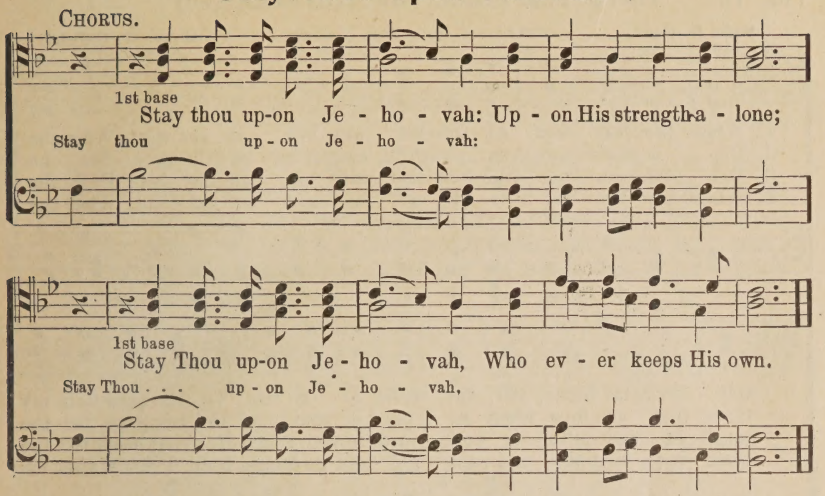
Ernest G. W. Wesley. D. B. Towner.

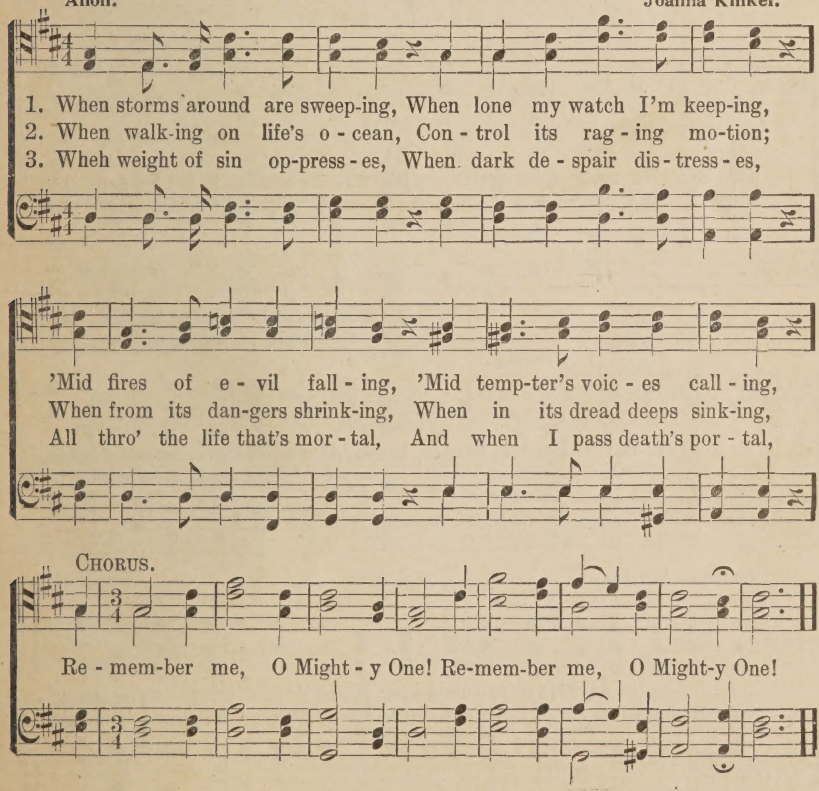

1. Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah And per-fect peace is thine;
2. Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah: Stay thou on Him a-lone;
3. Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah, Whose help is ev-er near;
4. Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah, How-ev-er dark the night;
Thy God will e'er pro-tect thee, With His own strength Di-vine;
His arm will e'er up-hold thee And He thy faith will own;
In Him, thy heart con-fid-ing, No cause can be for fear;
He ev-er lead-eth up-ward, To realms of cloud-less light,
His Word to thee is giv-en, And nev-er can it fail;
Our Lord is true and faith-ful, His prom-is-es are sure;
His wis-dom ev-er guides thee, His love will e'er de-fend;
In Christ thy heart con-fid-ing, Thou need-est dread no ill;
Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah, In Him thou shalt pre-vail.
Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah, In Him thou art se-cure.
Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah, On Him thou canst de-pend.
Stay thou up-on Je-ho-vah, And let Him work His will.

## Stay Thou Upon Jehovah.


Chorus.
1st base
Stay thou up-on Je - ho - vah: Up - on His strength a - lone;
Stay thou up - on Je - ho - vah:
1st base
Stay Thou up-on Je - ho - vah, Who ev - er keeps His own.
Stay Thou . . . up - on Je - ho - vah,

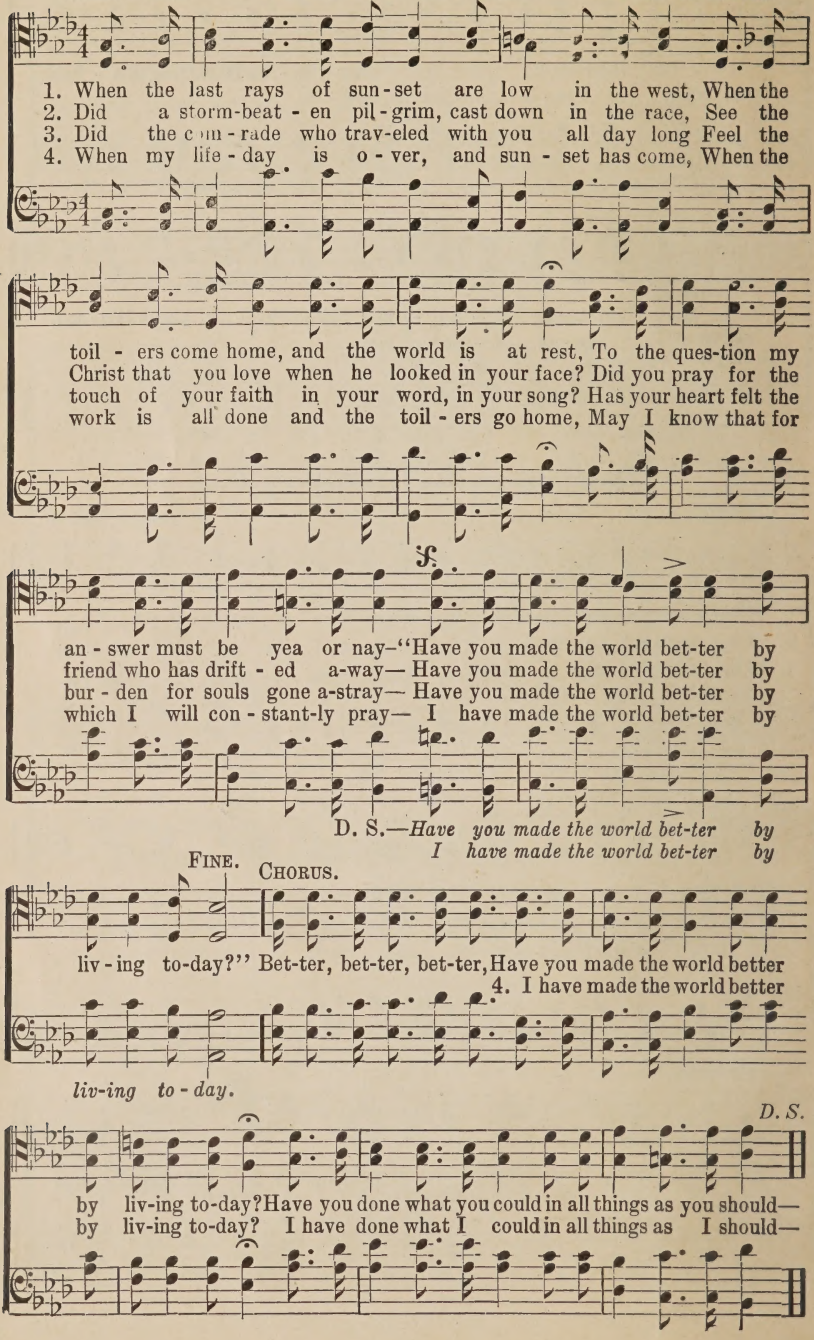
## No. 9. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Joanna Kinkel.


1. When storms around are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. Wheh weight of sin op-press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tress - es,
'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp-ter's voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,
Chorus.
Re - mem-ber me, O Might - y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

# No. 10 Have You Made the World Better?

Nella F. Ford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When the last rays of sun-set are low in the west, When the
2. Did a storm-beat-en pil-grim, cast down in the race, See the
3. Did the com-rade who trav-eled with you all day long Feel the
4. When my life-day is o-ver, and sun-set has come, When the
toil-ers come home, and the world is at rest, To the ques-tion my
Christ that you love when he looked in your face? Did you pray for the
touch of your faith in your word, in your song? Has your heart felt the
work is all done and the toil-ers go home, May I know that for
S.
an-swer must be yea or nay—"Have you made the world bet-ter by
friend who has drift-ed a-way— Have you made the world bet-ter by
bur-den for souls gone a-stray— Have you made the world bet-ter by
which I will con-stant-ly pray— I have made the world bet-ter by
D. S.—Have you made the world bet-ter by
I have made the world bet-ter by
FINE.
CHORUS.
liv-ing to-day?" Bet-ter, bet-ter, bet-ter, Have you made the world better
4. I have made the world better
liv-ing to-day.
D. S.
by liv-ing to-day? Have you done what you could in all things as you should—
by liv-ing to-day? I have done what I could in all things as I should—

# No. 11. Live Out Thy Life in Me.

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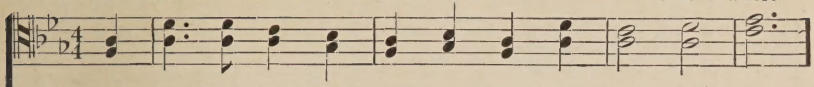
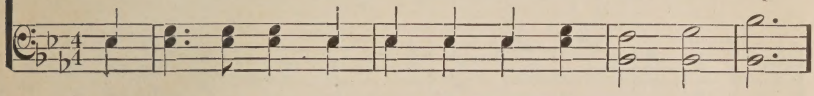
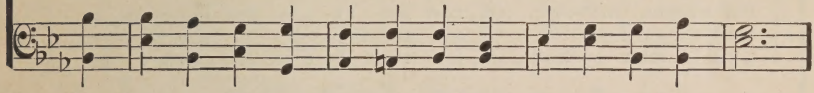
F. E. Marsh. D. B. Towner.



1. Thy life live out in me, O Christ, my Lord di - vine,
2. Thy life of love so true and help - ful in its grace,
3. Thy life of pa - tient work which al - ways on - ward goes,
4. Thy life of ho - li - ness which shines with lus - tre rare
5. Thy life of faith - ful prayer and in - ter - cess - ion sweet
6. Thy life of do - ing good, O live Thou out in me,



Thy life of faith in God a - lone Which does Thy-self en - shrine.
Thy con-stant love which thinks and cares, And makes for all a place.
And does not turn to left or right, But finds in God re - pose.
In ho-ly thought and word and deed, And loves Thy yoke to bear,
Which feels and pleads for oth-ers' needs, And lays them at Thy feet.
O let Thy Spir - it on me rest Which brings men un - to Thee.



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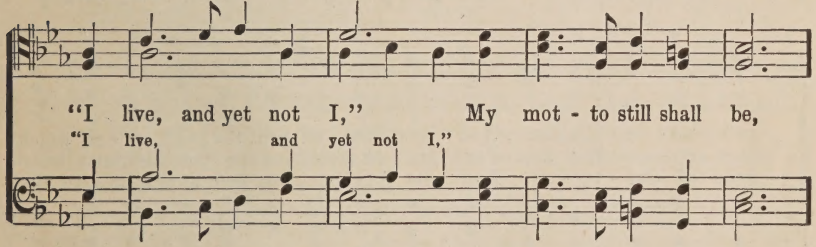
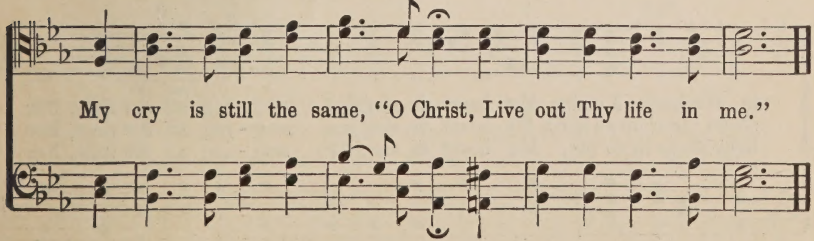


"I live, and yet not I," My mot - to still shall be,
"I live, and yet not I,"



My cry is still the same, "O Christ, Live out Thy life in me."

# No. 12. Singing All the Time.

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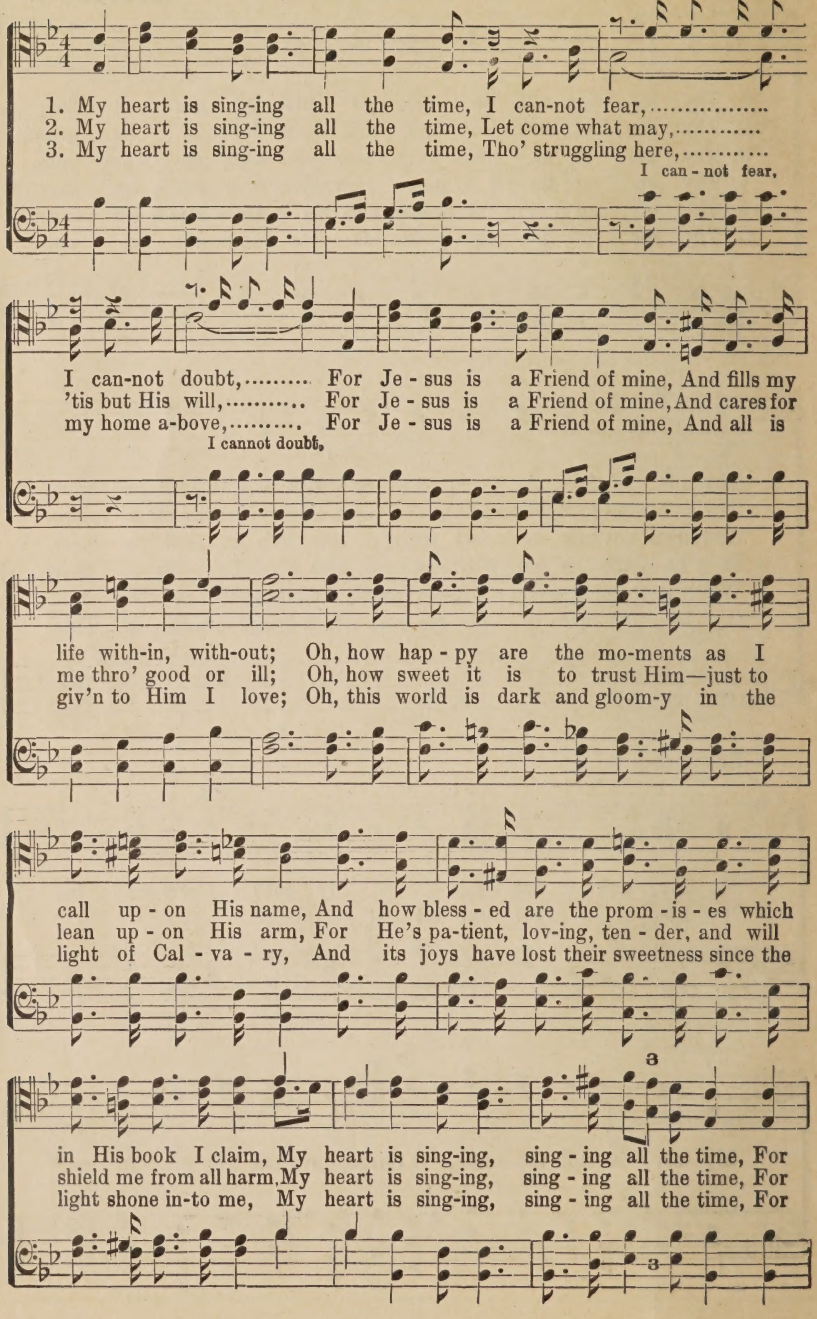
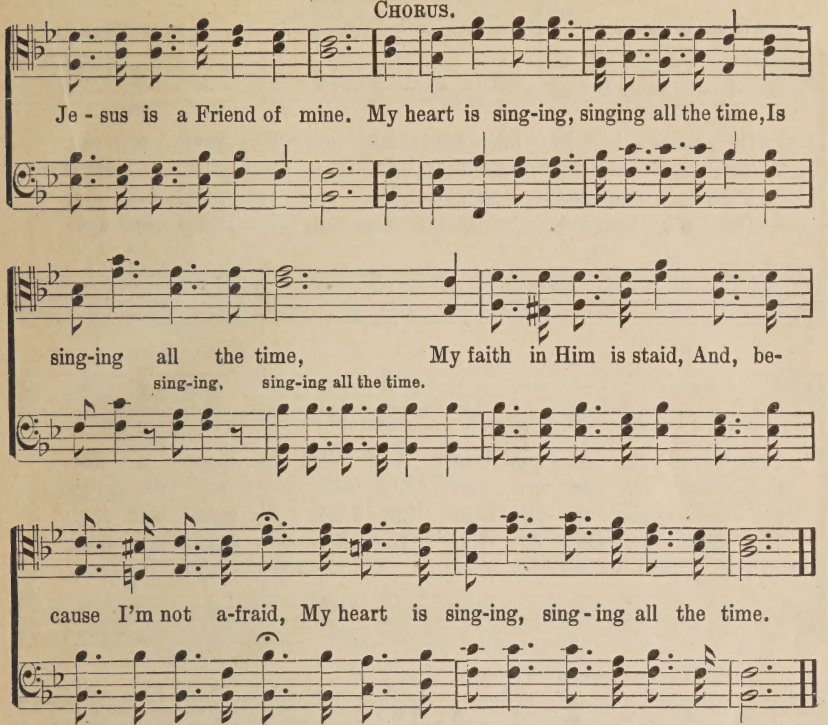
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

D. R. van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. My heart is sing-ing all the time, I can-not fear,
2. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Let come what may,
3. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Tho' struggling here,
I can-not fear,
I can-not doubt, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And fills my
'tis but His will, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And cares for
my home a-bove, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And all is
I cannot doubt,
life with-in, with-out; Oh, how hap-py are the mo-ments as I
me thro' good or ill; Oh, how sweet it is to trust Him—just to
giv'n to Him I love; Oh, this world is dark and gloom-y in the
call up-on His name, And how bless-ed are the prom-is-es which
lean up-on His arm, For He's pa-tient, lov-ing, ten-der, and will
light of Cal-va-ry, And its joys have lost their sweetness since the
3
in His book I claim, My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
shield me from all harm, My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
light shone in-to me, My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
3

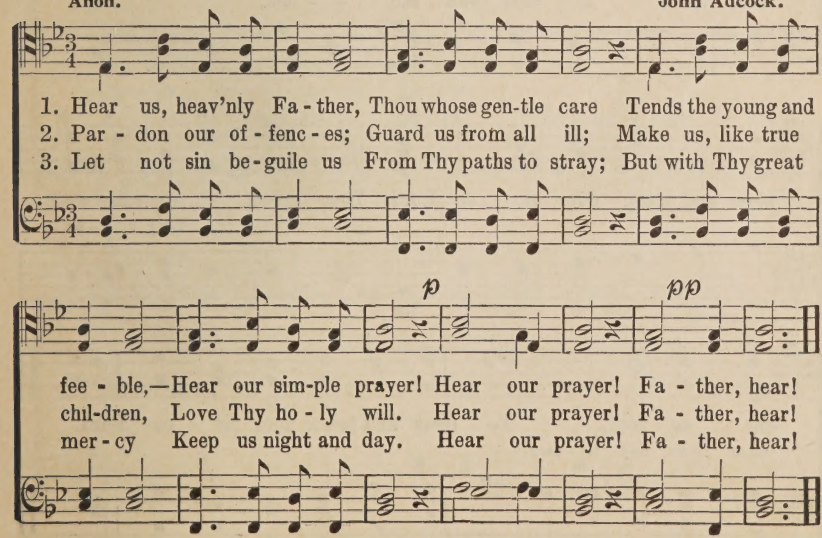
## Singing All the Time.

CHORUS.


Je - sus is a Friend of mine. My heart is sing-ing, singing all the time, Is
sing-ing all the time, My faith in Him is staid, And, be-
sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.
cause I'm not a-fraid, My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.

## No. 13. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.


1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa - ther, Thou whose gen-tle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fenc - es; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
p
pp
fee - ble,—Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!

# No. 14. The Risen Lord.

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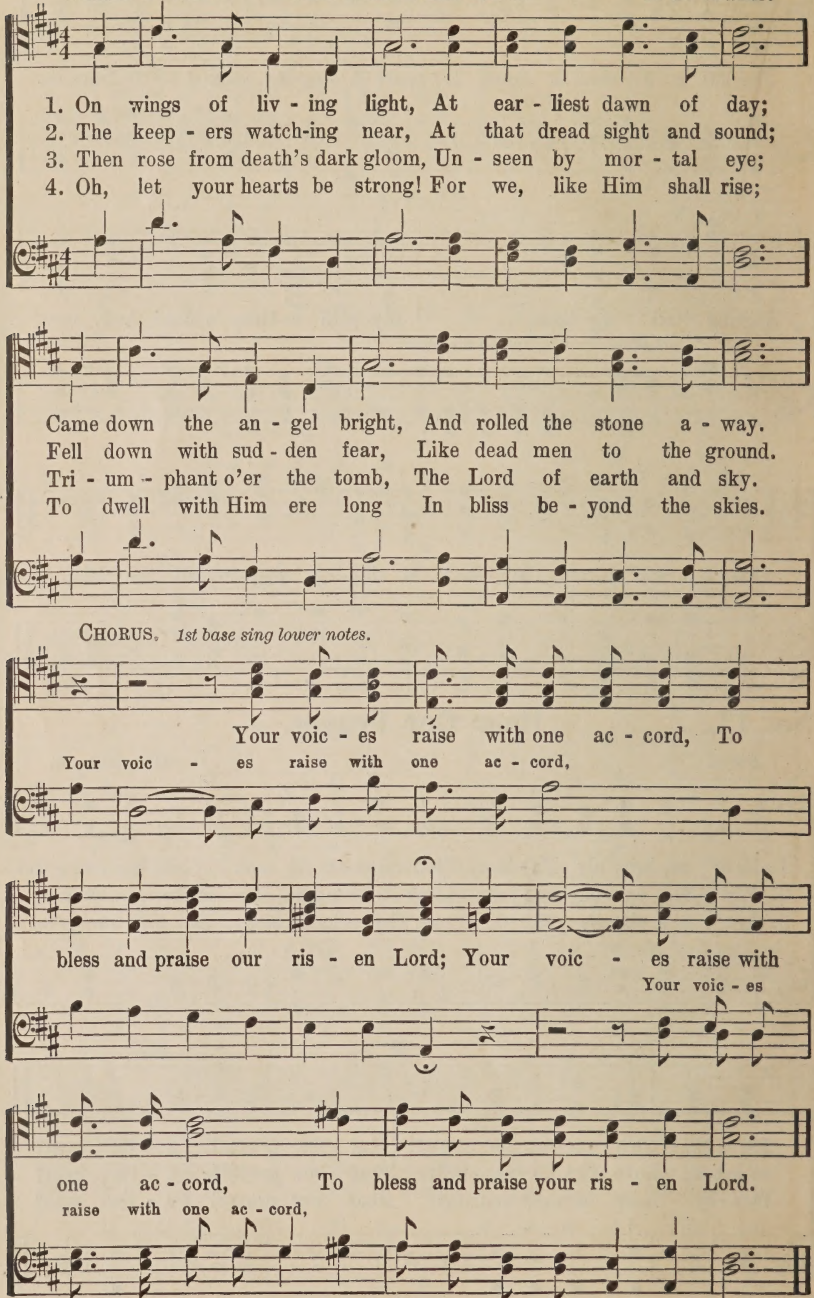
William W. How. D. B. Towner.


1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day;
2. The keep - ers watch-ing near, At that dread sight and sound;
3. Then rose from death's dark gloom, Un - seen by mor - tal eye;
4. Oh, let your hearts be strong! For we, like Him shall rise;
Came down the an - gel bright, And rolled the stone a - way.
Fell down with sud - den fear, Like dead men to the ground.
Tri - um - phant o'er the tomb, The Lord of earth and sky.
To dwell with Him ere long In bliss be - yond the skies.
CHORUS. 1st base sing lower notes.
Your voic - es raise with one ac - cord, To
Your voic - es raise with one ac - cord,
bless and praise our ris - en Lord; Your voic - es raise with
Your voic - es
one ac - cord, To bless and praise your ris - en Lord.
raise with one ac - cord,

# No. 15. He Knows.

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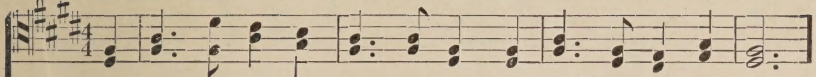
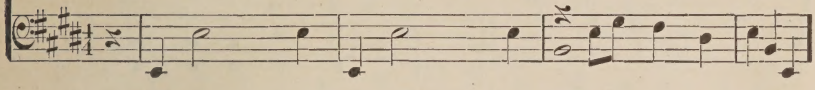
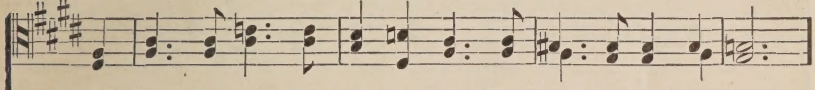
Emma G. Dietrick. Edward M. Fuller.

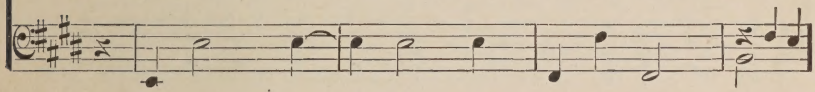


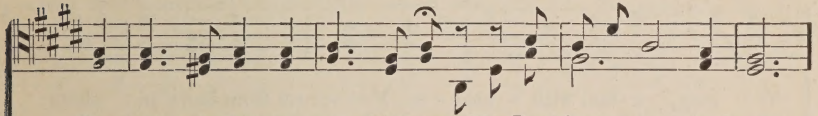
1. Oh, ach - ing heart, with sor - row torn, Thy Lord is near and knows;
2. Oh, faint - ing soul, with doubts oppressed, Thy Lord is near and knows;
3. Oh, wea - ry head, that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near and knows;
4. Oh, lone - ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near and knows;



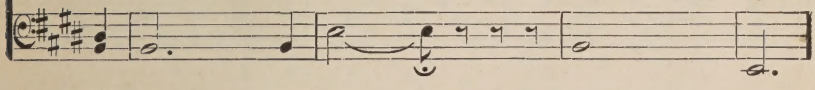


He knows it all— the feet way-worn, The wea - ry cares and woes,
He knows it all— how thou art pressed On ev - 'ry side with foes;
He knows it all, and on his breast Thou mayst now re - pose;
He knows it all, sees ev - 'ry test, Yes, ev - 'ry tear that flows;





The load of grief in an-guish borne, Thy Lord is near, he knows.
He waits to be thy cher-ished Guest;
Drop ev - 'ry care at his be-hest;
Re - joice, faint heart, his way is best; Thy Lord is near, he knows.



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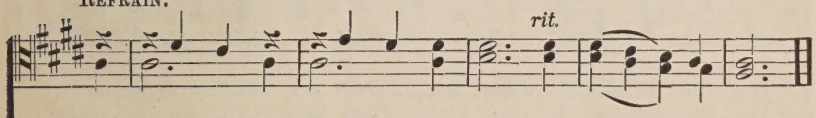
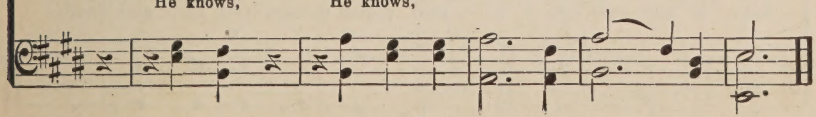



He knows, He knows, Thy Lord is near, He knows.
He knows, He knows,



# No. 16. Light of the World.

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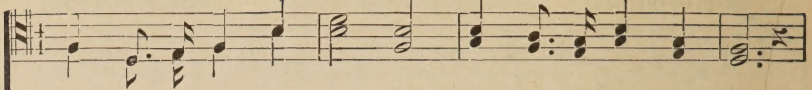
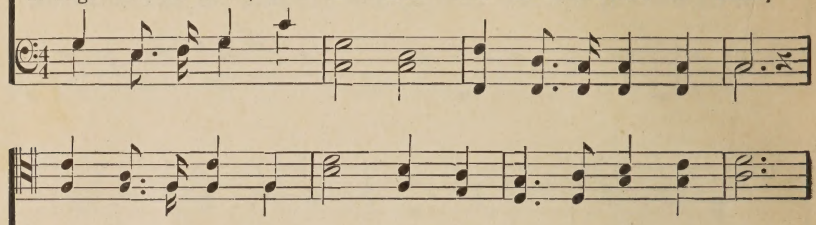
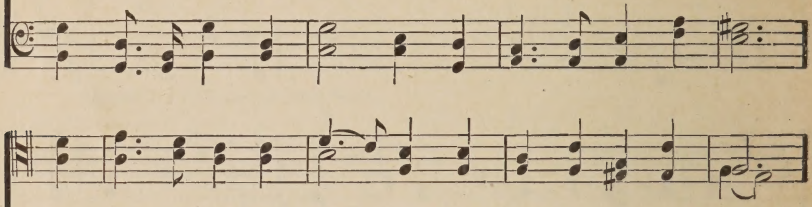
J. S. B. Monsell. B. T. Worden.



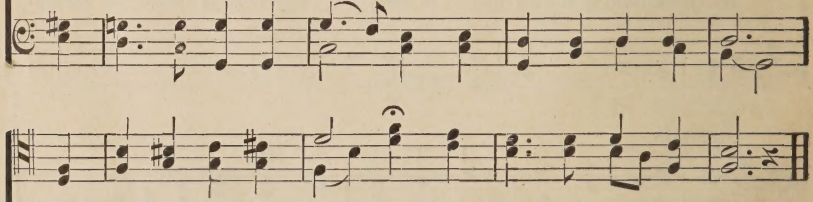
1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flash - ing the east - ern skies;
2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - 'ry heart,
3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee Our spir - its pros - trate fall;
4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This dark-ened land of Thine,



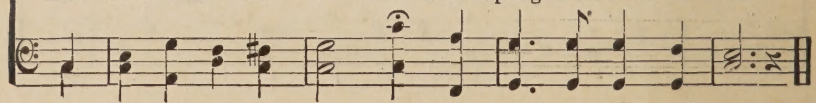
Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee, A - gain from hu - man eyes;
And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, hum-blest part;
We wor-ship, we a - dore Thee; Thou Light, the Life of all;
Till ev - 'ry-thing that's hu - man Be filled with what's Di - vine;



Too long, a - las! with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
Thou rob - est in Thy splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men,
With Thee is not for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
Till ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, From sin's do - min-ion's free,

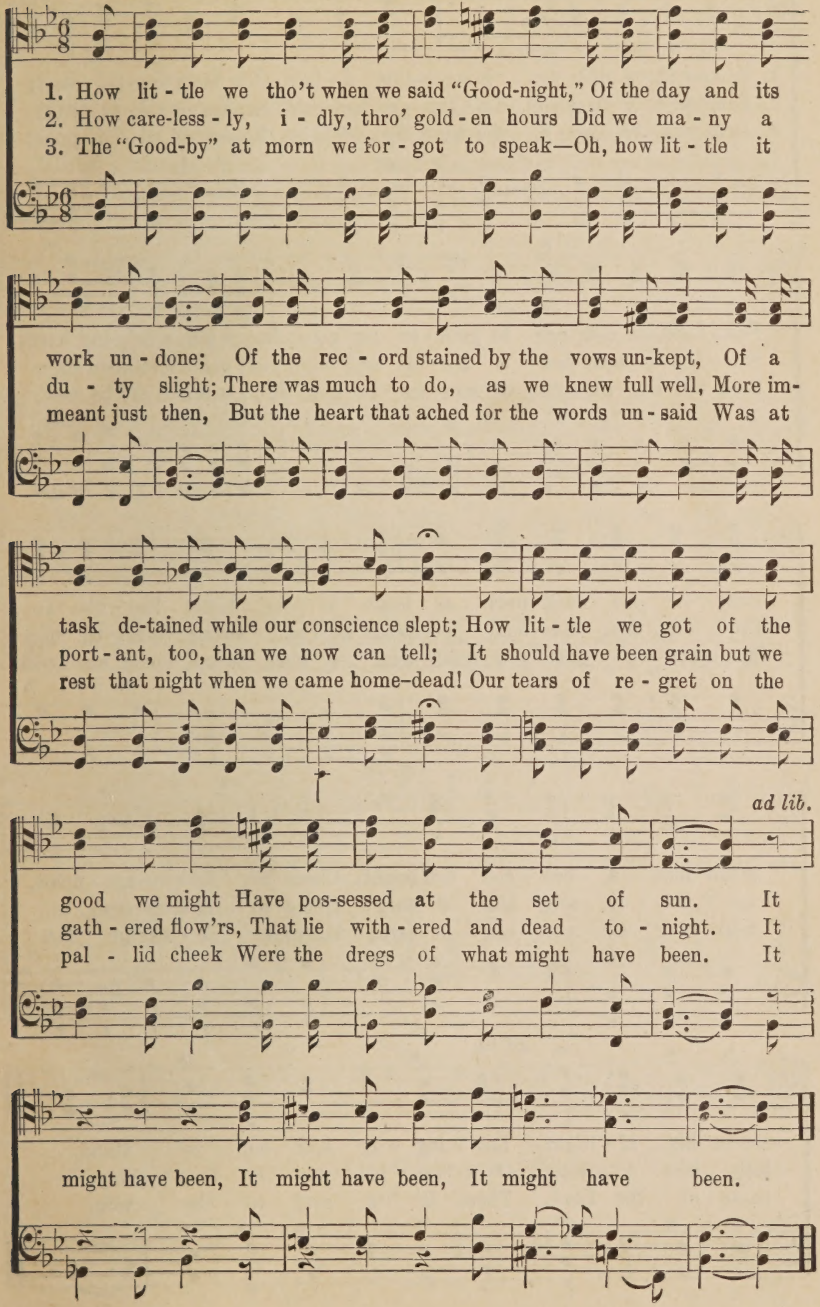


Thy light so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
And help - est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.
Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun - shine hath no shade.
Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from Love and Thee.



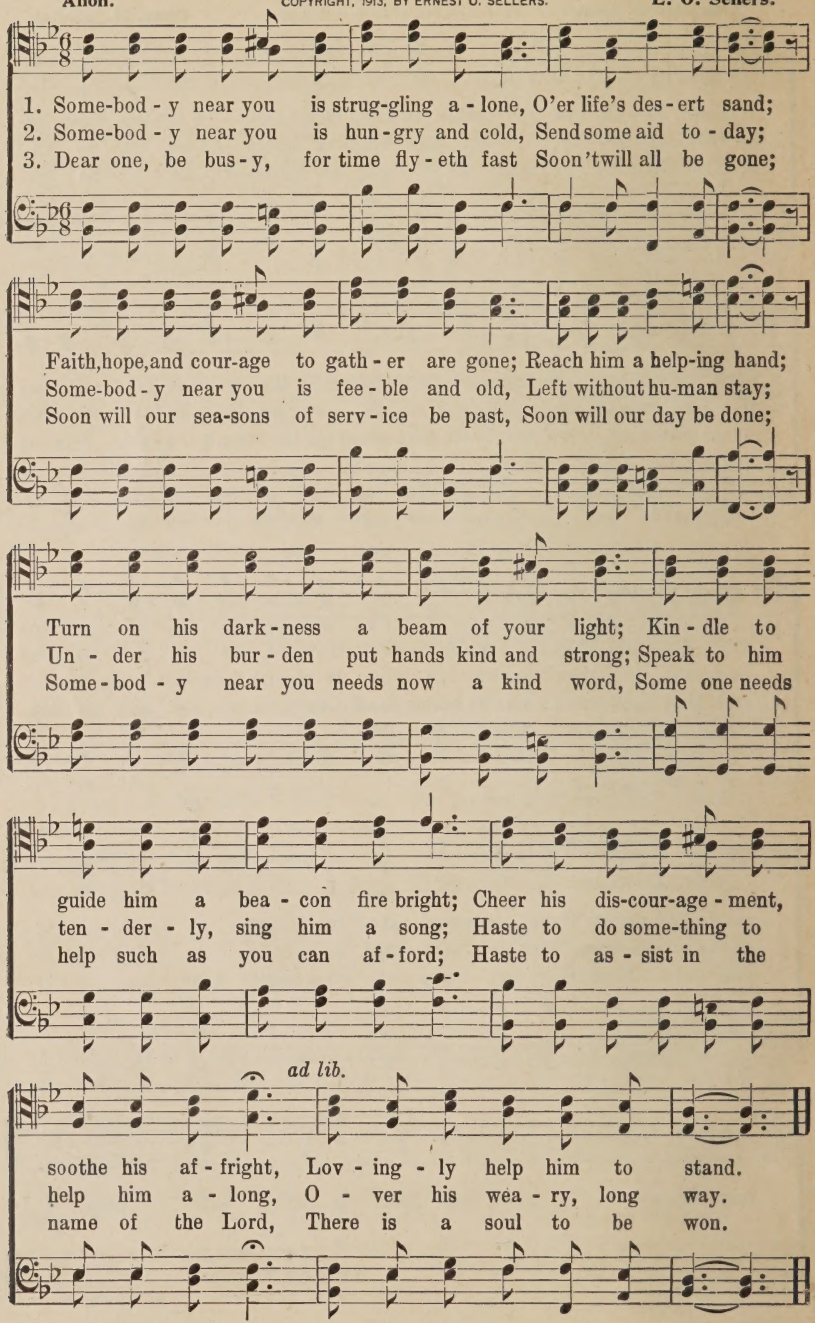
## No. 17. It Might Have Been.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How lit - tle we tho't when we said "Good-night," Of the day and its
2. How care-less - ly, i - dly, thro' gold - en hours Did we ma - ny a
3. The "Good-by" at morn we for - got to speak—Oh, how lit - tle it
work un - done; Of the rec - ord stained by the vows un-kept, Of a
du - ty slight; There was much to do, as we knew full well, More im-
meant just then, But the heart that ached for the words un - said Was at
task de-tained while our conscience slept; How lit - tle we got of the
port - ant, too, than we now can tell; It should have been grain but we
rest that night when we came home–dead! Our tears of re - gret on the
ad lib.
good we might Have pos-sessed at the set of sun. It
gath - ered flow'rs, That lie with - ered and dead to - night. It
pal - lid cheek Were the dregs of what might have been. It
might have been, It might have been, It might have been.

# No. 18. Our Neighbors.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. E. O. Sellers.


1. Some-bod - y near you is strug-gling a - lone, O'er life's des - ert sand;
2. Some-bod - y near you is hun - gry and cold, Send some aid to - day;
3. Dear one, be bus - y, for time fly - eth fast Soon 'twill all be gone;
Faith, hope, and cour-age to gath - er are gone; Reach him a help-ing hand;
Some-bod - y near you is fee - ble and old, Left without hu-man stay;
Soon will our sea-sons of serv - ice be past, Soon will our day be done;
Turn on his dark - ness a beam of your light; Kin - dle to
Un - der his bur - den put hands kind and strong; Speak to him
Some - bod - y near you needs now a kind word, Some one needs
guide him a bea - con fire bright; Cheer his dis-cour-age - ment,
ten - der - ly, sing him a song; Haste to do some-thing to
help such as you can af - ford; Haste to as - sist in the
ad lib.
soothe his af - fright, Lov - ing - ly help him to stand.
help him a - long, O - ver his wea - ry, long way.
name of the Lord, There is a soul to be won.

# No. 19. Sail On!

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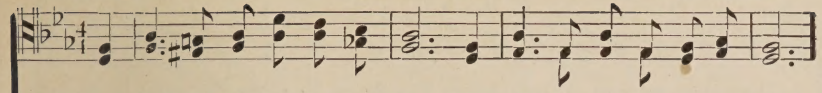
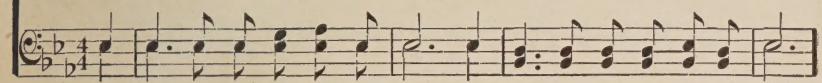
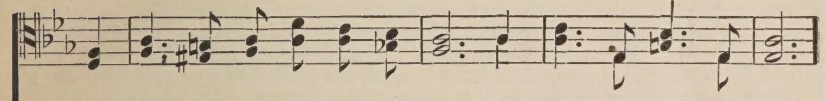
C H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

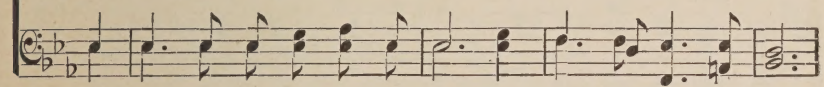


1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter-ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wea-ry worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy canvas torn?
3. Do comrades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

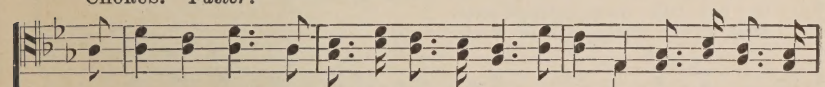




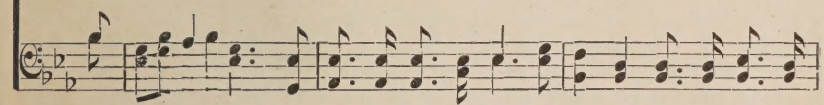
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

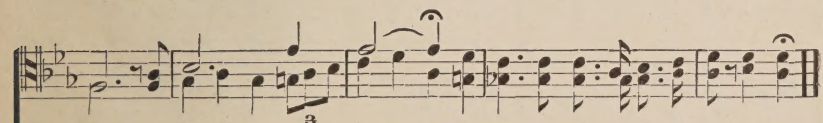


CHORUS. *Faster.*



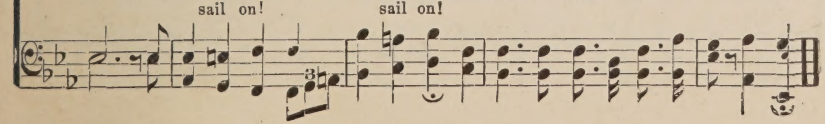
Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not always





last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"

sail on! sail on!



# No. 20. Once More We Meet.

MEMORIAL DAY HYMN.

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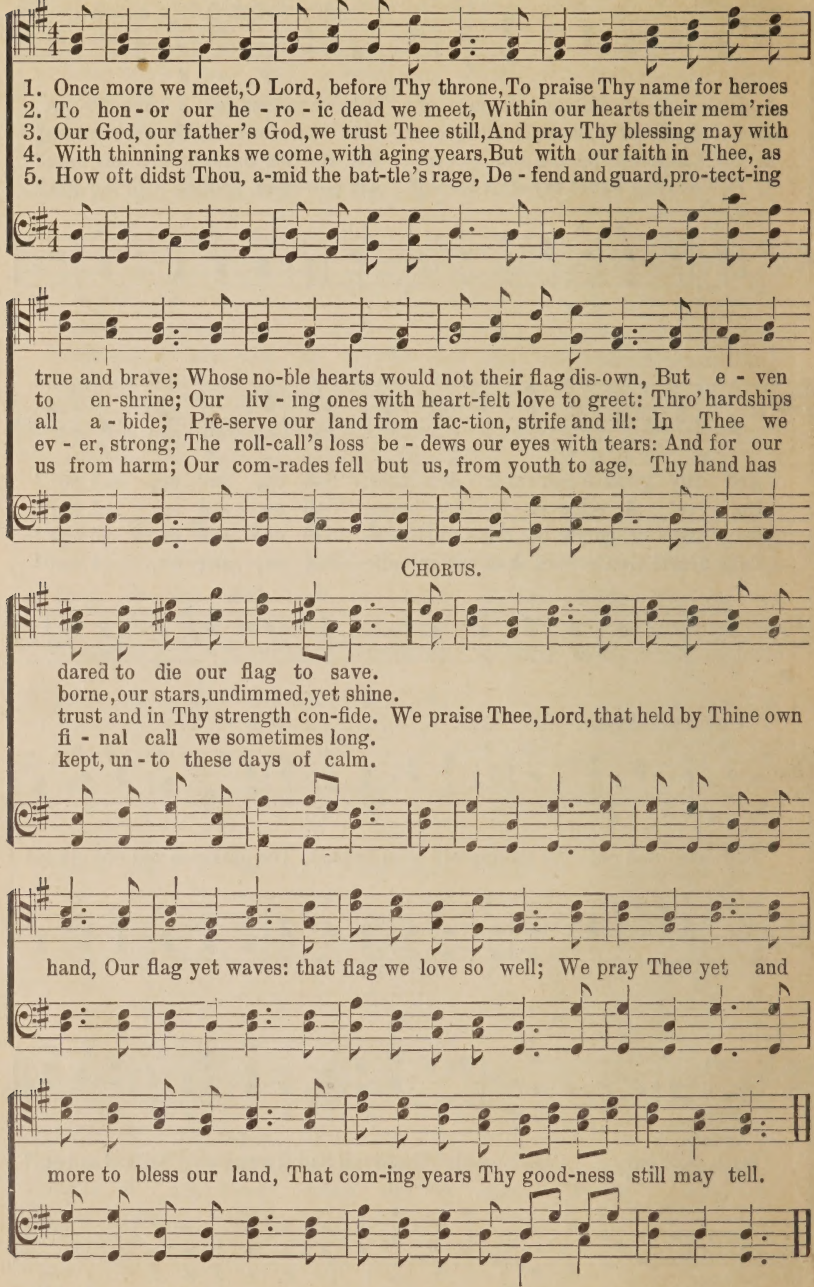
Ernest G. W. Wesley. D. B. Towner.

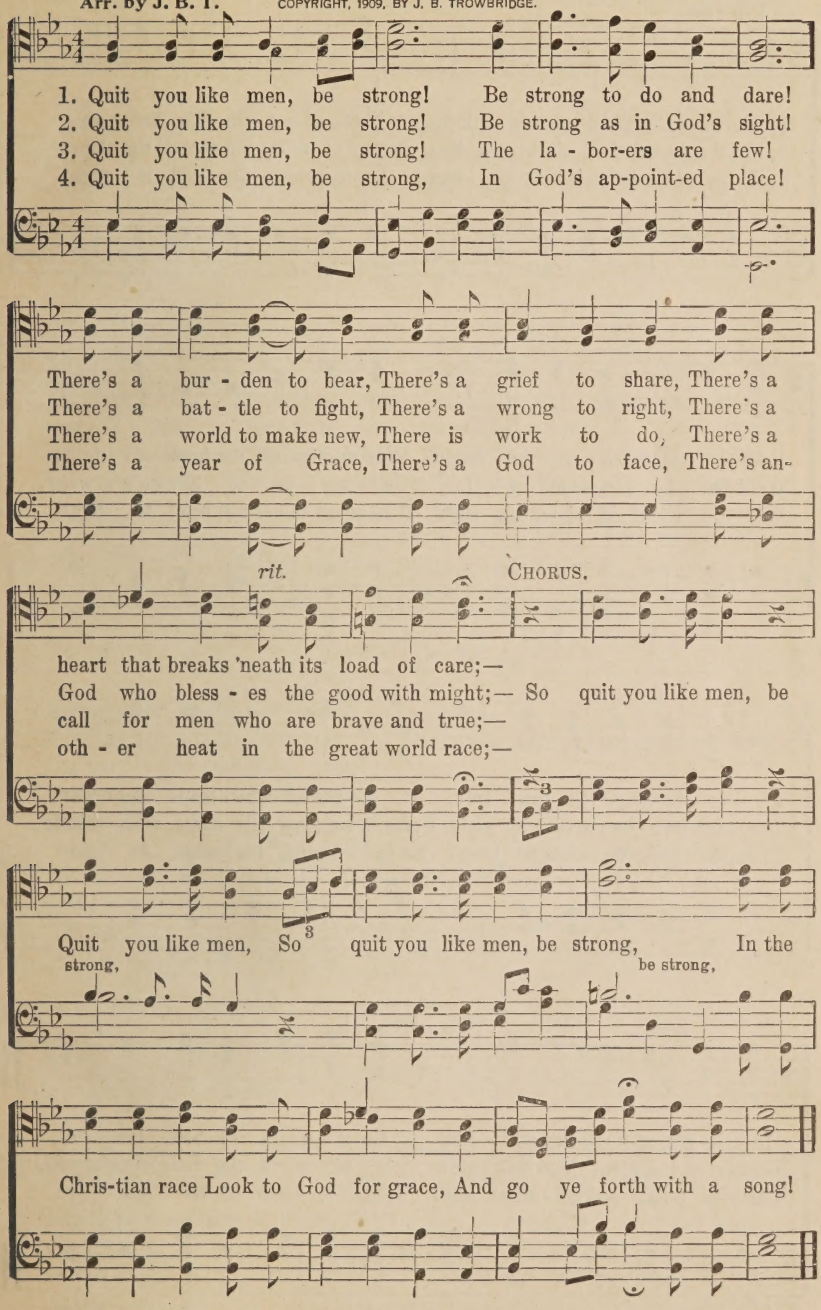

1. Once more we meet, O Lord, before Thy throne, To praise Thy name for heroes
2. To hon - or our he - ro - ic dead we meet, Within our hearts their mem'ries
3. Our God, our father's God, we trust Thee still, And pray Thy blessing may with
4. With thinning ranks we come, with aging years, But with our faith in Thee, as
5. How oft didst Thou, a-mid the bat-tle's rage, De - fend and guard, pro-tect-ing
true and brave; Whose no-ble hearts would not their flag dis-own, But e - ven
to en-shrine; Our liv - ing ones with heart-felt love to greet: Thro' hardships
all a - bide; Pre-serve our land from fac-tion, strife and ill: In Thee we
ev - er, strong; The roll-call's loss be - dews our eyes with tears: And for our
us from harm; Our com-rades fell but us, from youth to age, Thy hand has
CHORUS.
dared to die our flag to save.
borne, our stars, undimmed, yet shine.
trust and in Thy strength con-fide. We praise Thee, Lord, that held by Thine own
fi - nal call we sometimes long.
kept, un - to these days of calm.
hand, Our flag yet waves: that flag we love so well; We pray Thee yet and
more to bless our land, That com-ing years Thy good-ness still may tell.

# No. 21. Go Forth With a Song.

William Herbert Hudnut.
Arr. by J. B. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

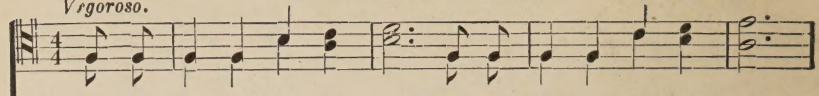
J. B. Trowbridge.


1. Quit you like men, be strong! Be strong to do and dare!
2. Quit you like men, be strong! Be strong as in God's sight!
3. Quit you like men, be strong! The la - bor-ers are few!
4. Quit you like men, be strong, In God's ap-point-ed place!
There's a bur - den to bear, There's a grief to share, There's a
There's a bat - tle to fight, There's a wrong to right, There's a
There's a world to make new, There is work to do, There's a
There's a year of Grace, There's a God to face, There's an-
rit.
Chorus.
heart that breaks 'neath its load of care;—
God who bless - es the good with might;— So quit you like men, be
call for men who are brave and true;—
oth - er heat in the great world race;—
Quit you like men, So quit you like men, be strong, In the
strong,
be strong,
Chris-tian race Look to God for grace, And go ye forth with a song!

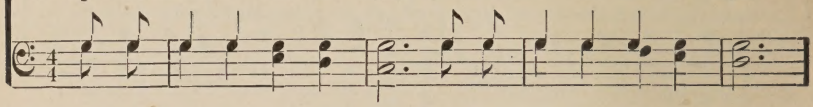
# No. 22. Forward Christian.

Chas. M. Dennis. COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY HY. A. SCHMIDT. Hy. A. Schmidt.

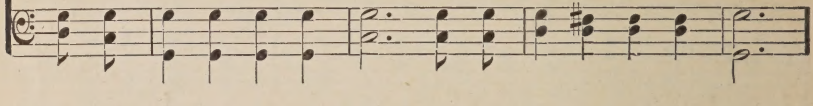
*Vigoroso.*



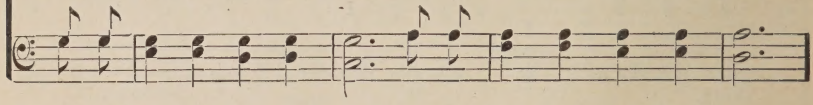
1. Forward Christian—armed with pray'r: Noise of bat - tle fills the air,
2. On-ward Christian—dark-ness flies, Beams of morn-ing streak the skies:
3. Up-ward Christian—look on high, Je-sus comes—the end is nigh;

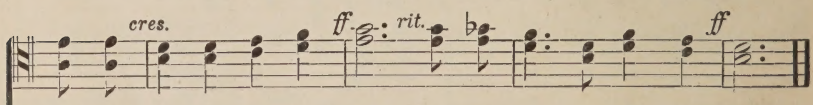


Foes of truth a - rise in might, War-ring 'gainst the hosts of right;
Hark the bat - tle-sound a - far, Call - ing us to Zi - on's war;
With the shout of con-q'ring right Ransomed saints are bro't to light;

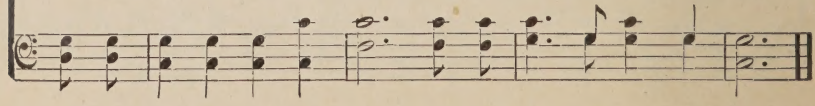


Ev - er for-ward to the fray, It is Christ who leads the way;
For-ward then—we must not yield, Faith, from sin's vile darts, will shield;
Then, that day, the saints de - scend, Sa-tan's bound, his reign at end:






In His strength we can-not fail, In His might we shall pre - vail.
God's own truth our loins will gird, We will wield the Spir - it's sword.
Christ in pomp and tri - umph high Reigns on earth e - ter - nal - ly.



# No. 23. Every Day I Need Thee More.

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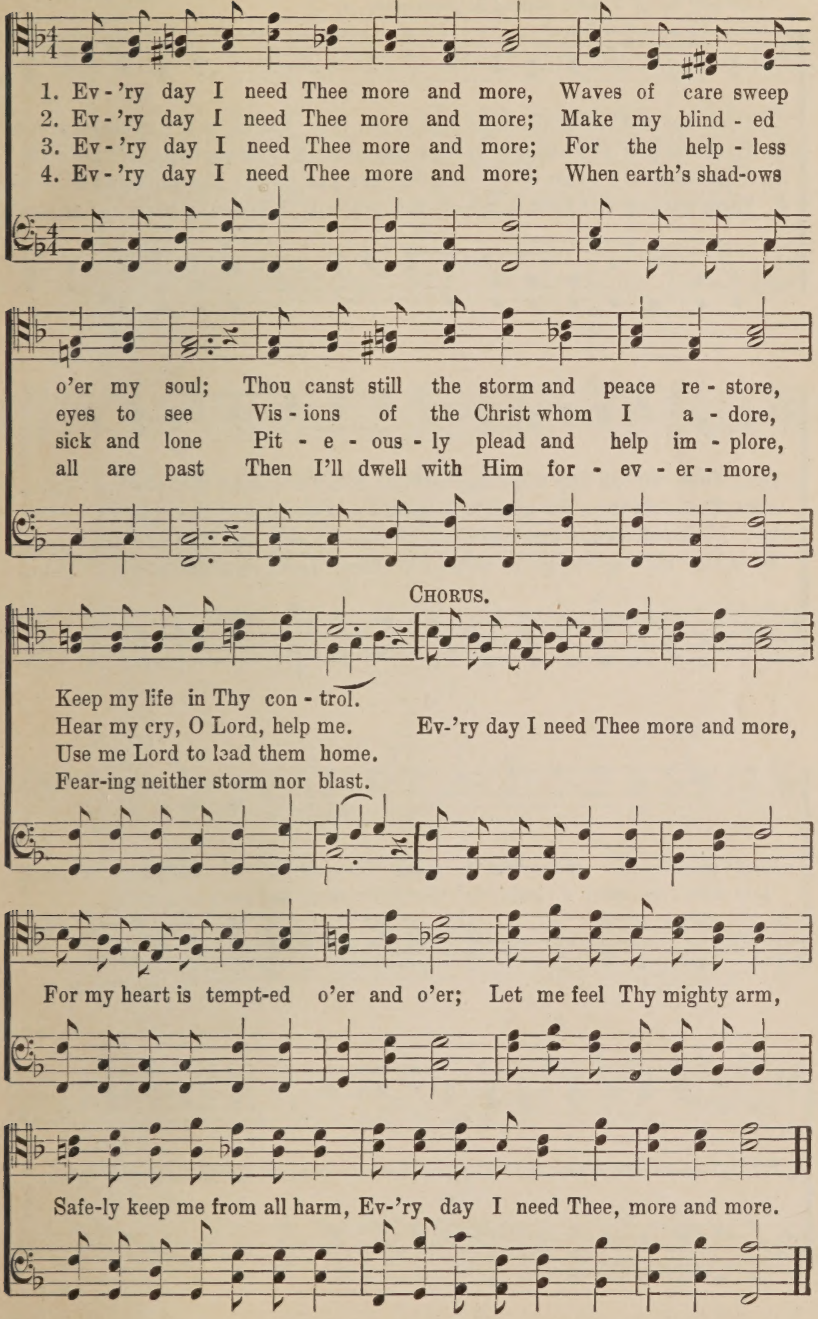
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more; Make my blind-ed
3. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more; For the help-less
4. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more; When earth's shad-ows
o'er my soul; Thou canst still the storm and peace re-store,
eyes to see Vis-ions of the Christ whom I a-dore,
sick and lone Pit-e-ous-ly plead and help im-plore,
all are past Then I'll dwell with Him for-ev-er-more,
CHORUS.
Keep my life in Thy con-trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear-ing neither storm nor blast.
Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more,
For my heart is tempt-ed o'er and o'er; Let me feel Thy mighty arm,
Safe-ly keep me from all harm, Ev-'ry day I need Thee, more and more.

# No. 24. Send the Power Again.

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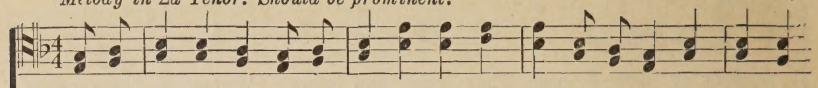
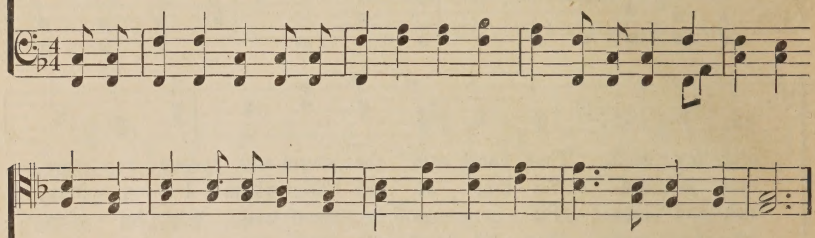
H. A RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

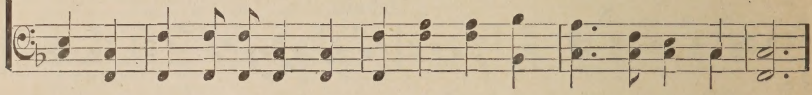
*Melody in 2d Tenor. Should be prominent.*



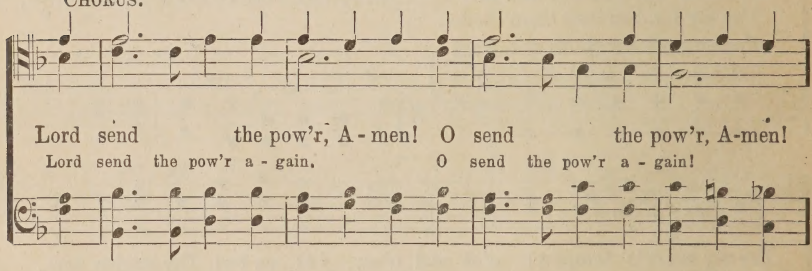
1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin-dle a fire in hearts grown
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the
3. There was pow'r to set ev-'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy ser-vants lib - er-
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrill'd ev'ry heart and lingered



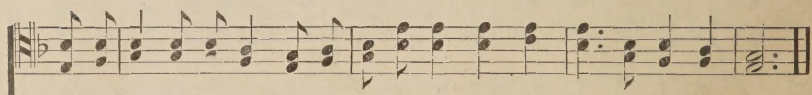
cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee— Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
there, Till we in Thy glo-ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.



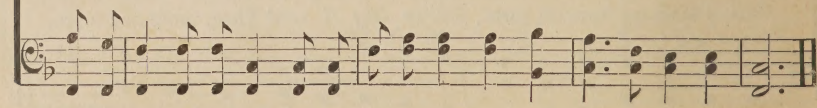
CHORUS.



Lord send the pow'r, A - men! O send the pow'r, A-men!
Lord send the pow'r a - gain. O send the pow'r a - gain!



We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r again.

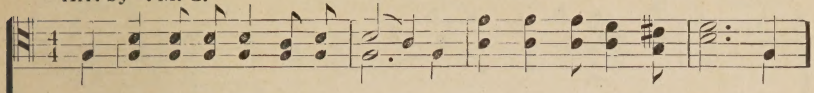


# No. 25. Get Ready to Welcome the King.

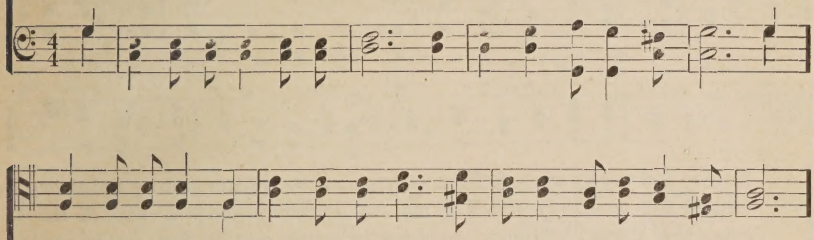
Fannie K. Allen. Arr. by J. M. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

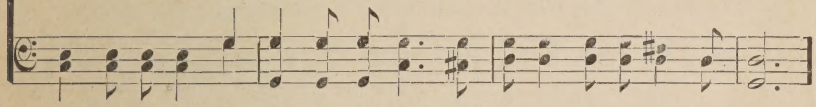
E. O. Sellers.



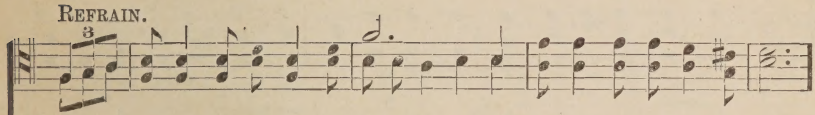
1. A serv-ant of Je - sus am I, To you this mes-sage I bring; The
2. Dark e - vil has long held its sway, Its end is com-ing and near; For
3. All pow-er to Je - sus is giv'n, As - cend-ed to heav'n a - gain; He
4. Then lift up your heads, O ye saints, Your great re-demp-tion be-hold; The



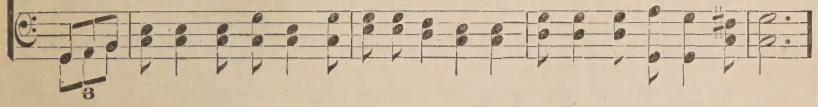
night is far spent, the day dawns at length, Get ready to welcome the King.
Je - sus, God's Son, shall come to His throne, The Saviour to sin-ners so dear.
hum-bled Him-self to die on the cross, But soon He is com-ing to reign.
night is far spent, the day is at hand, The day by the prophets fore-told.

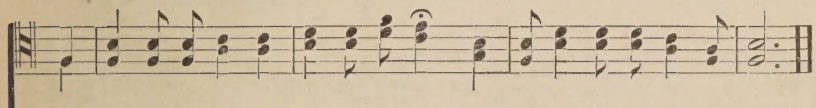


REFRAIN.

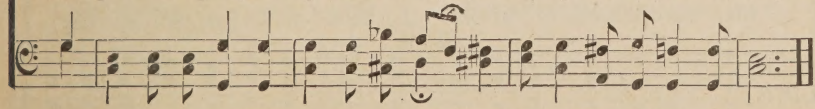


Get read-y to welcome the Kiug, Get read-y to welcome the King;
to welcome the King,



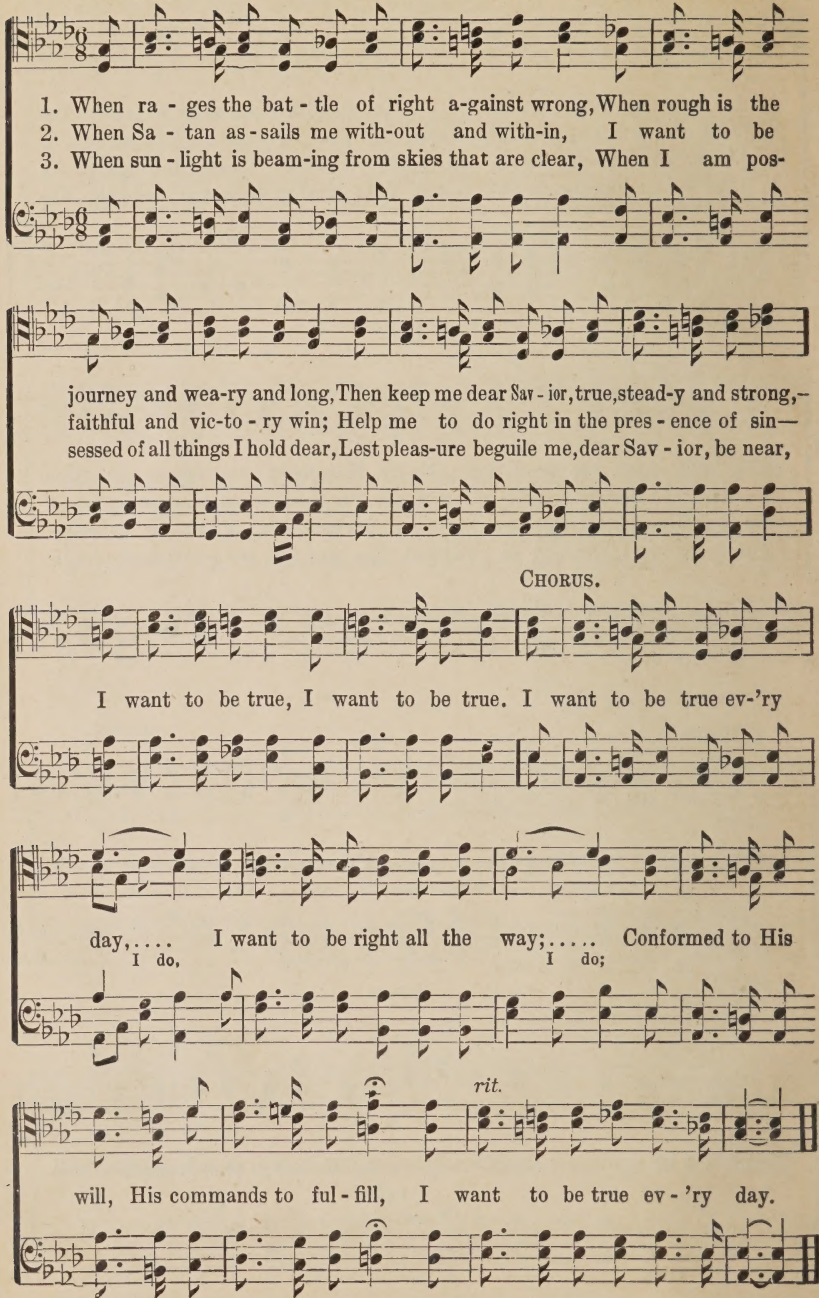


The night is far spent, the day dawns at length, Get read-y to welcome the King.



# No. 26. I Want to be true Every Day.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT. 1913. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When ra - ges the bat - tle of right a-gainst wrong, When rough is the
2. When Sa - tan as - sails me with-out and with-in, I want to be
3. When sun - light is beam-ing from skies that are clear, When I am pos-
journey and wea-ry and long, Then keep me dear Sav - ior, true, stead-y and strong,—
faithful and vic-to - ry win; Help me to do right in the pres - ence of sin—
sessed of all things I hold dear, Lest pleas-ure beguile me, dear Sav - ior, be near,
CHORUS.
I want to be true, I want to be true. I want to be true ev-'ry
day,.... I want to be right all the way;..... Conformed to His
I do, I do;
rit.
will, His commands to ful - fill, I want to be true ev - 'ry day.

# No. 27. Victor O'er the Grave.

Julia H. Johnston.

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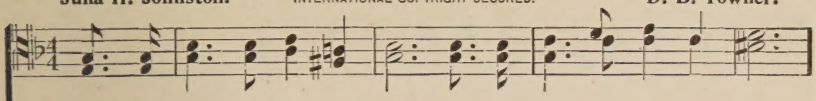
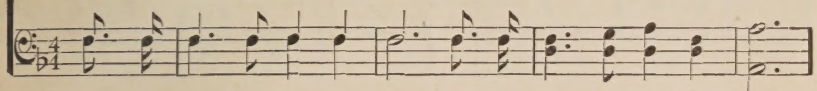
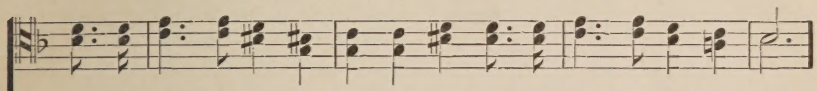
D. B. Towner.

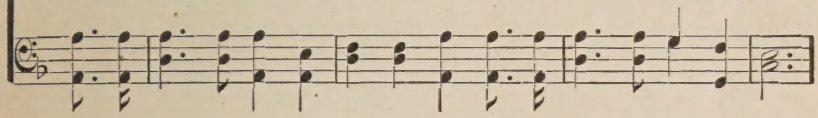


1. He hath conquered Death and Sin, Je - sus Christ, the Lord of Life,
2. An - gels rolled a-way the stone, Je - sus left the o - pen tomb,
3. He that burst the bonds of Death Is the Might - y one to - day;
4. Noth-ing can His power with-stand, He hath tri-umphed o'er each foe;

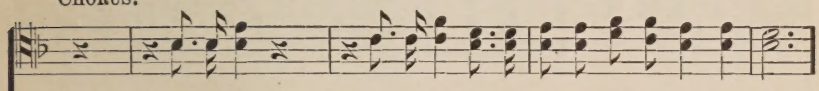




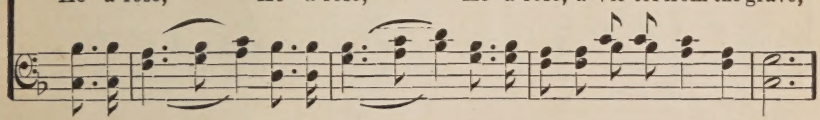
And to heav - en's glo - ry, en-tered in, Might - y Vic - tor, in the strife.
O'er the world, the glorious news make known, Send the light to ban - ish gloom.
He is ris - en, as the Scripture saith, See the place where Je-sus lay.
Guid-ed now by Je - sus' nail-pierced Hand, Let His chil - dren on-ward go.

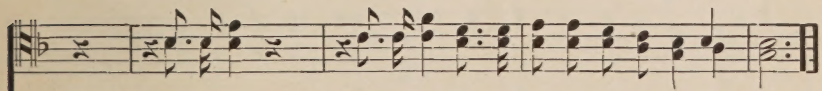


CHORUS.

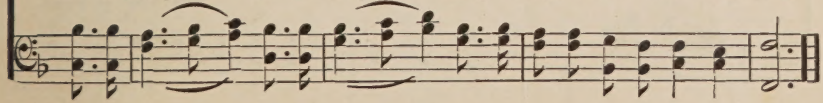


He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-rose, a Vic-tor from the grave,



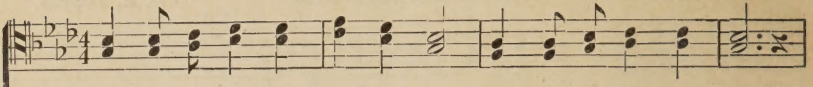


He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-rose, Je-sus lives, who came to seek and save.

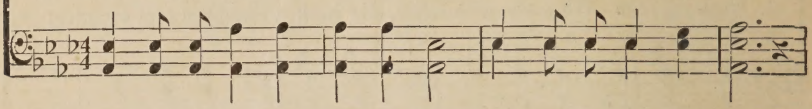


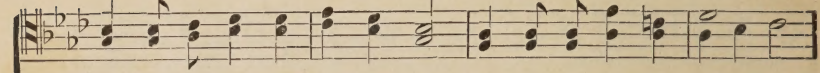
## No. 28. Christ Is the King of Kings.

H. Hitchcock. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY A. R. LYTLE. A. R. Lytle.



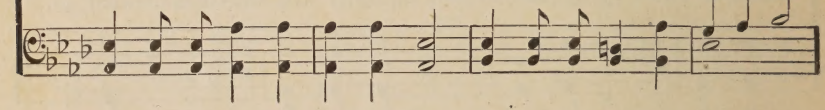
1. Sol-diers of Christ, be true, be strong, Crush out all sin and wrong;
2. Fling wide the gates ye saints of His, Glad songs of joy up - raise;
3. O-pen your heart to the heav'nly King, There let Him reign su - preme;



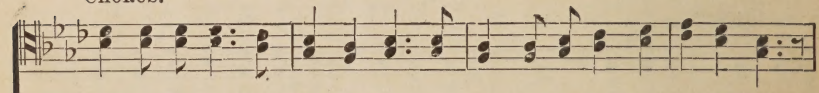


Love's banner to the breeze now fling, Christ is the King of kings.
To Him your sheaves and trophies bring, Christ is the King of kings.
Faith-ful and loy - al ev - er be, Christ is the King of kings.

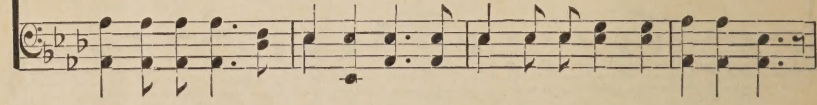
the King of kings.

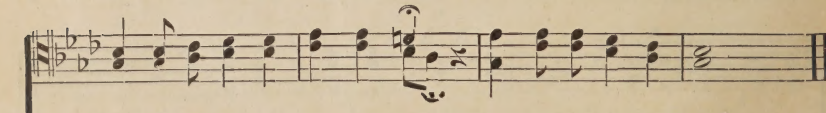


CHORUS.



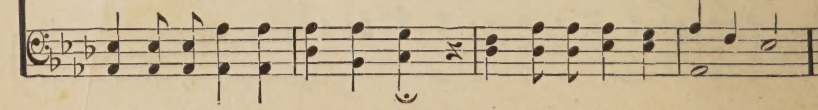
Christ is the King of kings for me, To Him I will ev - er loy - al be;





Thro' all the a - ges I will sing, Christ is the King of kings.

the King of kings.

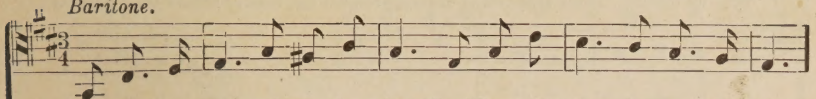


# No. 29 Because He Loved Me So.

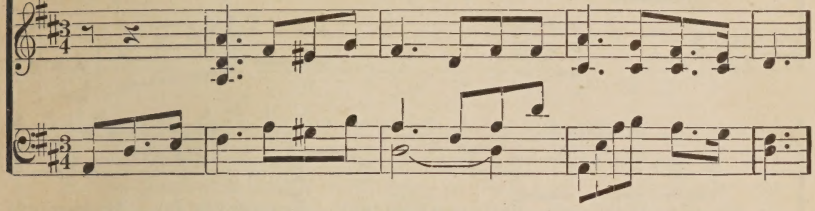
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

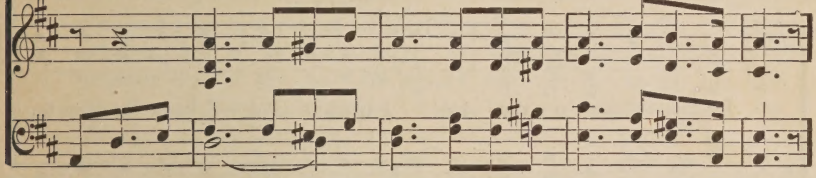
*Baritone.*



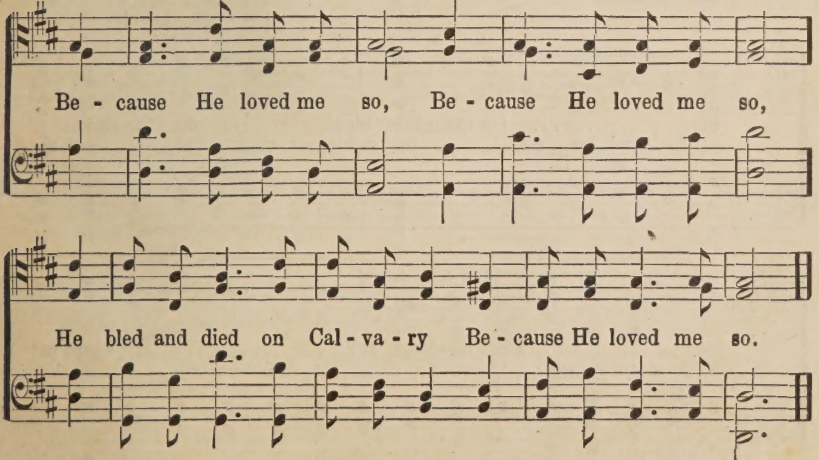
1. I oft - en stop and won-der why The King of Realms be-yond the sky,
2. His grace a - lone can fath-om sin, It makes the heart as white as snow,
3. His foot-steps lead me all the way, He guards my path wher-e'er I go,
4. His voice a - lone shall bid me come To heights su-preme I long to know,



Should choose to live for me, and die— It was be-cause He loved me so.
He plants the light of love with-in, And all be-cause He loves me so.
He turns earth's dark - est night to day, It is be-cause He loves me so.
Where an - gels sing my welcome home, And all be-cause He loves me so.



CHORUS.



Be - cause He loved me so, Be - cause He loved me so,

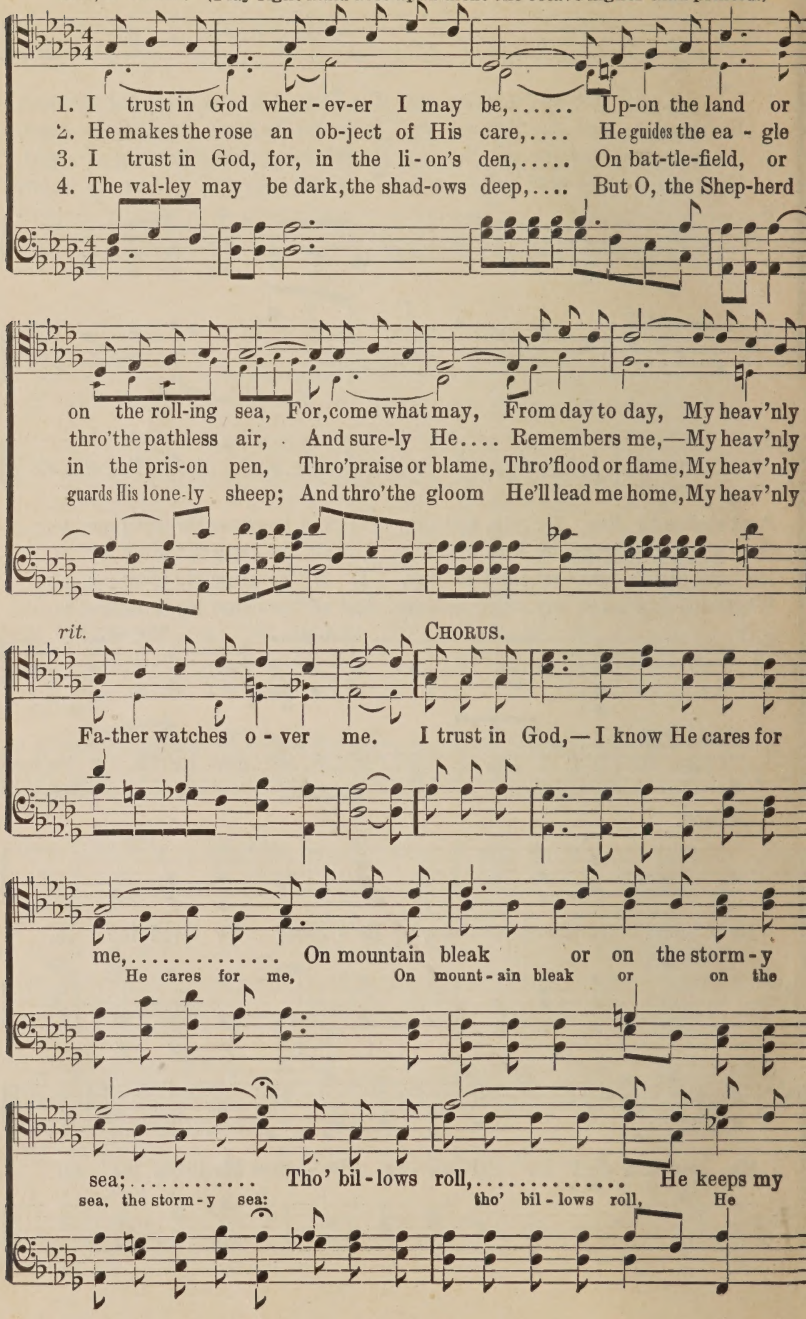
He bled and died on Cal - va - ry Be - cause He loved me so.

# No. 30. My Father Watches Over Me.

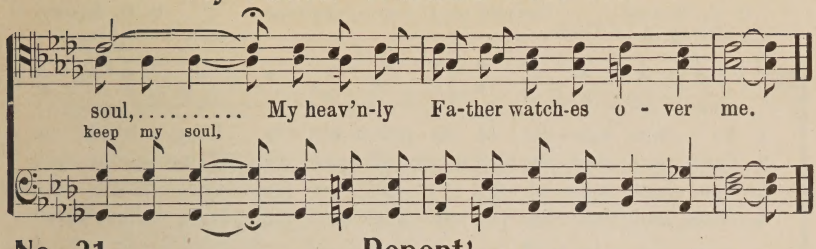
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

**Rev. W. C. Martin.** **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

*Solo, or Unison.* (Play right hand accompaniment one octave higher than printed.)


1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ows deep,.... But O, the Shep-herd
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He.... Remembers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lone-ly sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
CHORUS.
Fa-ther watches o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me,..... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea: tho' bil-lows roll, He

## My Father Watches Over Me.




## No. 31. Repent!

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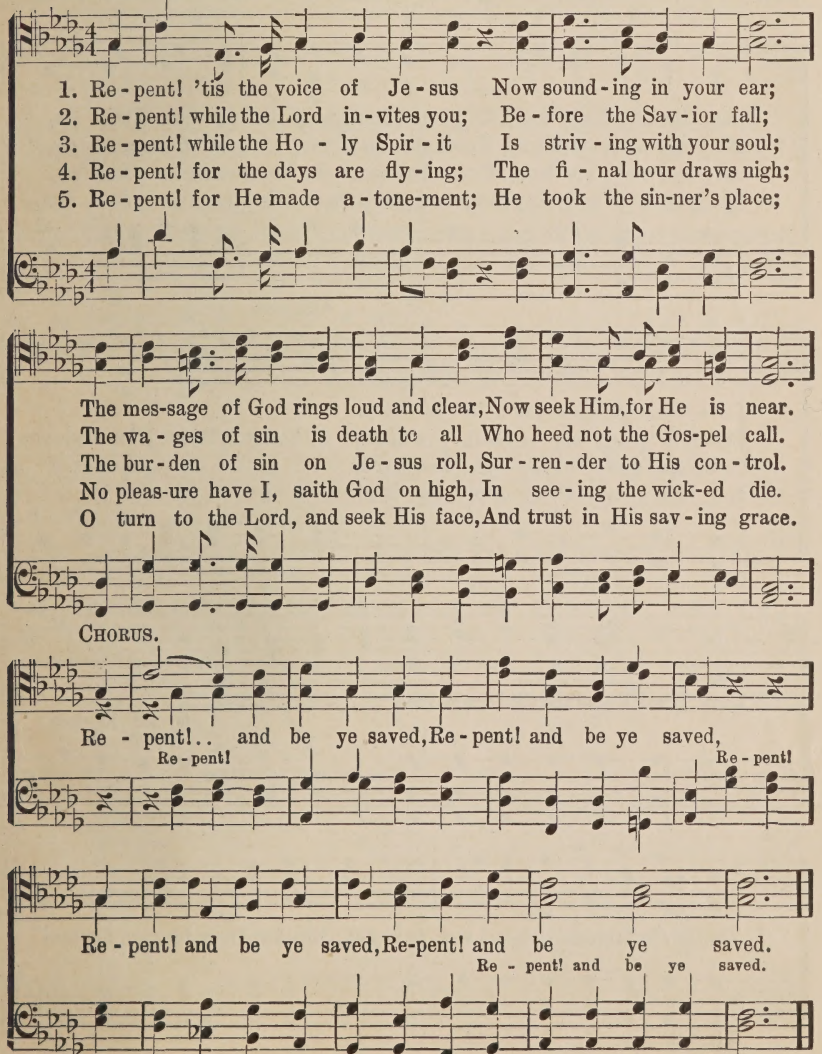
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

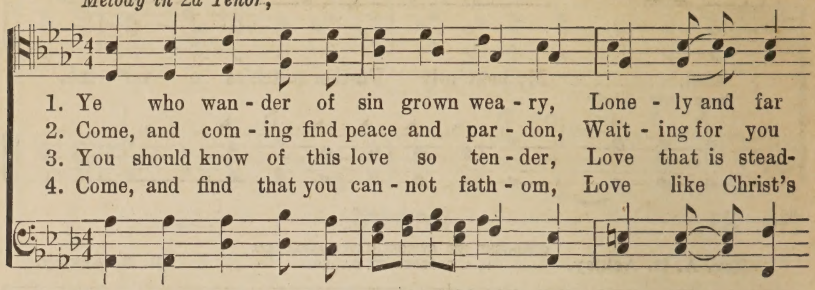
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

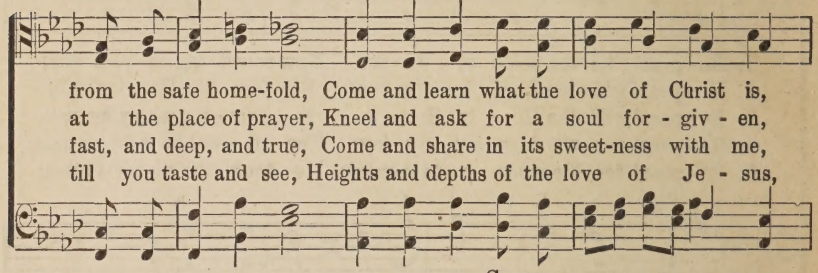

1. Re - pent! 'tis the voice of Je - sus Now sound - ing in your ear;
2. Re - pent! while the Lord in - vites you; Be - fore the Sav - ior fall;
3. Re - pent! while the Ho - ly Spir - it Is striv - ing with your soul;
4. Re - pent! for the days are fly - ing; The fi - nal hour draws nigh;
5. Re - pent! for He made a - tone-ment; He took the sin-ner's place;
The mes-sage of God rings loud and clear, Now seek Him, for He is near.
The wa - ges of sin is death to all Who heed not the Gos-pel call.
The bur - den of sin on Je - sus roll, Sur - ren - der to His con - trol.
No pleas-ure have I, saith God on high, In see - ing the wick-ed die.
O turn to the Lord, and seek His face, And trust in His sav - ing grace.
CHORUS.
Re - pent!.. and be ye saved, Re - pent! and be ye saved,
Re - pent!
Re - pent!
Re - pent! and be ye saved, Re-pent! and be ye saved.
Re - pent! and be ye saved.

# No. 32. How You Will Love Him!

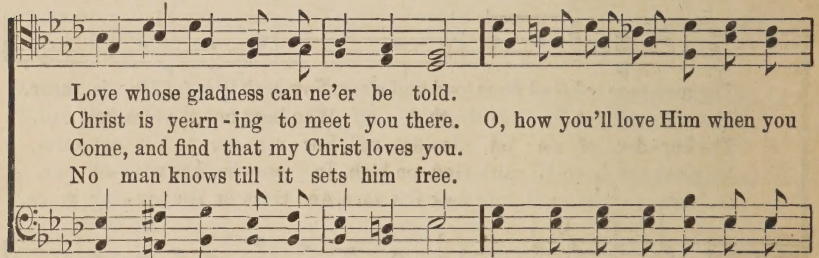
E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

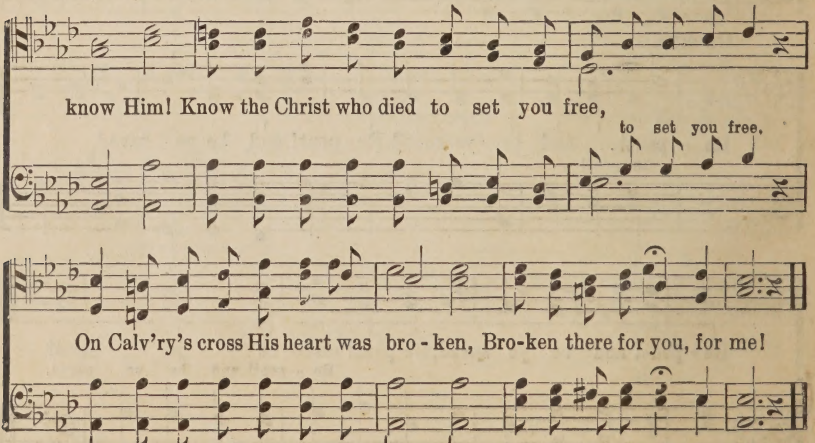
*Melody in 2d Tenor,*


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead-
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's


from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
at the place of prayer, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

CHORUS.


Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn - ing to meet you there. O, how you'll love Him when you
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.


know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
to set you free.
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro - ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

# No. 33 Who is On the Lord's Side?

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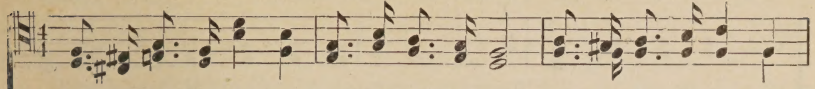
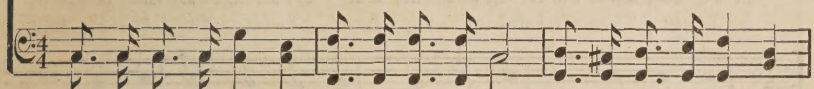
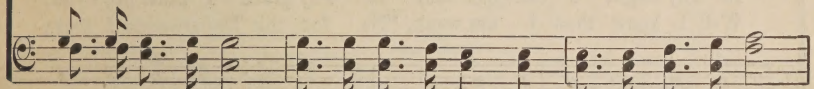
Frances R. Havergal. D. B. Towner.



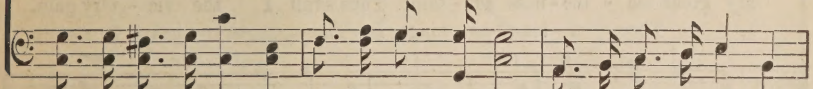
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Je-sus, Thou hast bo't us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
3. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my



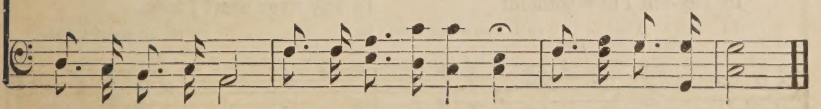
Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
For Thy di-a-dem; With Thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard rag-ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By the call of mer-cy,
Thon hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
For His truth unchanging Makes the tri-umph sure: Joy-ful-ly en-list-ing



By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.



# No. 34. Jesus, I Will Follow Thee.

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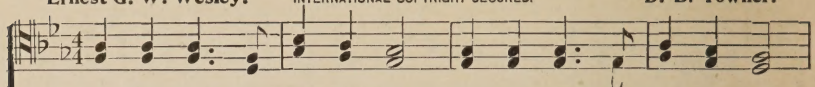
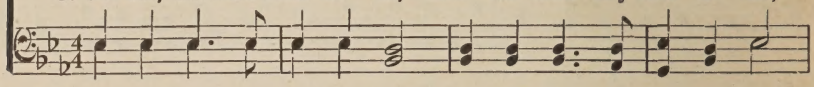
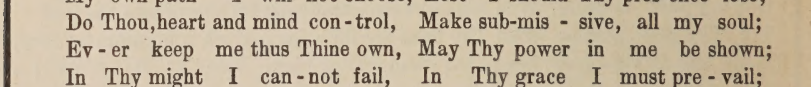
Ernest G. W. Wesley. D. B. Towner.



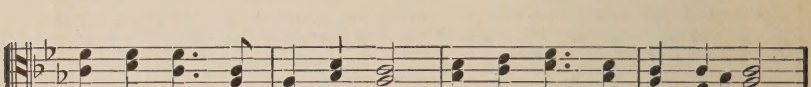
1. Je - sus, I will fol low Thee, Where-so - e'er Thou lead-est me;
2. Je - sus, I will do Thy will: Bid my fool - ish - ness be still;
3. Je - sus, break all bonds of sin, Make me pure and white with - in;
4. Je - sus, make me strong and true; Dai - ly, strength Di-vine re - new;
5. Je - sus, Thou art Lord of all, Low be - fore Thy feet I fall;



My own path I will not choose, Lest I should Thy pres-ence lose;
Do Thou, heart and mind con - trol, Make sub-mis - sive, all my soul;
Ev - er keep me thus Thine own, May Thy power in me be shown;
In Thy might I can - not fail, In Thy grace I must pre - vail;
Well I know that I am weak, 'Tis for this Thy strength I seek;



E'er up - hold me with Thy Word; Lead me where Thou wilt, my Lord.
All I am to Thee I bring; Thou a - lone shall be my King.
In Thy life a - lone I live; Un - to me Thy nat - ure give.
My great fee - ble - ness sus - tain; Thus shall I the vic - t'ry gain.
I, to Thee, a - lone, be - long; In Thy strength my heart is strong.



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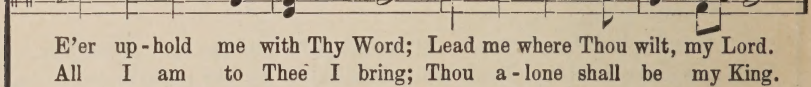
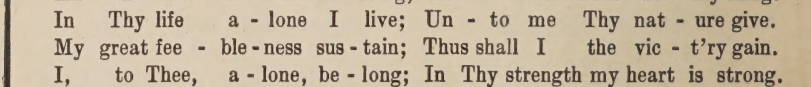
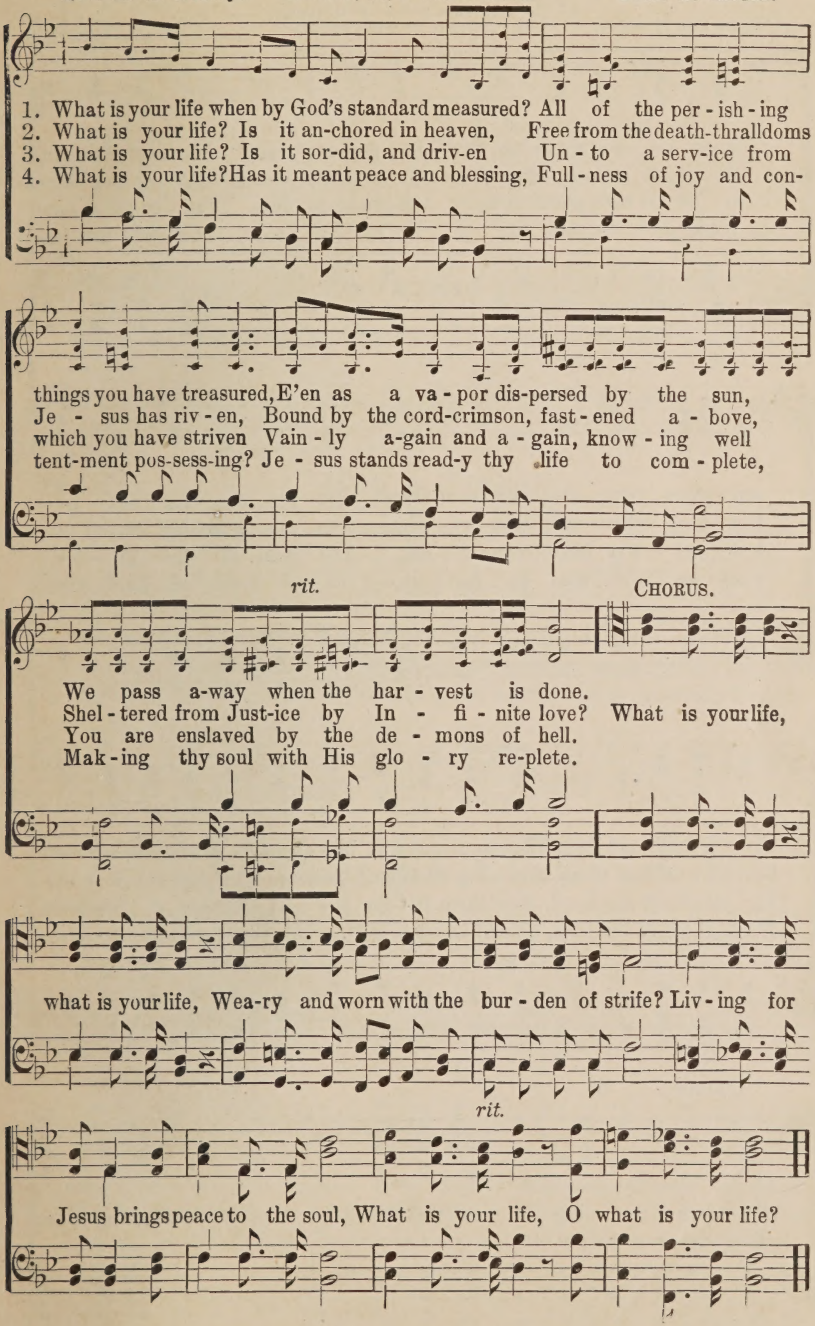


In Thy-self I now confide: In Thy riven heart I hide.
In Thy - self I now con-fide: In Thy riv-en heart I hide.



# No. 35. What Is Your Life?

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What is your life when by God's standard measured? All of the per - ish - ing
things you have treasured, E'en as a va - por dis-persed by the sun,
2. What is your life? Is it an-chored in heaven, Free from the death-thralldoms
Je - sus has riv - en, Bound by the cord-crimson, fast - ened a - bove,
3. What is your life? Is it sor-did, and driv-en Un - to a serv-ice from
which you have striven Vain - ly a-gain and a - gain, know - ing well
4. What is your life? Has it meant peace and blessing, Full - ness of joy and con-
tent-ment pos-sess-ing? Je - sus stands read-y thy life to com - plete,
rit.
CHORUS.
We pass a-way when the har - vest is done.
Shel - tered from Just-ice by In - fi - nite love? What is your life,
You are enslaved by the de - mons of hell.
Mak - ing thy soul with His glo - ry re-plete.
what is your life, Wea-ry and worn with the bur - den of strife? Liv - ing for
rit.
Jesus brings peace to the soul, What is your life, O what is your life?

## No. 36. Heaven's Harvest Home.

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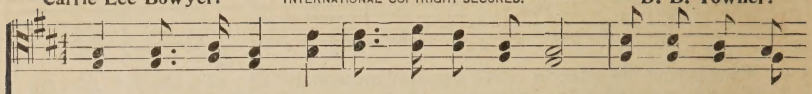
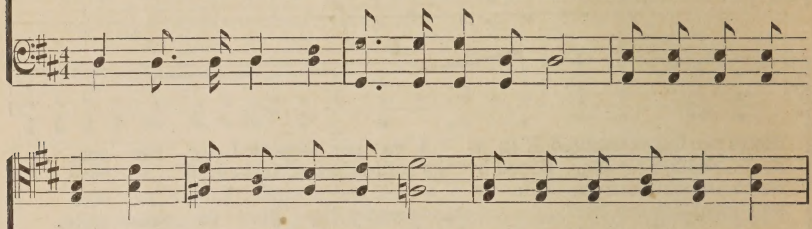
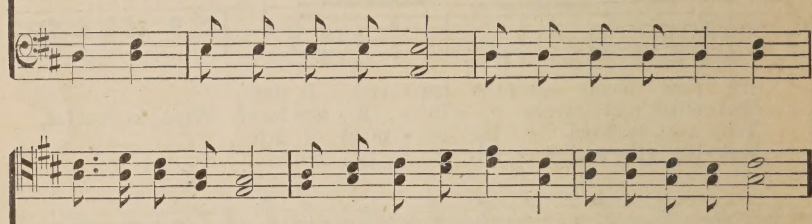
Carrie Lee Bowyer. D. B. Towner.



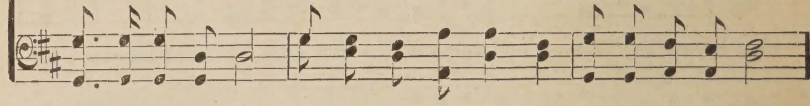
1. How are you sow - ing, thro' the pass-ing years? Are there gleams of
2. On life's wide o - cean there are souls dis-tressed, Long-ing for some
3. If you've been par-doned, by His grace so free, Try to guide some
4. When Je - sus calls you to His home on high, You will find the



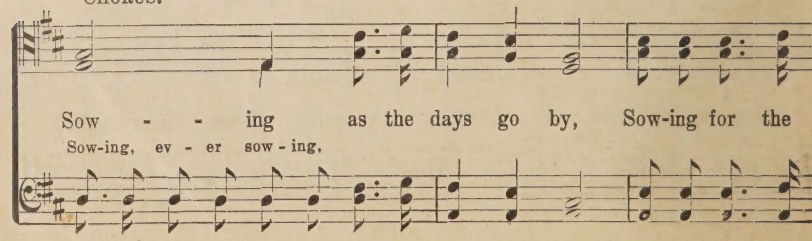
sun - shine min - gled with your tears? Are you sow - ing dai - ly,
har - bor where the wea - ry rest, Are you point-ing them to
lost one o'er life's storm-y sea, Tell them of the pi - lot,
reap - ing in the by and by, Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness,



seeds of truth and love, That some day will blos - som in your home a-bove?
heav-en's gold-en shore, Sow - ing seeds that blos-som when this life is o'er?
Je - sus Christ our Lord, Help them feel the joy of trust-ing in His word.
words of peace and love, Shine like stars in Heaven's Har-vest home a - bove.

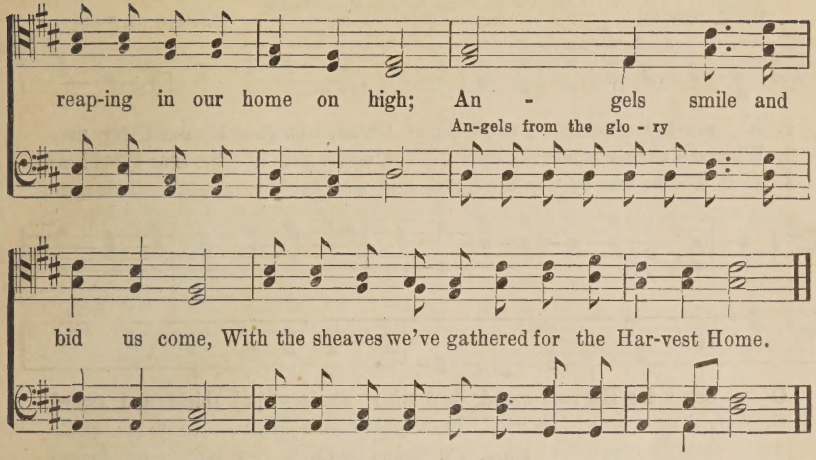


CHORUS.



Sow - - ing as the days go by, Sow-ing for the
Sow-ing, ev - er sow - ing,

## Heaven's Harvest Home.


reap-ing in our home on high; An - gels smile and
An-gels from the glo - ry
bid us come, With the sheaves we've gathered for the Har-vest Home.

## No. 37. Who is There?

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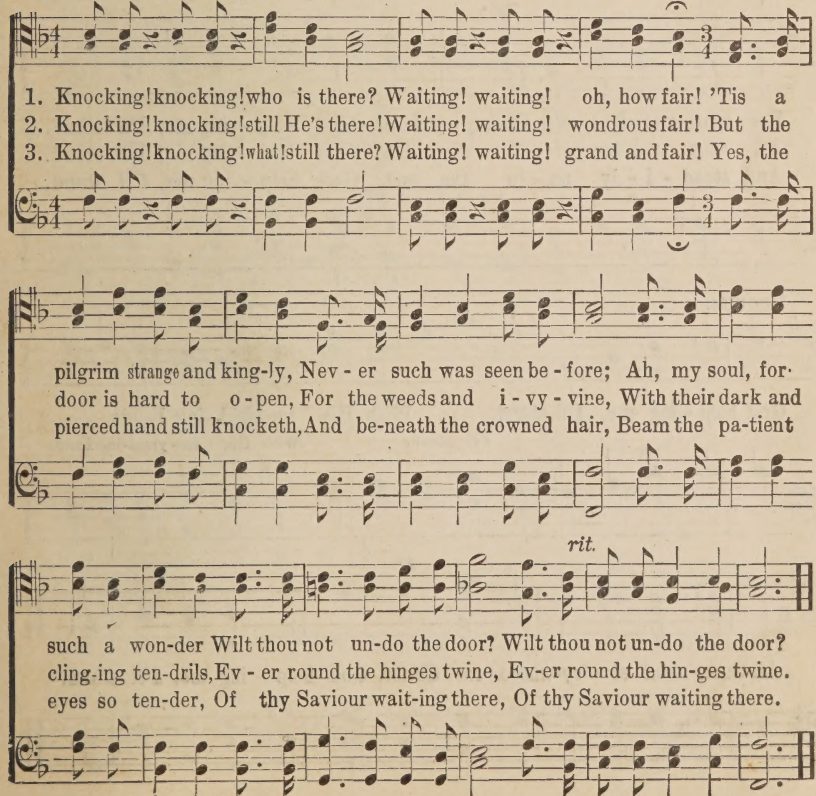
**Harriet Beecher Stowe.** **D. B. Towner.**


1. Knocking! knocking! who is there? Waiting! waiting! oh, how fair! 'Tis a
2. Knocking! knocking! still He's there! Waiting! waiting! wondrous fair! But the
3. Knocking! knocking! what! still there? Waiting! waiting! grand and fair! Yes, the
pilgrim strange and king-ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore; Ah, my soul, for·
door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy - vine, With their dark and
pierced hand still knocketh, And be-neath the crowned hair, Beam the pa-tient
rit.
such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door? Wilt thou not un-do the door?
cling-ing ten-drils, Ev - er round the hinges twine, Ev-er round the hin-ges twine.
eyes so ten-der, Of thy Saviour wait-ing there, Of thy Saviour waiting there.

# No. 38. God Helping Me, I'll Stand.

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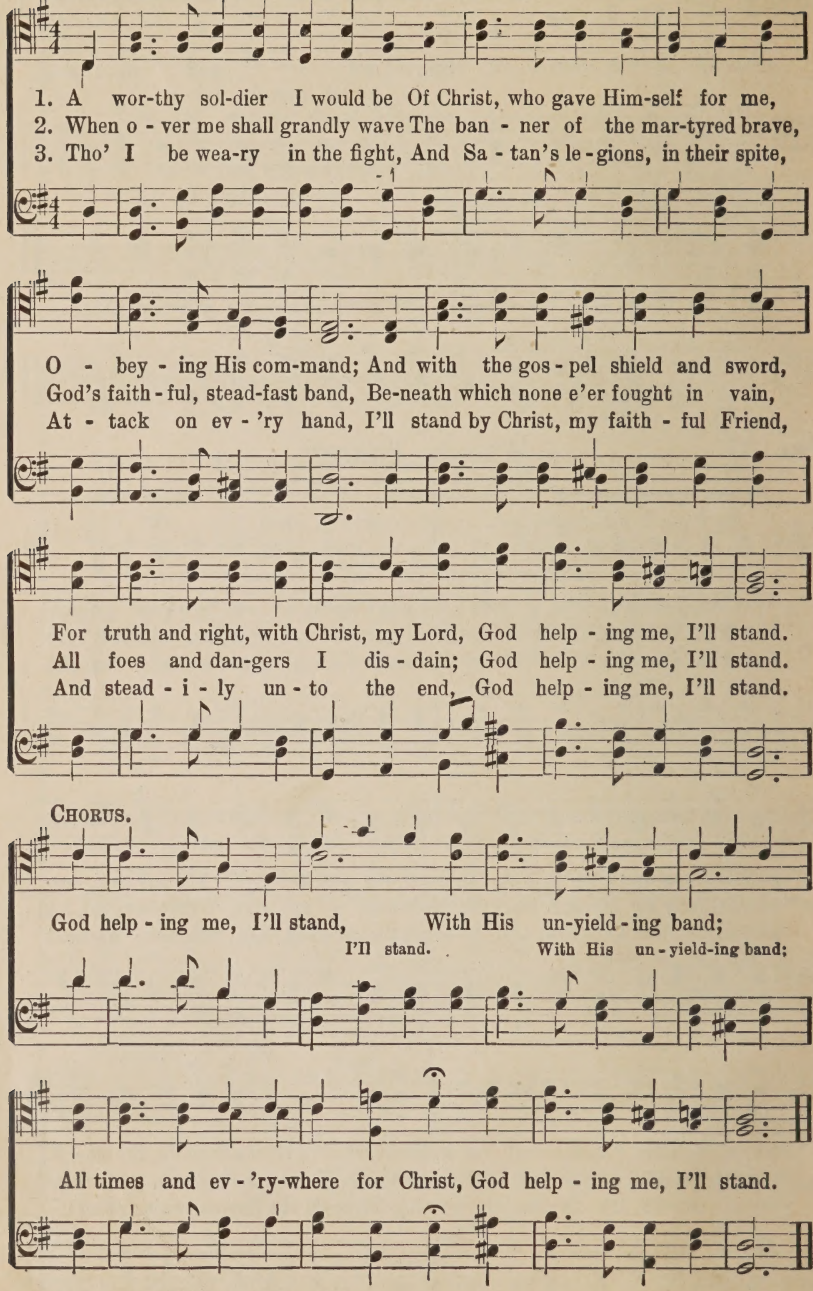
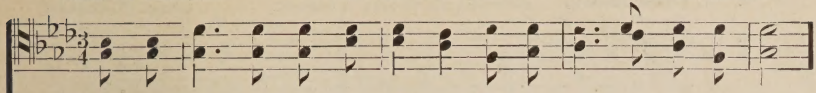
W. C. Martin. Edward M. Fuller.

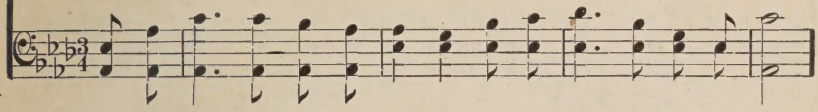

1. A wor-thy sol-dier I would be Of Christ, who gave Him-self for me,
2. When o - ver me shall grandly wave The ban - ner of the mar-tyred brave,
3. Tho' I be wea-ry in the fight, And Sa - tan's le - gions, in their spite,
O - bey - ing His com-mand; And with the gos - pel shield and sword,
God's faith - ful, stead-fast band, Be-neath which none e'er fought in vain,
At - tack on ev - 'ry hand, I'll stand by Christ, my faith - ful Friend,
For truth and right, with Christ, my Lord, God help - ing me, I'll stand.
All foes and dan-gers I dis - dain; God help - ing me, I'll stand.
And stead - i - ly un - to the end, God help - ing me, I'll stand.
CHORUS.
God help - ing me, I'll stand, With His un-yield - ing band;
I'll stand. With His un - yield-ing band;
All times and ev - 'ry-where for Christ, God help - ing me, I'll stand.

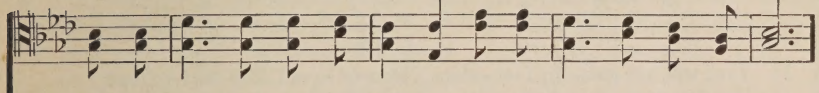
# No. 39. Lift Thine Eyes Unto the Hills.

**Julia H. Johnston.** COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY M. J. BABBITT. **M. J. Babbitt.**

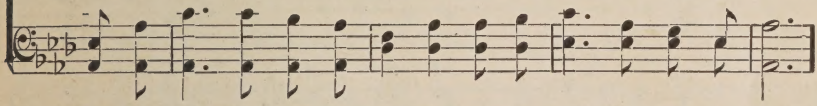


1. Shad-ows dim may fill the val - ley, Clouds may cov-er all be - low;
2. From the hills sal - va - tion com-eth, In the val - ley do not grope;
3. From the hill of Cal-v'ry beam-ing, Lo, the light of life shines out;
4. Turn thine eyes from earthly pleasures, From the dead - ly sin that blights;

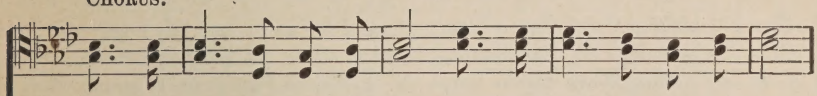




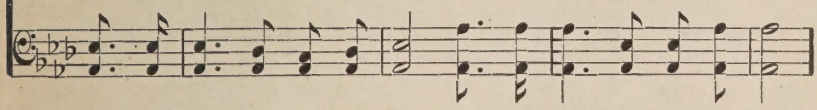
Lift thine eyes a - bove, O pil-grim, See the hills, with light a - glow.
Look a - bove, by faith up-hold - ing Light and love, and heav'nly hope.
Peace and par - don, giv - en free - ly, May be mine, be - yond all doubt.
Look a-bove, for help can reach you On - ly from the heav'nly heights.

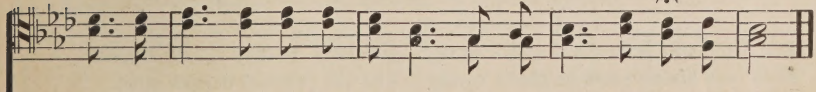


CHORUS.

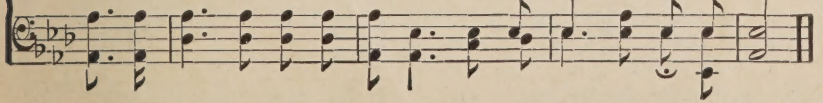


Lift thine eyes un - to the hills, Lift thine eyes un - to the hills;



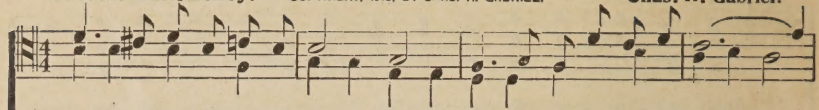


Far a - bove this earth's dim shadows, Lift thine eyes un - to the hills.

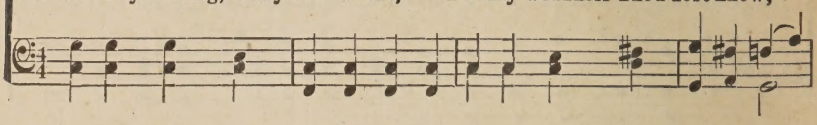


## No. 40. Give Thy Blessing.

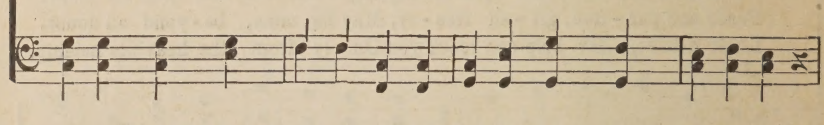
Dr. M. Victor Staley. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



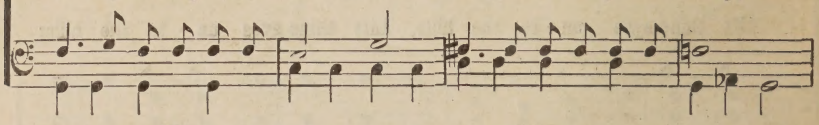
1. Give Thy blessing, O my Sav - ior, Let me feel that Thou art near;
2. Give Thy blessing, O my Sav - ior, This will comfort sweet afford;
3. Give Thy blessing, O my Sav - ior, For my weakness Thou dost know;



If Thou wilt but guide my foot - steps, Naught have I, Thy child, to fear;
For Thy grace is all - suf - fi - cient, And un - fail-ing is Thy word;
Teach me there to go con-fid - ing, Where-so-e'er Thou bidst me go;

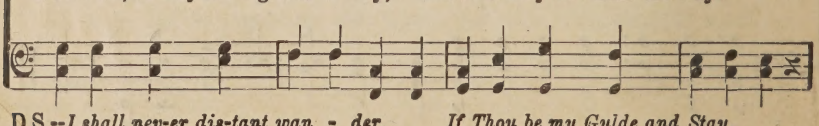


Give Thy blessing, O my Sav - ior, And de - ny me not Thy love;
Give Thy blessing, O my Sav - ior, And attune my heart to Thine;
Give Thy blessing, O my Sav - ior, And, since I am prone to stray,



FINE.

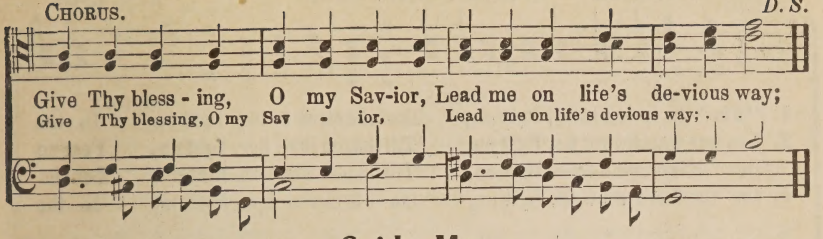
For the way is long and toil - some, Lead-ing to Thy throne above.
Then will life on earth be glad - some, And the peace of heaven, mine.
Guide me, in Thy lov-ing mer - cy, That I may not miss the way.



D.S.--*I shall nev-er dis-tant wan - der, If Thou be my Guide and Stay.*

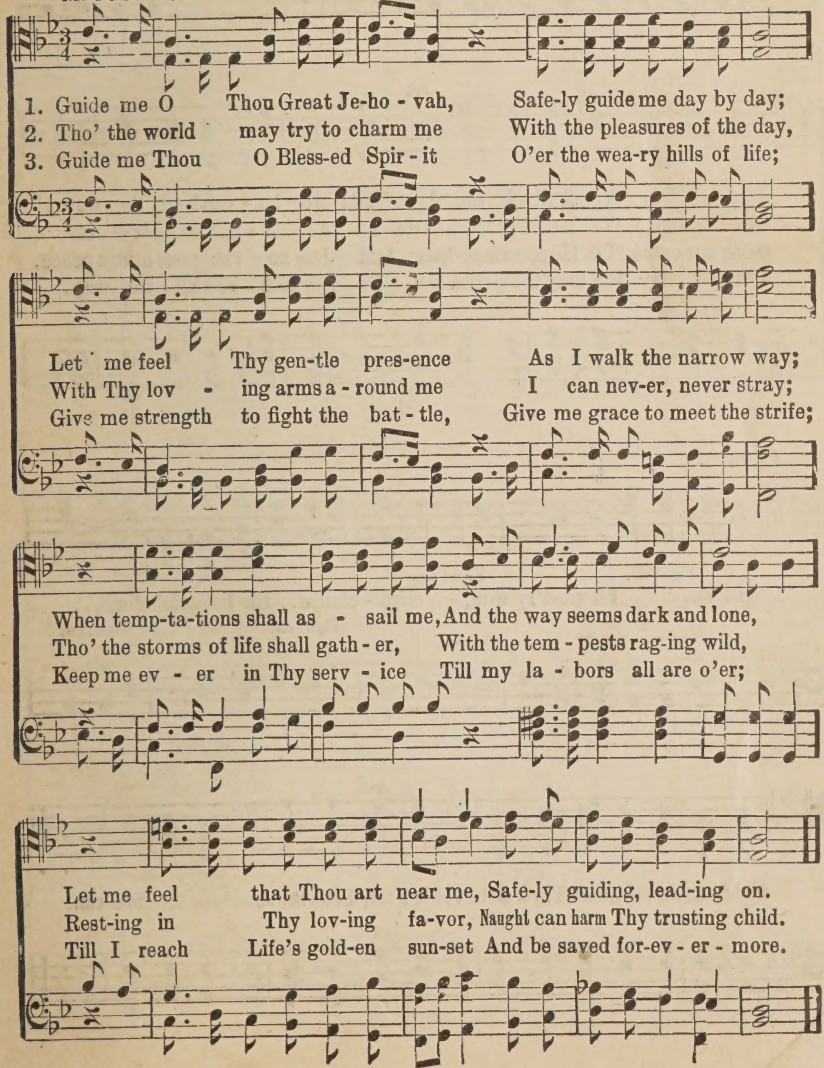
## Give Thy Blessing.

CHORUS. D. S.



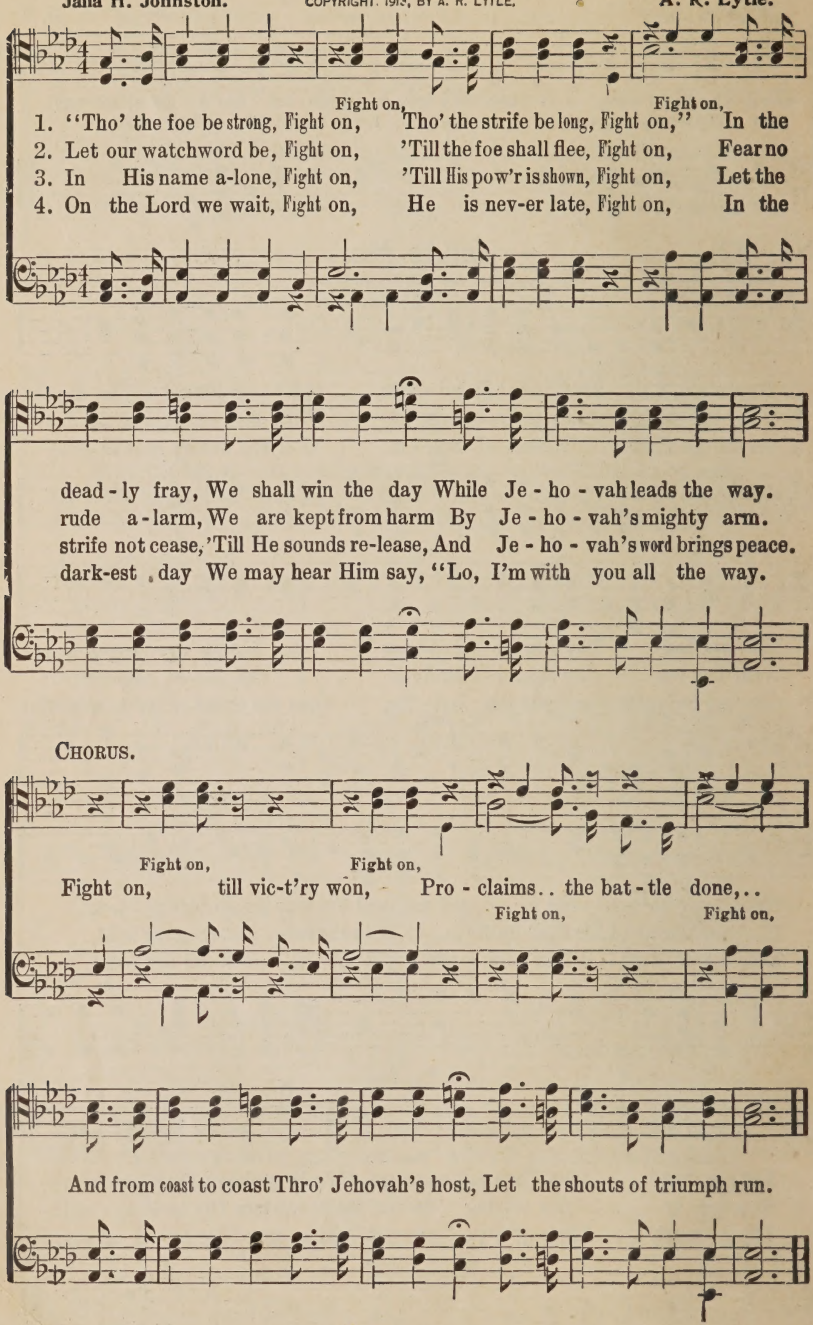

## No. 41 Guide Me.

M. F. Price. COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. T. R. Allen.


1. Guide me O Thou Great Je-ho - vah, Safe-ly guide me day by day;
2. Tho' the world may try to charm me With the pleasures of the day,
3. Guide me Thou O Bless-ed Spir - it O'er the wea-ry hills of life;
Let me feel Thy gen-tle pres-ence As I walk the narrow way;
With Thy lov - ing arms a - round me I can nev-er, never stray;
Give me strength to fight the bat - tle, Give me grace to meet the strife;
When temp-ta-tions shall as - sail me, And the way seems dark and lone,
Tho' the storms of life shall gath - er, With the tem - pests rag-ing wild,
Keep me ev - er in Thy serv - ice Till my la - bors all are o'er;
Let me feel that Thou art near me, Safe-ly guiding, lead-ing on.
Rest-ing in Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Naught can harm Thy trusting child.
Till I reach Life's gold-en sun-set And be saved for-ev - er - more.

## No. 42. Fight On

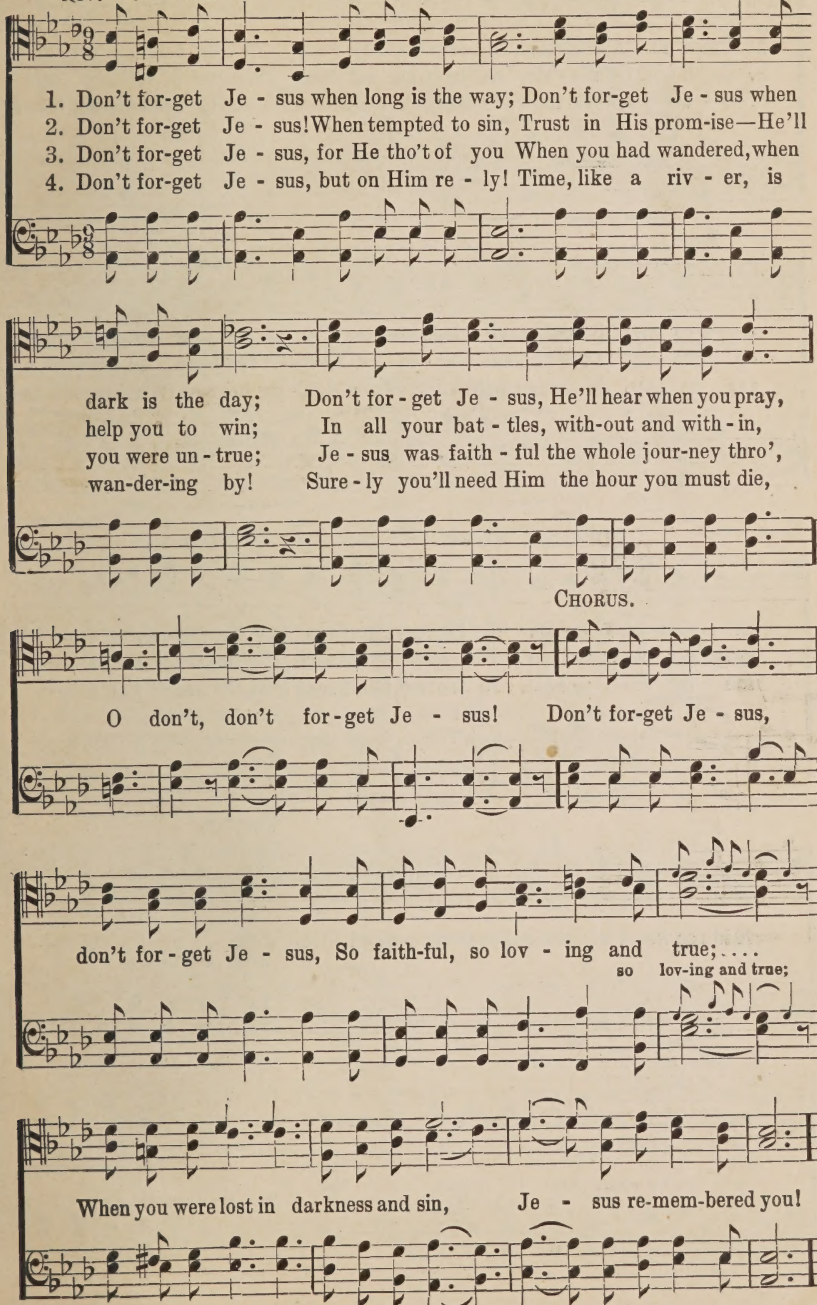
Jalia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY A. R. LYTLE. A. R. Lytle.


Fight on, Fight on,
1. "Tho' the foe be strong, Fight on, Tho' the strife be long, Fight on," In the
2. Let our watchword be, Fight on, 'Till the foe shall flee, Fight on, Fear no
3. In His name a-lone, Fight on, 'Till His pow'r is shown, Fight on, Let the
4. On the Lord we wait, Fight on, He is nev-er late, Fight on, In the
dead - ly fray, We shall win the day While Je - ho - vah leads the way.
rude a - larm, We are kept from harm By Je - ho - vah's mighty arm.
strife not cease, 'Till He sounds re-lease, And Je - ho - vah's word brings peace.
dark-est day We may hear Him say, "Lo, I'm with you all the way.
CHORUS.
Fight on, Fight on,
Fight on, till vic-t'ry won, Pro - claims.. the bat - tle done,..
Fight on, Fight on,
And from coast to coast Thro' Jehovah's host, Let the shouts of triumph run.

# No. 43. Jesus Remembered You.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

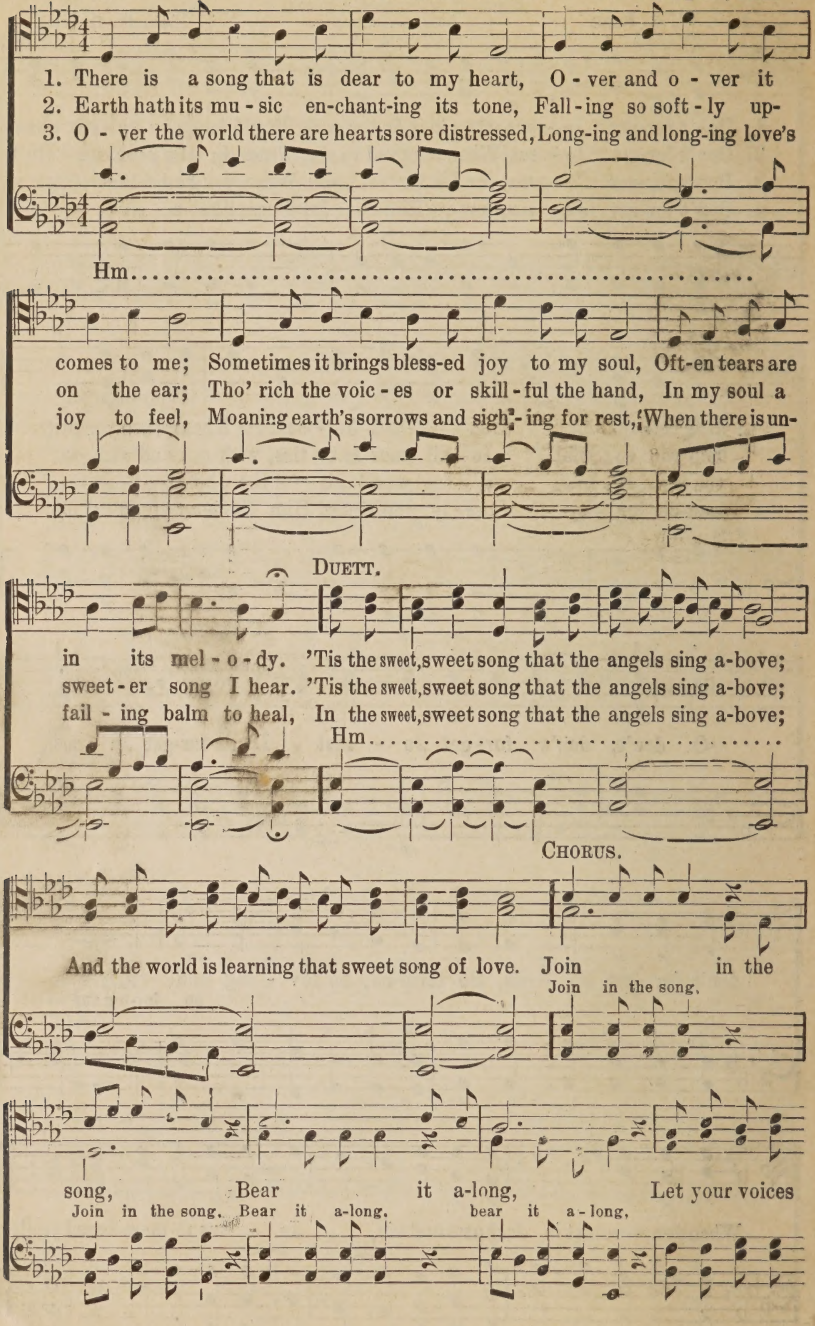
Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
2. Don't for-get Je - sus! When tempted to sin, Trust in His prom-ise—He'll
3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He tho't of you When you had wandered, when
4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is
dark is the day; Don't for - get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with-out and with - in,
you were un - true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour-ney thro',
wan-der-ing by! Sure - ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,
CHORUS.
O don't, don't for-get Je - sus! Don't for-get Je - sus,
don't for - get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;....
so lov-ing and true;
When you were lost in darkness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!

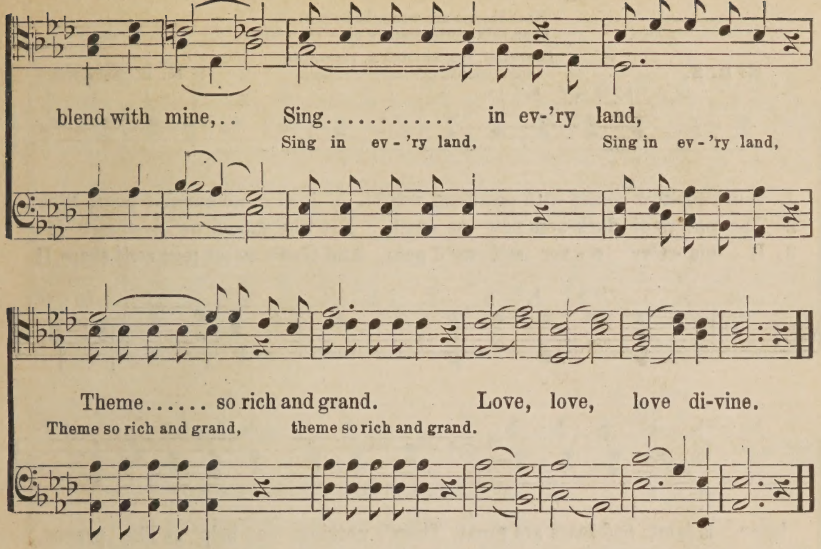
# No. 44. The Sweet, Sweet Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

N. B. S. N. B. Sargent, Arr.


1. There is a song that is dear to my heart, O - ver and o - ver it
2. Earth hath its mu - sic en-chant-ing its tone, Fall - ing so soft - ly up-
3. O - ver the world there are hearts sore distressed, Long-ing and long-ing love's
Hm.....
comes to me; Sometimes it brings bless-ed joy to my soul, Oft-en tears are
on the ear; Tho' rich the voic - es or skill - ful the hand, In my soul a
joy to feel, Moaning earth's sorrows and sigh - ing for rest, When there is un-
DUETT.
in its mel - o - dy. 'Tis the sweet, sweet song that the angels sing a-bove;
sweet - er song I hear. 'Tis the sweet, sweet song that the angels sing a-bove;
fail - ing balm to heal, In the sweet, sweet song that the angels sing a-bove;
Hm.....
CHORUS.
And the world is learning that sweet song of love. Join in the
Join in the song.
song, Bear it a-long, Let your voices
Join in the song. Bear it a-long, bear it a - long,

## The Sweet, Sweet Song.

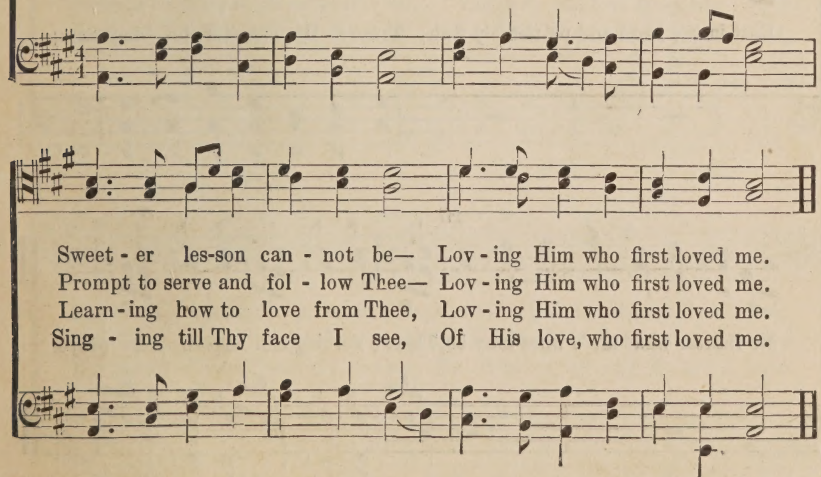

blend with mine,.. Sing..... in ev-'ry land,
Sing in ev-'ry land, Sing in ev-'ry land,
Theme..... so rich and grand. Love, love, love di-vine.
Theme so rich and grand, theme so rich and grand.

## No. 45. Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Jane E. Leeson. Arr. by T.

1. Sav - ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;


Sweet - er les-son can - not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Sing - ing till Thy face I see, Of His love, who first loved me.

# No. 46. Nothing Can Help Us Like Prayer.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.—*Tennyson.*

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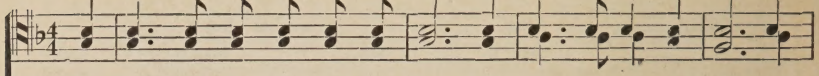
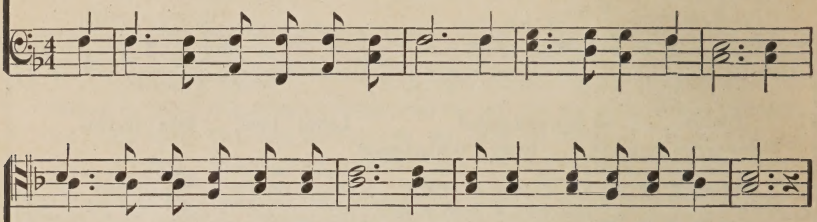
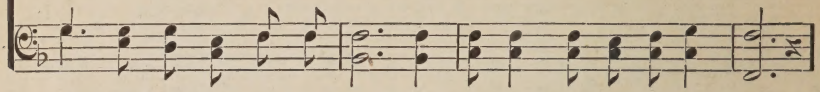
N. B. S. N. B. Sargent.



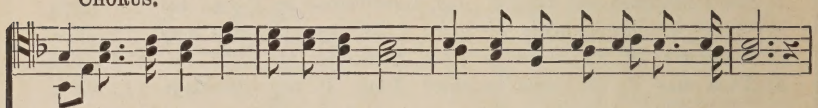
1. When sor-row comes with crush-ing weight, A load we can-not bear; When
2. Tho' pow'rs of dark-ness now as - sail, Yet why should we de-spair? If
3. If vic - t'ry o - ver self we'd gain, And God's sweet peace would share, If



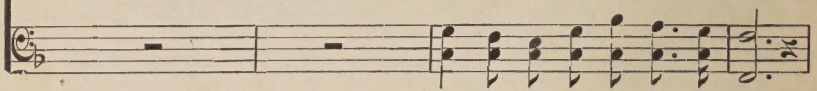
hope is faint, and fears are great, There's nothing can help us like prayer.
in our strength we seem to fail, There's nothing can help us like prayer.
we would walk the high - er plane, There's nothing can help us like prayer.

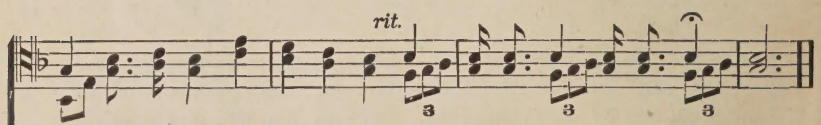


CHORUS.

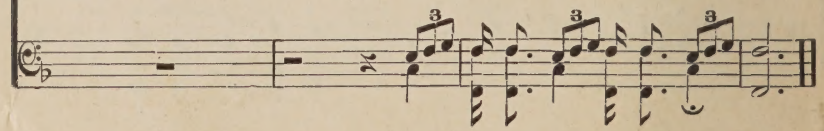


Rest in the Lord and pa-tient-ly wait, Trust in His ten-der, lov - ing care;



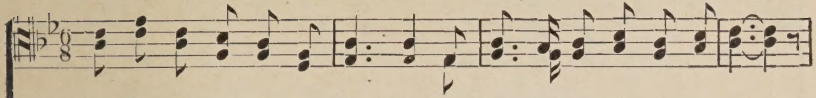



No matter what life's woes may be, There's nothing can help us like prayer.

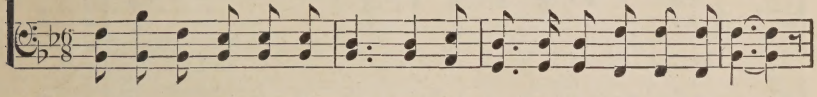


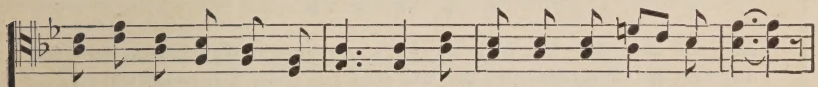
## No. 47. Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafforn. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. Homer Rodeheaver.

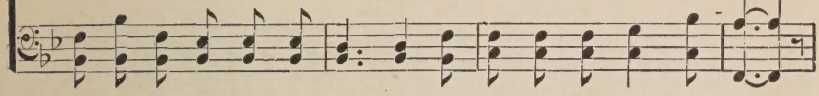


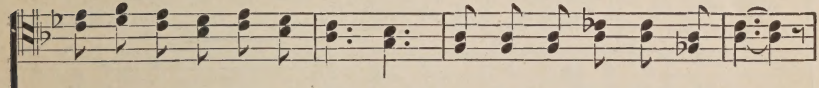
1. Some-body knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-body cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows dizzy and dim;
3. Some-body loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



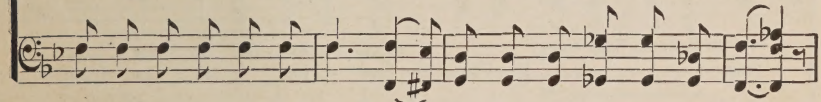


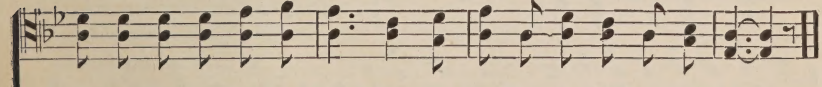
Some-bod-y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;
Some-bod-y cares when you're weak-est, And farth-est a - way from Him.
Al-ways is wait-ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng.



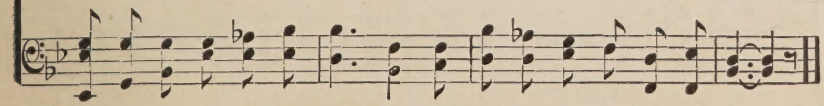


Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need-ing His friendship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true,





Some-bod-y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod-y waits for your com - ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus, He loves ev-'ry-one, He loves you.



## No. 48. On To Victory.

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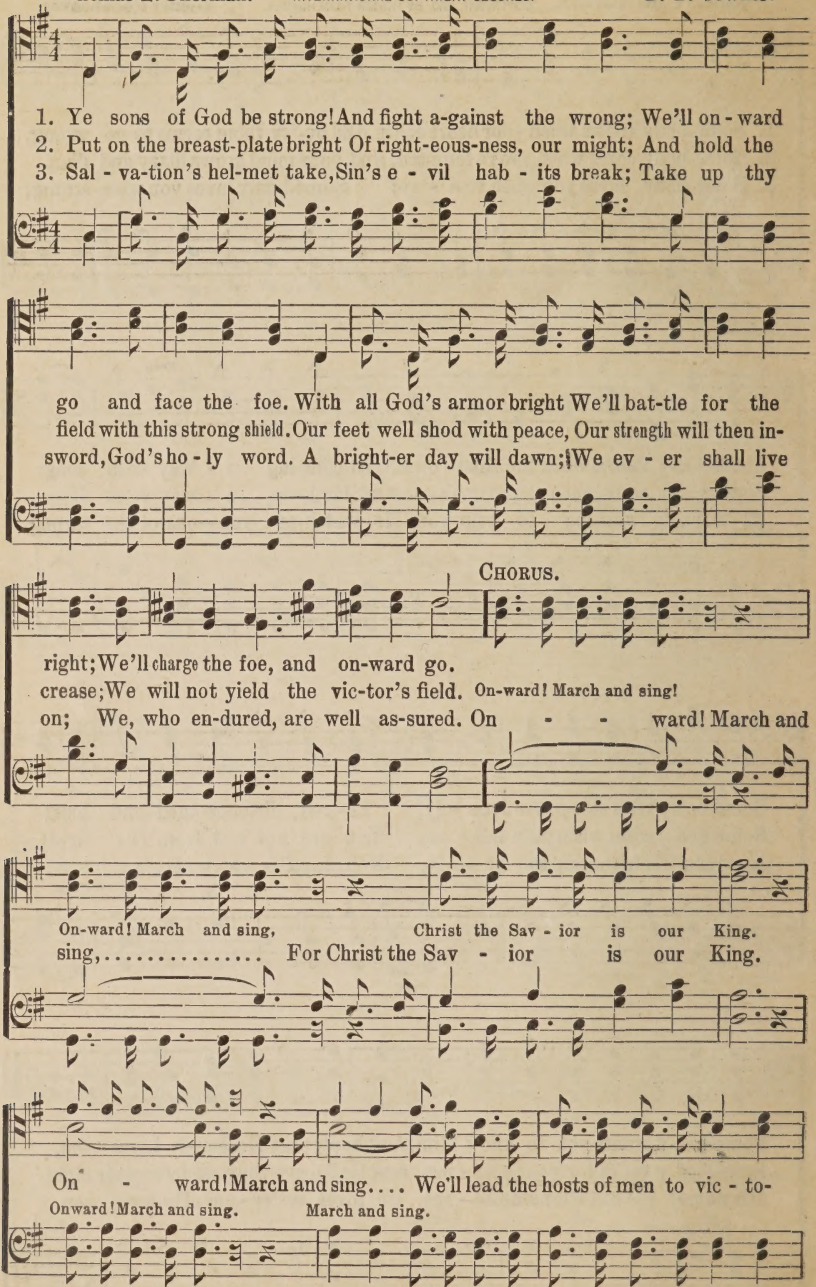
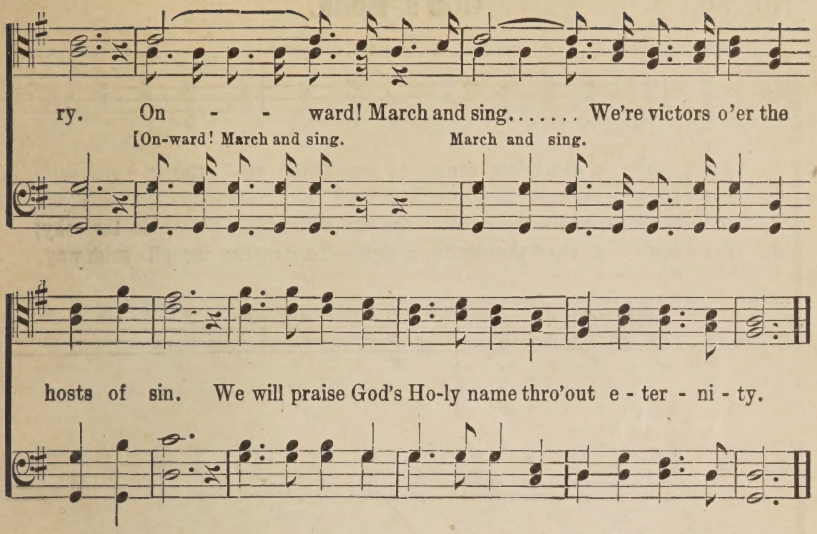
Thomas E. Sherman. D. B. Towner.


1. Ye sons of God be strong! And fight a-gainst the wrong; We'll on - ward
2. Put on the breast-plate bright Of right-eous-ness, our might; And hold the
3. Sal - va-tion's hel-met take, Sin's e - vil hab - its break; Take up thy
go and face the foe. With all God's armor bright We'll bat-tle for the
field with this strong shield. Our feet well shod with peace, Our strength will then in-
sword, God's ho - ly word. A bright-er day will dawn; We ev - er shall live
CHORUS.
right; We'll charge the foe, and on-ward go.
crease; We will not yield the vic-tor's field. On-ward! March and sing!
on; We, who en-dured, are well as-sured. On - - ward! March and
On-ward! March and sing, Christ the Sav - ior is our King.
sing,..... For Christ the Sav - ior is our King.
On - ward! March and sing.... We'll lead the hosts of men to vic - to-
Onward! March and sing. March and sing.

## On To Victory.

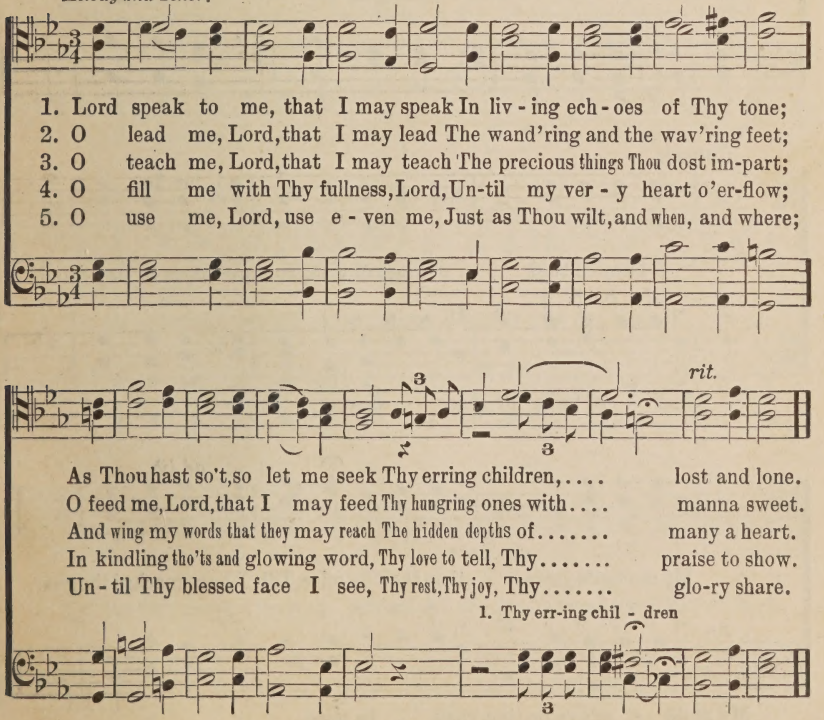

ry. On - - ward! March and sing..... We're victors o'er the
[On-ward! March and sing. March and sing.
hosts of sin. We will praise God's Ho-ly name thro'out e - ter - ni - ty.

## No. 49. Lord Speak to Me.

F. H. Havergal.
*Melody 2nd Tenor.*

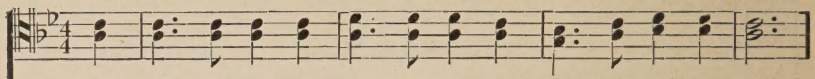
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. SELLERS.

E. O. Sellers.

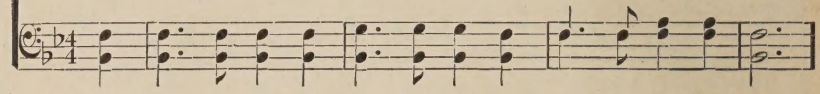

1. Lord speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet;
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost im-part;
4. O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Un-til my ver - y heart o'er-flow;
5. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
rit.
As Thou hast so't, so let me seek Thy erring children,.... lost and lone.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hungring ones with.... manna sweet.
And wing my words that they may reach The hidden depths of..... many a heart.
In kindling tho'ts and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy..... praise to show.
Un - til Thy blessed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy..... glo-ry share.
1. Thy err-ing chil - dren

## No. 50. God's Book.

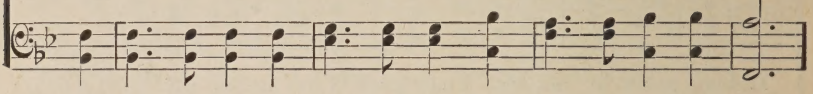
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.



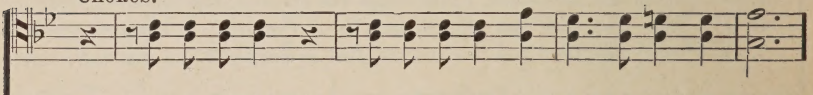
1. "God's book":– a death-less song of love Thro' all the a - ges sung;
2. "God's book":– the soul's most pre-cious food, A coun - sel - or sub - lime;
3. "God's book":– the snn-shine of the soul, When tem - pests hide the sky;
4. "God's book":– a chart that leads a-right—That marks the pil - grim way,



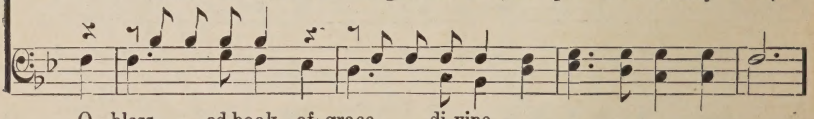
A pict - ure of the heart a - bove Be - loved by old and young.
A rock that hath un - shak - en stood Thro' all the blasts of time.
A pi - lot true, when bil - lows roll And dan-g'rous rocks are nigh.
Thro' lab - y-rinths of star - less night, To ev - er - last - ing day.



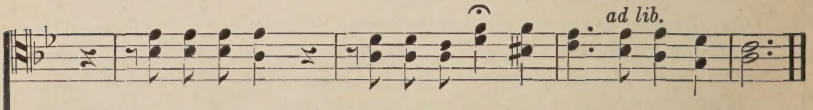
CHORUS.



O bless-ed book of grace di-vine, So pre - cious to my soul,

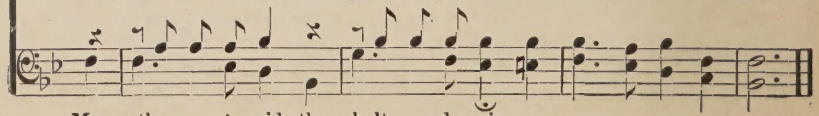


O bless - ed book of grace di-vine,



*ad lib.*

My mother's guide, thou shalt be mine, Till I have reached the goal.



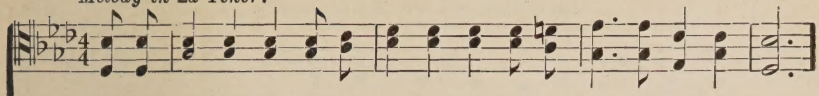
My moth - er's guide, thou shalt be mine,

# No. 51. The Same Old Way.

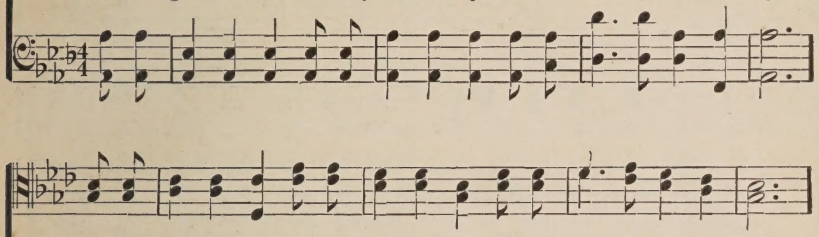
COPYRIGHT 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABSIEL.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

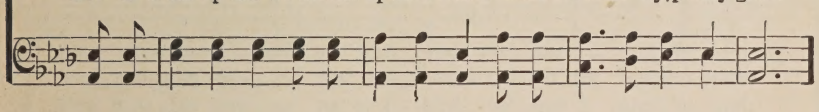
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*



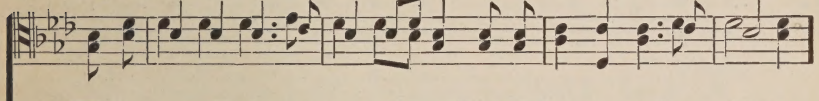
1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fa-thers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will delay,
3. Ma-ny stop to look for a bet-ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is narrow, but 'tis straight;



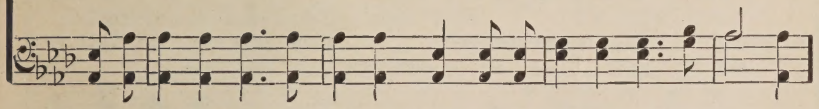
We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Saying, "Keep the narrow way."
While the faith-ful few, by their stead-y tread En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up-hill we mount upward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.



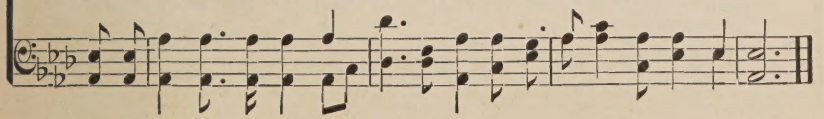
CHORUS.



'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je-sus,—



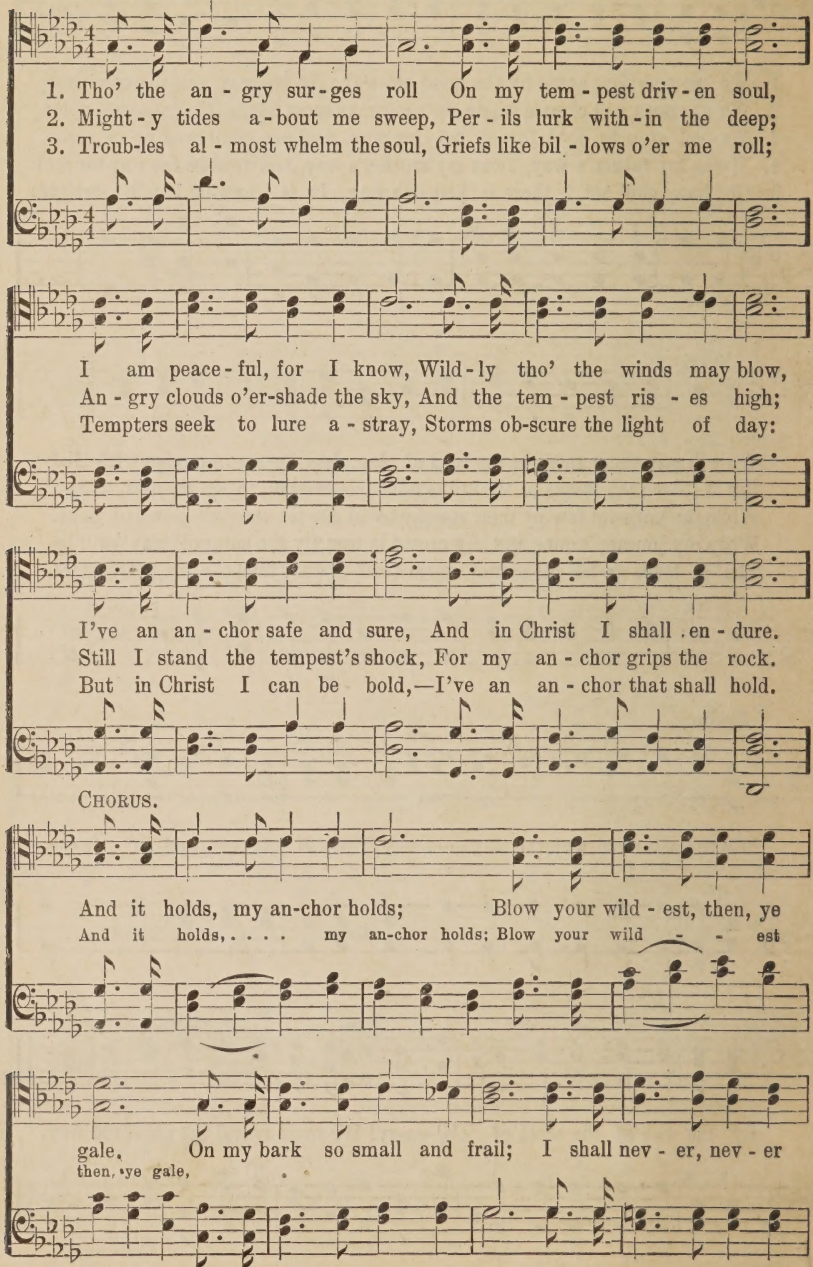
By the way of the cross of Cal-va-ry! We must travel the same old way.



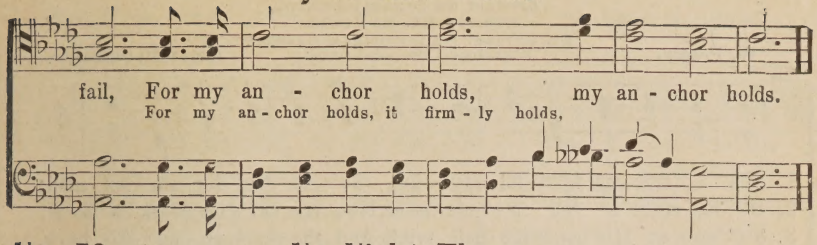
## No. 52. My Anchor Holds.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY D. B. TOWNER.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

W. C. Martin. D. B. Towner.


1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day:
I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold.
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds, . . . . my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - - est
gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, ye gale,

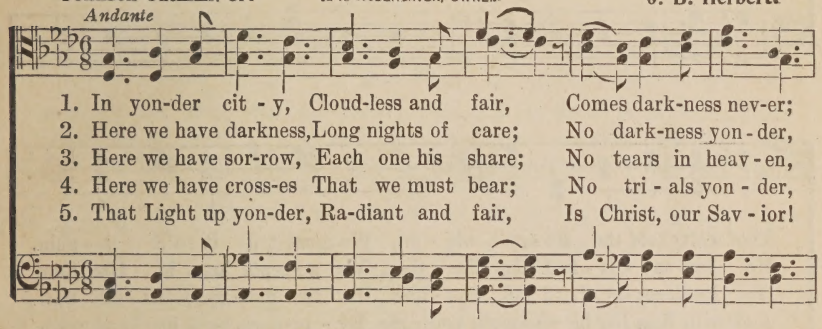
## My Anchor Holds.



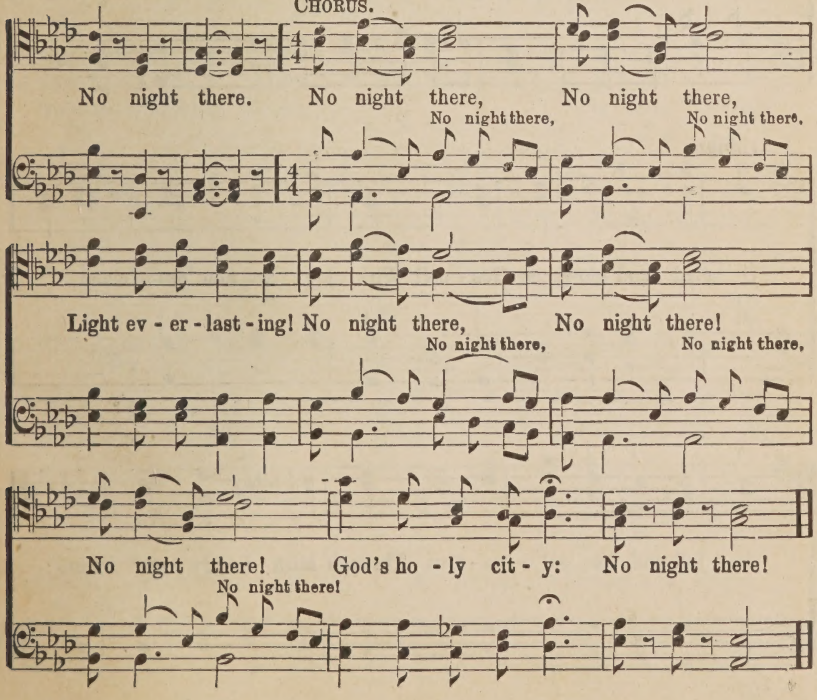

## No. 53. No Night There.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** *Andante* **J. B. Herbert.**


1. In yon-der cit - y, Cloud-less and fair, Comes dark-ness nev-er;
2. Here we have darkness, Long nights of care; No dark-ness yon - der,
3. Here we have sor-row, Each one his share; No tears in heav - en,
4. Here we have cross-es That we must bear; No tri - als yon - der,
5. That Light up yon-der, Ra-diant and fair, Is Christ, our Sav - ior!

CHORUS.


No night there. No night there, No night there,
No night there, No night there.
Light ev - er - last - ing! No night there, No night there!
No night there, No night there.
No night there! God's ho - ly cit - y: No night there!
No night there!

# No. 54. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
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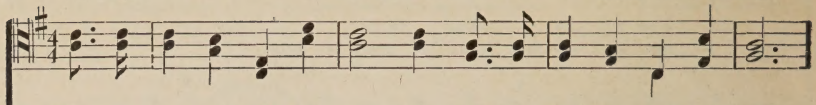
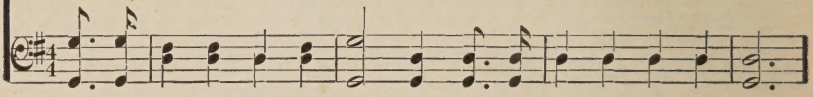
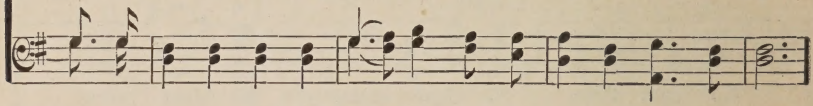
W. Fraser. James McGranahan.



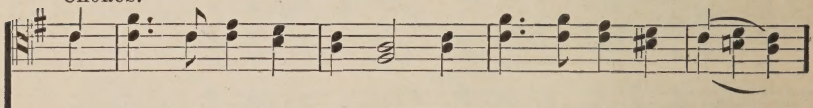
1. 'Tis a true and faith-ful say-ing, Je-sus died for sin-ful men;
2. He has made a full a-tone-ment, Now His sav-ing work is done;
3. Still up-on His hands the nail prints, And the scars up-on His brow,
4. But re-mem-ber this same Je-sus In the clouds will come a-gain,



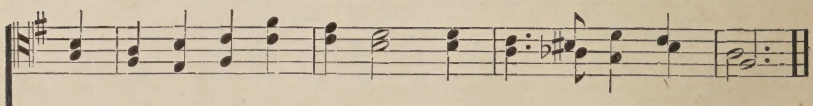
Tho' we've told the sto-ry oft-en, We must tell it o'er a-gain.
He has sat-is-fied the Fa-ther, Who ac-cepts us in His Son.
Our Re-deem-er, Lord and Sav-iour In the glo-ry stand-eth now.
And with Him His blood-bought peo-ple Ev-er-more shall live and reign.



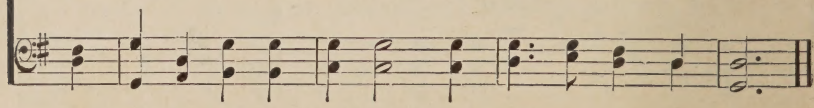
CHORUS.



O glad and glo-rious Gos-pel! With joy we now pro-claim,



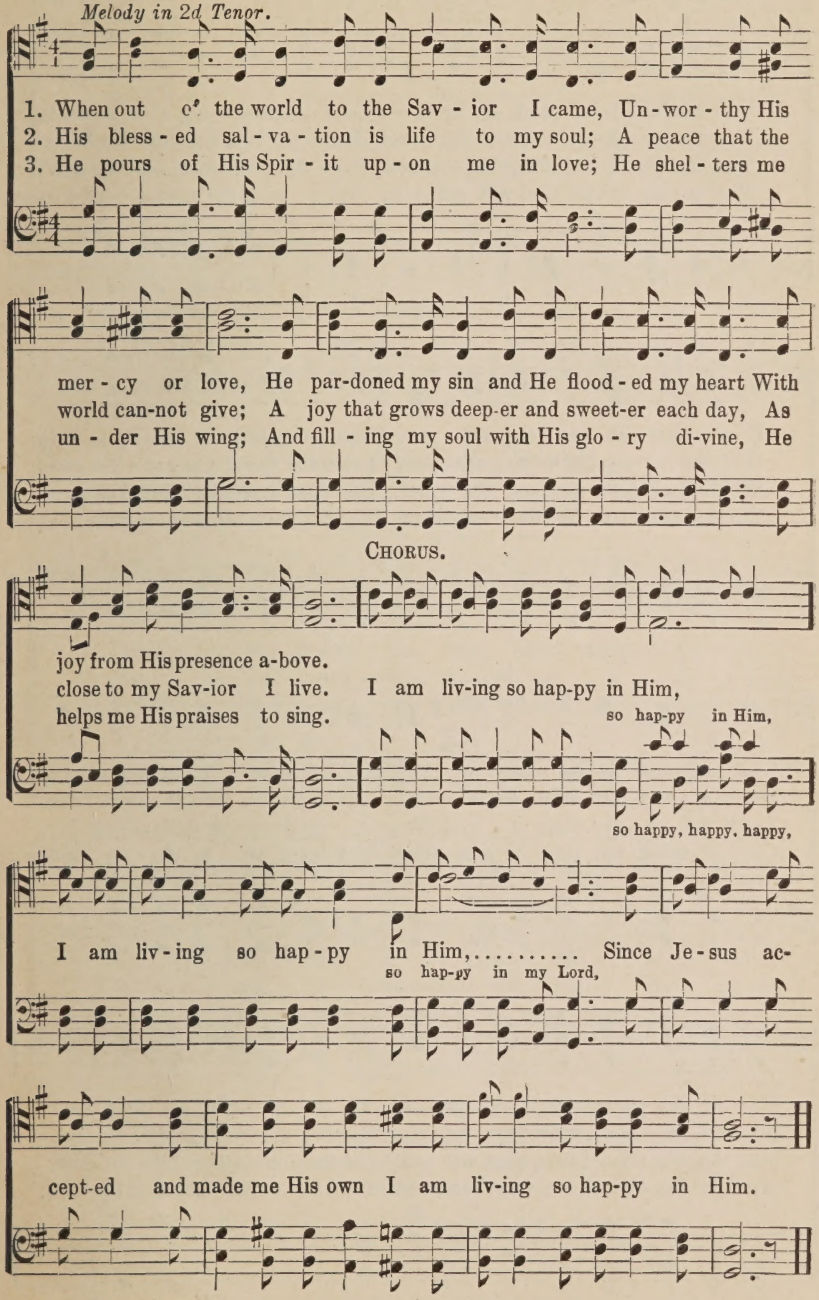
A full and free sal-va-tion, Through faith in Je-sus' name.



# No. 55. I Am Living So Happy in Him.

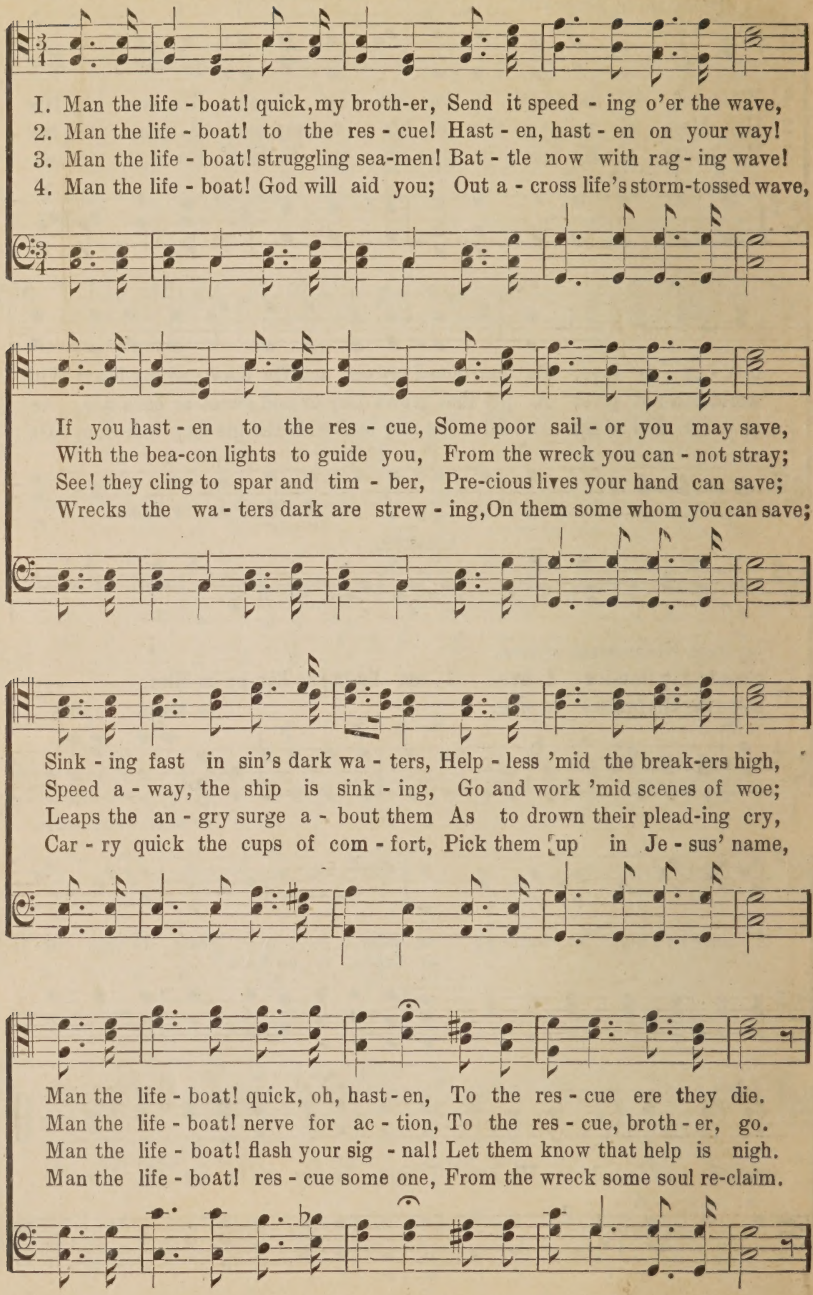
Rev. W. A. Schell. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

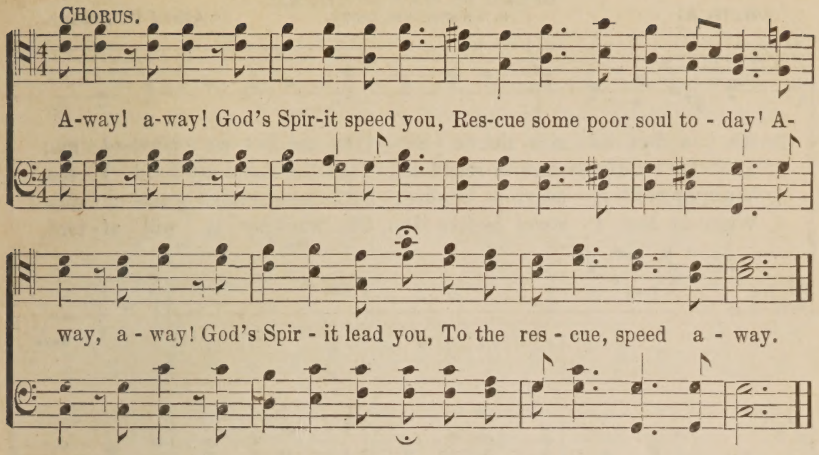

1. When out o' the world to the Sav - ior I came, Un - wor - thy His
2. His bless - ed sal - va - tion is life to my soul; A peace that the
3. He pours of His Spir - it up - on me in love; He shel - ters me
mer - cy or love, He par-doned my sin and He flood - ed my heart With
world can-not give; A joy that grows deep-er and sweet-er each day, As
un - der His wing; And fill - ing my soul with His glo - ry di-vine, He
CHORUS.
joy from His presence a-bove.
close to my Sav-ior I live. I am liv-ing so hap-py in Him,
helps me His praises to sing.
so hap-py in Him,
so happy, happy, happy,
I am liv - ing so hap - py in Him,..... Since Je - sus ac-
so hap-py in my Lord,
cept-ed and made me His own I am liv-ing so hap-py in Him.

## No. 56. Man The Life-Boat.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. Man the life - boat! quick, my broth-er, Send it speed - ing o'er the wave,
2. Man the life - boat! to the res - cue! Hast - en, hast - en on your way!
3. Man the life - boat! struggling sea-men! Bat - tle now with rag - ing wave!
4. Man the life - boat! God will aid you; Out a - cross life's storm-tossed wave,
If you hast - en to the res - cue, Some poor sail - or you may save,
With the bea-con lights to guide you, From the wreck you can - not stray;
See! they cling to spar and tim - ber, Pre-cious lives your hand can save;
Wrecks the wa - ters dark are strew - ing, On them some whom you can save;
Sink - ing fast in sin's dark wa - ters, Help - less 'mid the break-ers high,
Speed a - way, the ship is sink - ing, Go and work 'mid scenes of woe;
Leaps the an - gry surge a - bout them As to drown their plead-ing cry,
Car - ry quick the cups of com - fort, Pick them up in Je - sus' name,
Man the life - boat! quick, oh, hast - en, To the res - cue ere they die.
Man the life - boat! nerve for ac - tion, To the res - cue, broth - er, go.
Man the life - boat! flash your sig - nal! Let them know that help is nigh.
Man the life - boat! res - cue some one, From the wreck some soul re-claim.

## Man The Life-Boat.


CHORUS.
A-way! a-way! God's Spir-it speed you, Res-cue some poor soul to - day! A-
way, a - way! God's Spir - it lead you, To the res - cue, speed a - way.

## No. 57. Peace! Perfect Peace.

Rt. Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. D. D. G. T. Caldbeck.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
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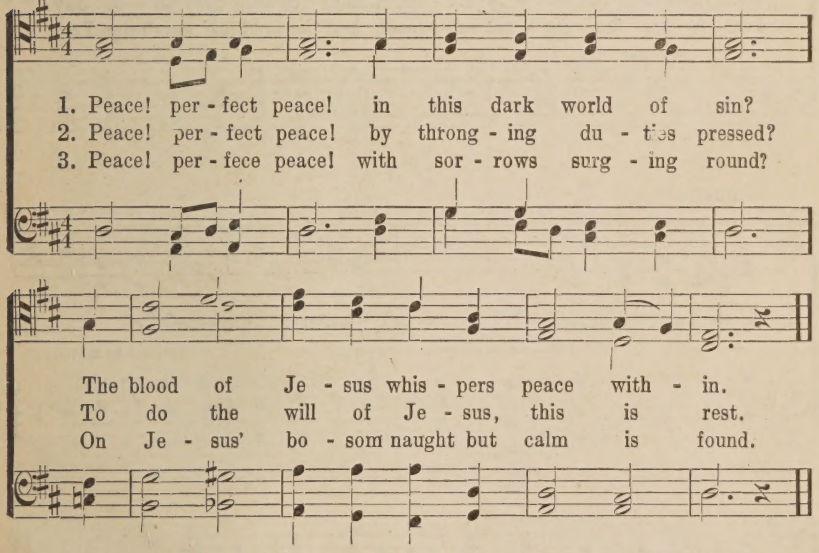

1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace! per - fece peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.

4. Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

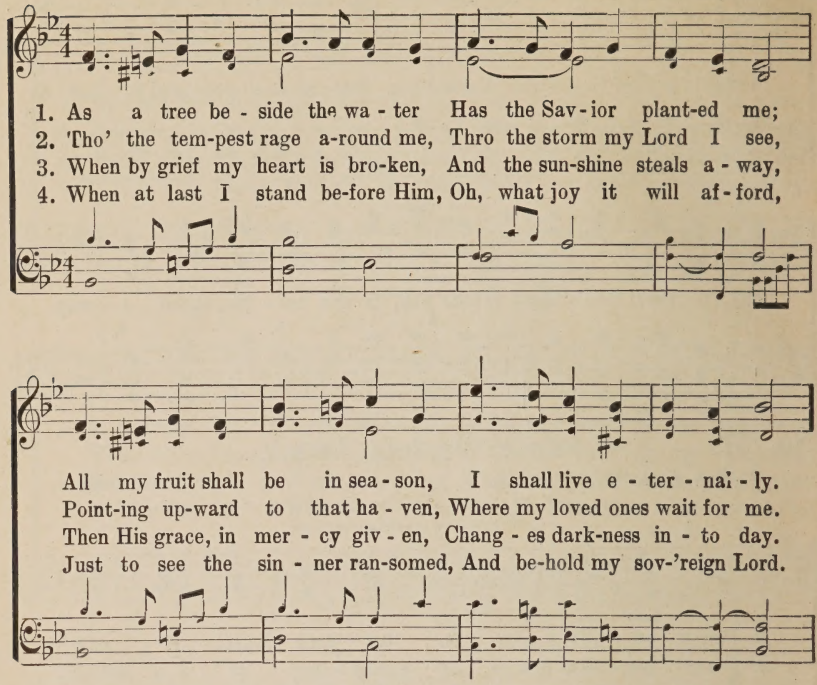
6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

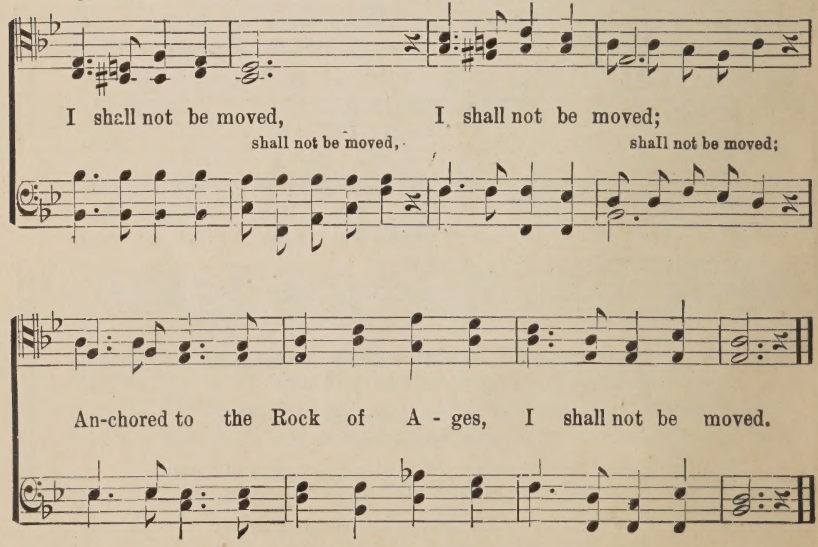
# No. 58. I Shall Not Be Moved.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. H. AND B. D. ACKLEY.
H. A RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. A. Alfred H. Ackley.


1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant-ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro-ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up-ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark-ness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ran-somed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.

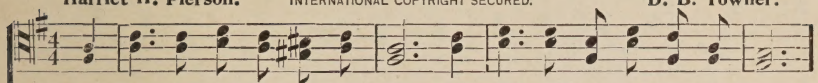
CHORUS.


I shall not be moved, I shall not be moved;
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;
An-chored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

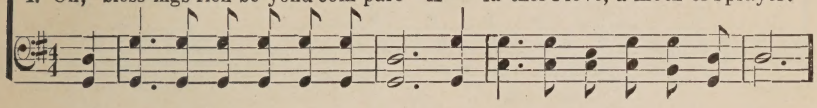
# No. 59. My Childhood Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

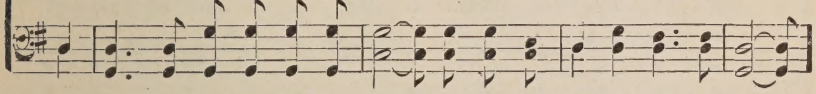
Harriet H. Pierson. D. B. Towner.



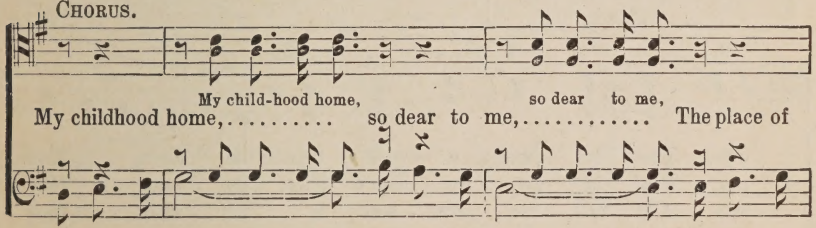
1. My heart re-calls the days of yore, Those hap - py days that come no more,
2. There shone the sun with fair-est beam O'er shad - y wood and purl-ing stream,
3. Tho' storms might beat and fierce winds blow, Bright shone the firelight's cheerful glow,
4. Oh, bless-ings rich be-yond com-pare—A fa-ther's love, a moth-er's prayer!



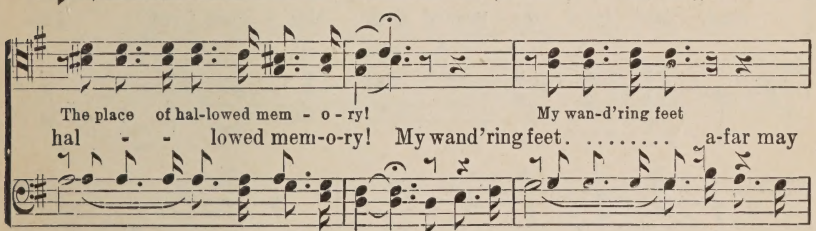
With - in my home's fond shelt'ring care, What sa-cred mem-'ries clus-ter there.
And song-birds car-oled wild and free In nat-ure's pur-est har - mo - ny.
And home meant rest for wea-ry feet, A ha-ven blest, a wel-come sweet.
My voice lifts high a song of praise For that dear home of child-hood days.



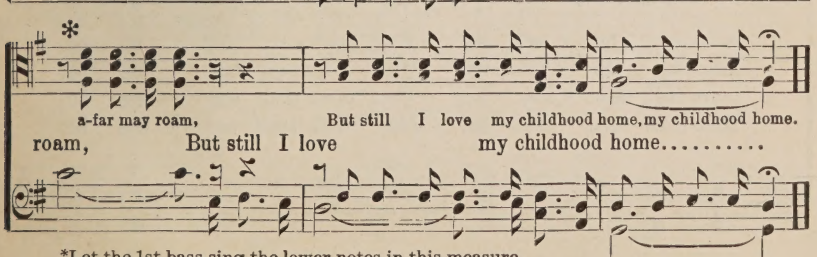
CHORUS.



My child-hood home, so dear to me,
My childhood home,..... so dear to me,..... The place of



The place of hal-lowed mem - o - ry! My wan-d'ring feet
hal - - lowed mem-o-ry! My wand'ring feet. ..... a-far may

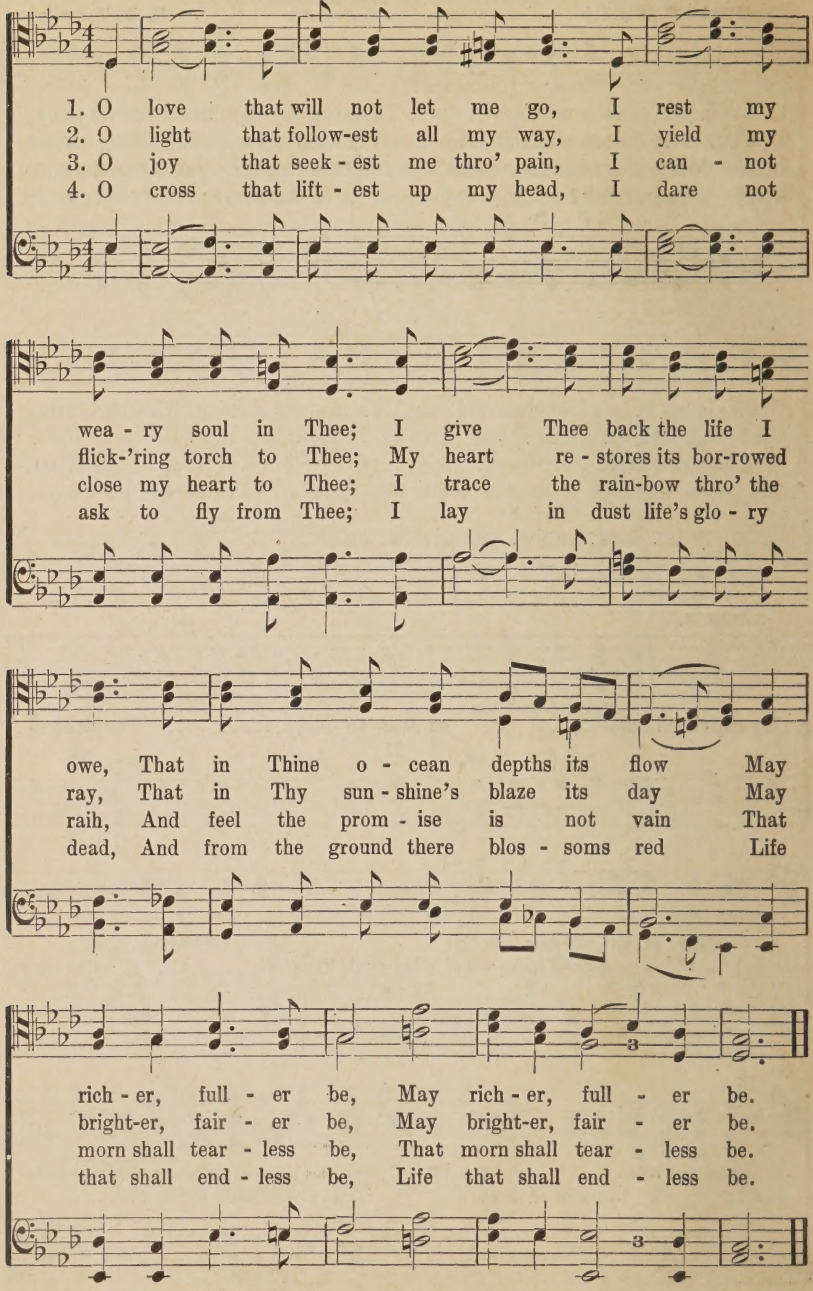


a-far may roam, But still I love my childhood home, my childhood home.
roam, But still I love my childhood home.....

*Let the 1st bass sing the lower notes in this measure.

# No. 60. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. J. B. Herbert.

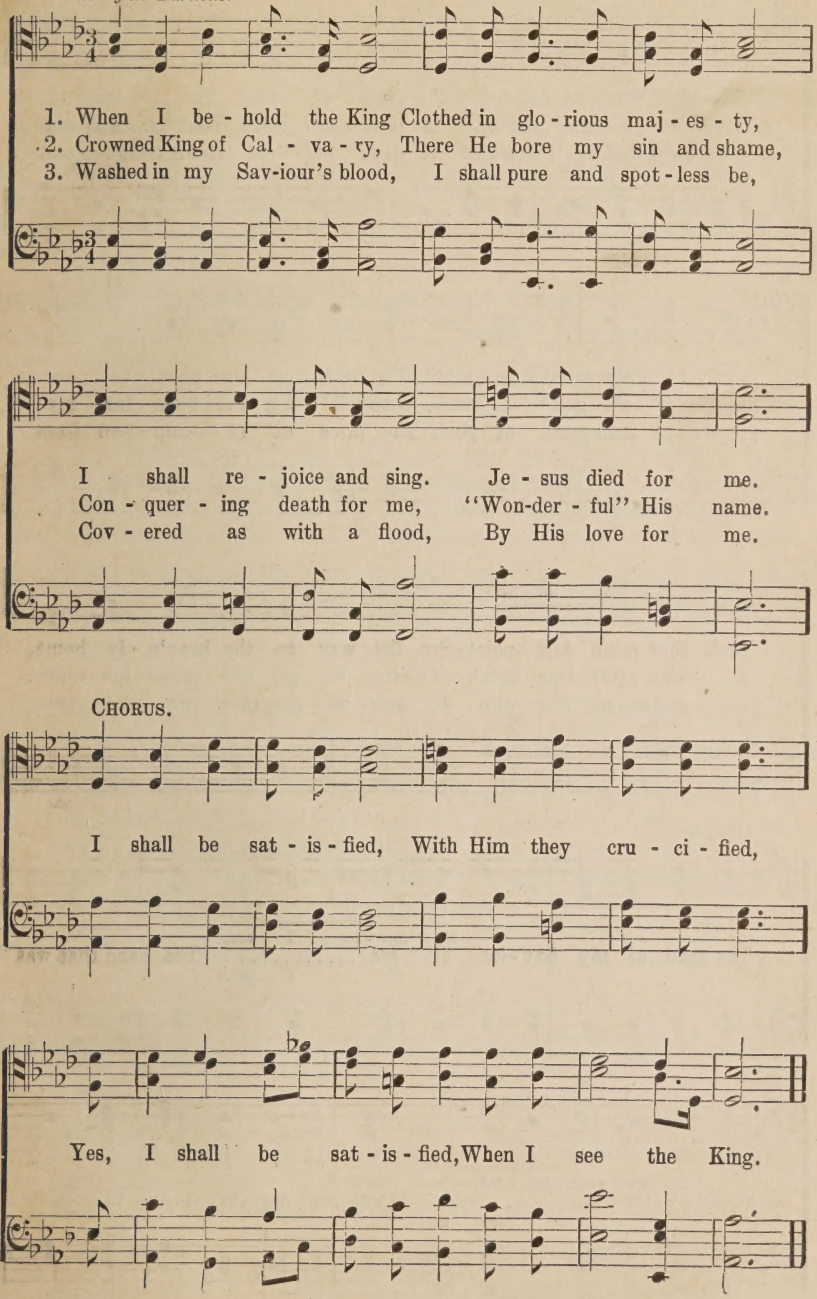

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that follow-est all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick-'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor-rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry
owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
raih, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life
rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright-er, fair - er be, May bright-er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

# No. 61. When I See the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. A.
*Melody in Baritone.*

Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. When I be - hold the King Clothed in glo - rious maj - es - ty,
2. Crowned King of Cal - va - ry, There He bore my sin and shame,
3. Washed in my Sav-iour's blood, I shall pure and spot - less be,
I shall re - joice and sing. Je - sus died for me.
Con - quer - ing death for me, "Won-der - ful" His name.
Cov - ered as with a flood, By His love for me.
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied, With Him they cru - ci - fied,
Yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I see the King.

# No. 62. The Hand That was Wounded.

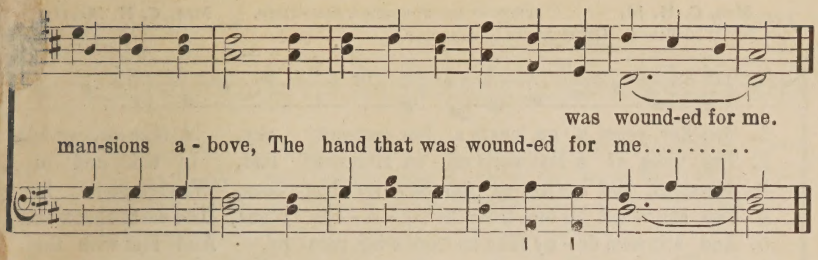
Hattie H. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO. D. B. Towner.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam, And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
2. E'en now I can see thro' a mist of tears That hand still out-stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal-ing and hope for my sin-sick soul; One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole.
3. The hand that wro't won-ders in days of old Holds treas-ure more pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.

CHORUS.

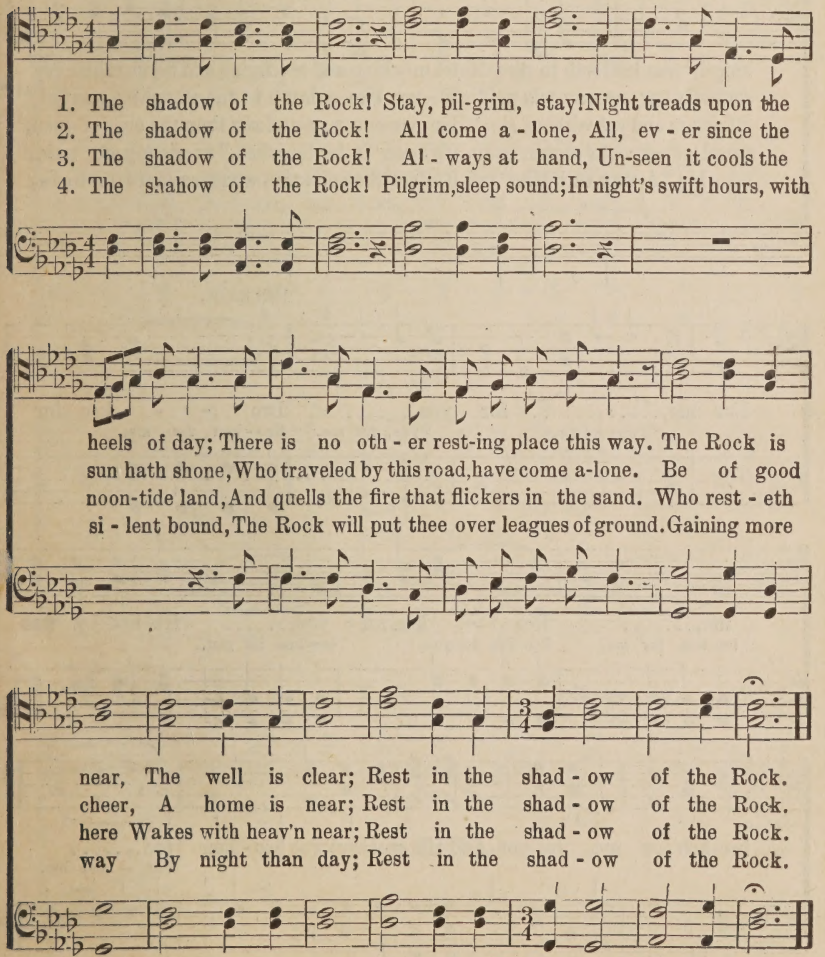
The hand of my Sav-ior I see..... (My Sav-ior I see, / I see,) The hand that was wound-ed for me;..... (was wound-ed for me; / for me;) 'Twill lead me in love to the

## The Hand That was Wounded.




## No. 63. The Shadow of the Rock.

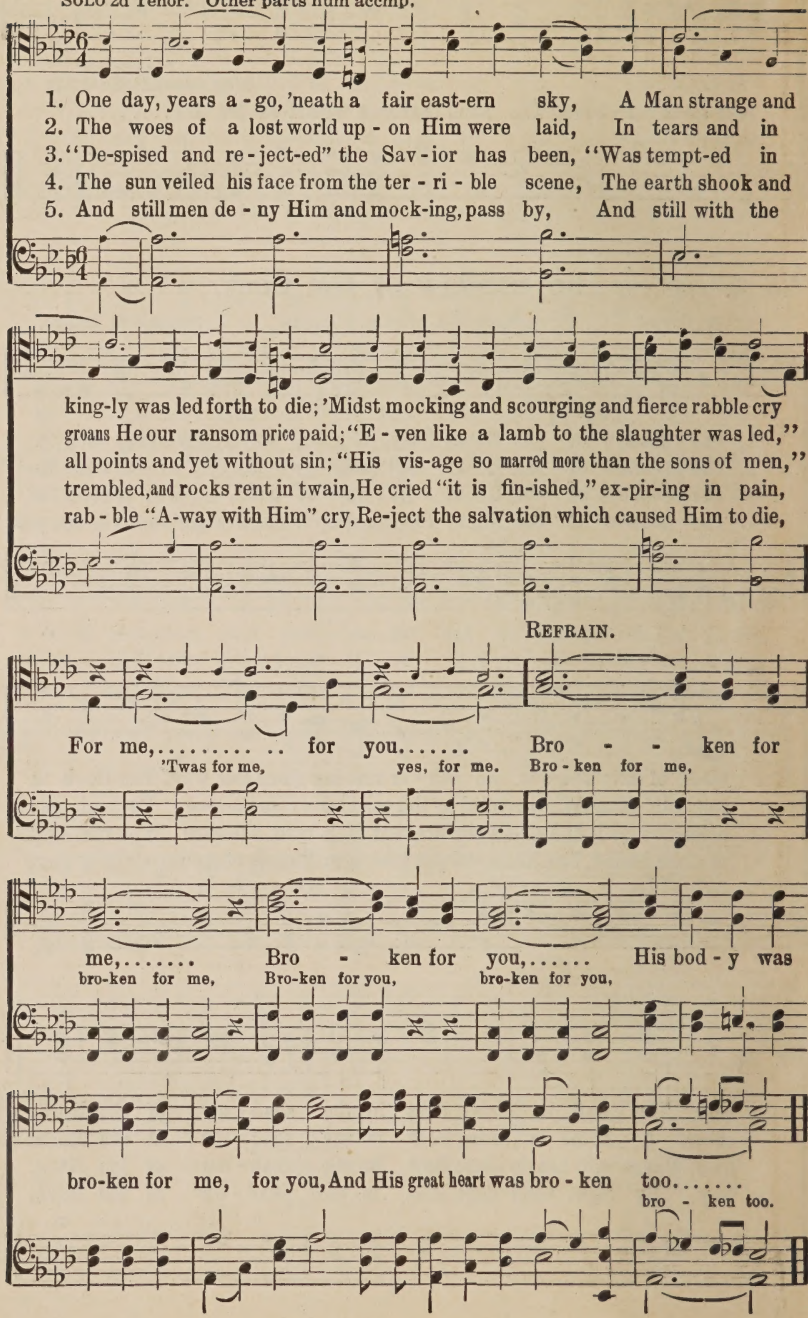
F. W. Faber. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. Edward M. Fuller.


1. The shadow of the Rock! Stay, pil-grim, stay! Night treads upon the
2. The shadow of the Rock! All come a - lone, All, ev - er since the
3. The shadow of the Rock! Al - ways at hand, Un-seen it cools the
4. The shahow of the Rock! Pilgrim, sleep sound; In night's swift hours, with
heels of day; There is no oth - er rest-ing place this way. The Rock is
sun hath shone, Who traveled by this road, have come a-lone. Be of good
noon-tide land, And quells the fire that flickers in the sand. Who rest - eth
si - lent bound, The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground. Gaining more
near, The well is clear; Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.
cheer, A home is near; Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.
here Wakes with heav'n near; Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.
way By night than day; Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.

# No. 64. Broken for You.

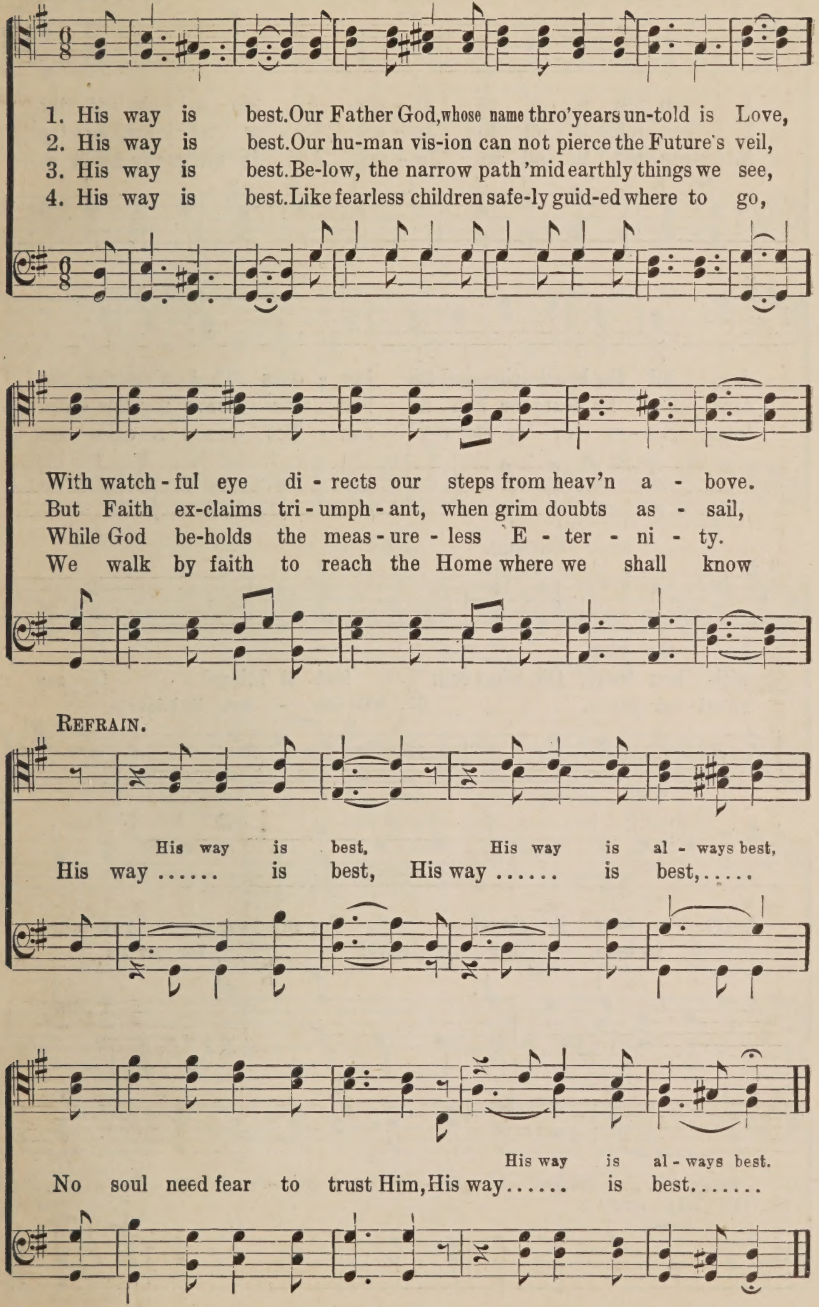
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

SOLO 2d Tenor. Other parts hum accmp.


1. One day, years a - go, 'neath a fair east-ern sky, A Man strange and
2. The woes of a lost world up - on Him were laid, In tears and in
3. "De-spised and re - ject-ed" the Sav - ior has been, "Was tempt-ed in
4. The sun veiled his face from the ter - ri - ble scene, The earth shook and
5. And still men de - ny Him and mock-ing, pass by, And still with the
king-ly was led forth to die; 'Midst mocking and scourging and fierce rabble cry
groans He our ransom price paid; "E - ven like a lamb to the slaughter was led,"
all points and yet without sin; "His vis-age so marred more than the sons of men,"
trembled, and rocks rent in twain, He cried "it is fin-ished," ex-pir-ing in pain,
rab - ble "A-way with Him" cry, Re-ject the salvation which caused Him to die,
REFRAIN.
For me, . . . . . for you. . . . . Bro - - ken for
'Twas for me, yes, for me. Bro - ken for me,
me, . . . . . Bro - ken for you, . . . . . His bod - y was
bro-ken for me, Bro-ken for you, bro-ken for you,
bro-ken for me, for you, And His great heart was bro - ken too. . . . . .
bro - ken too.

# No. 65 His Way is Best.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY A. R. LYTLE. A. R. Lytle.


1. His way is best. Our Father God, whose name thro' years un-told is Love,
2. His way is best. Our hu-man vis-ion can not pierce the Future's veil,
3. His way is best. Be-low, the narrow path 'mid earthly things we see,
4. His way is best. Like fearless children safe-ly guid-ed where to go,
With watch-ful eye di-rects our steps from heav'n a-bove.
But Faith ex-claims tri-umph-ant, when grim doubts as-sail,
While God be-holds the meas-ure-less E-ter-ni-ty.
We walk by faith to reach the Home where we shall know
REFRAIN.
His way is best, His way is al-ways best,
His way ..... is best, His way ..... is best, .....
His way is al-ways best.
No soul need fear to trust Him, His way ..... is best .....

## No. 66. I Can Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
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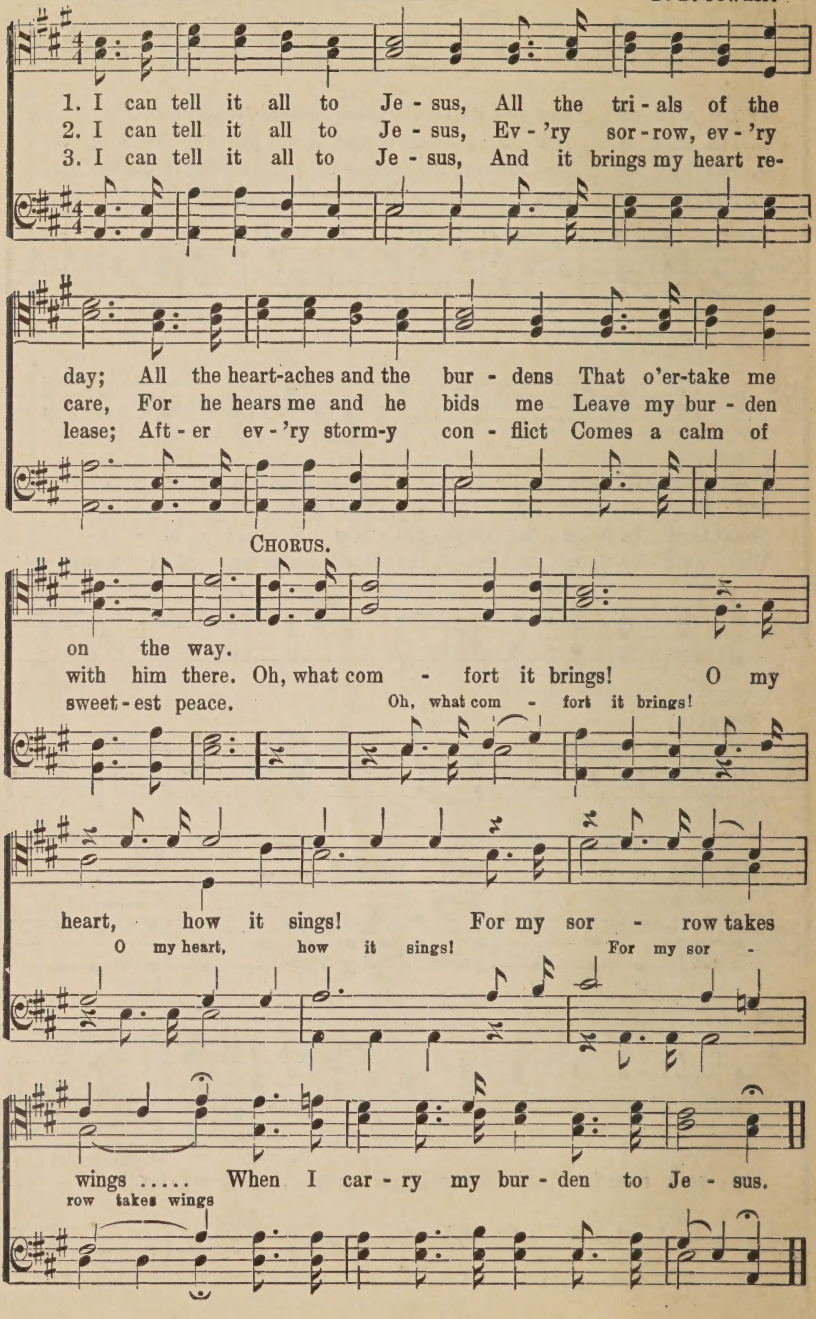
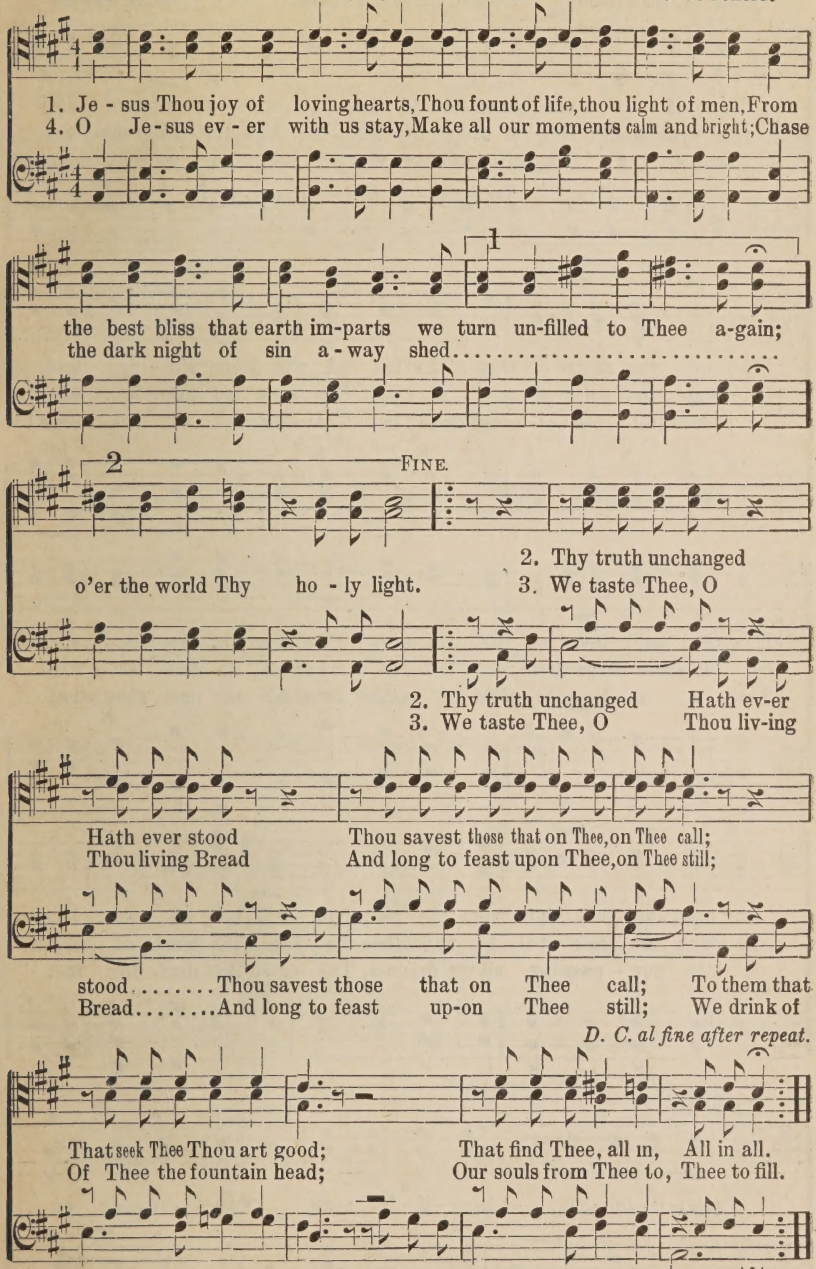
Mrs. Elizabeth Miller. D. B. Towner.


1. I can tell it all to Je - sus, All the tri - als of the
2. I can tell it all to Je - sus, Ev - 'ry sor - row, ev - 'ry
3. I can tell it all to Je - sus, And it brings my heart re-
day; All the heart-aches and the bur - dens That o'er-take me
care, For he hears me and he bids me Leave my bur - den
lease; Aft - er ev - 'ry storm-y con - flict Comes a calm of
CHORUS.
on the way.
with him there. Oh, what com - fort it brings! O my
sweet - est peace.
Oh, what com - fort it brings!
heart, how it sings! For my sor - row takes
O my heart, how it sings! For my sor -
wings ..... When I car - ry my bur - den to Je - sus.
row takes wings

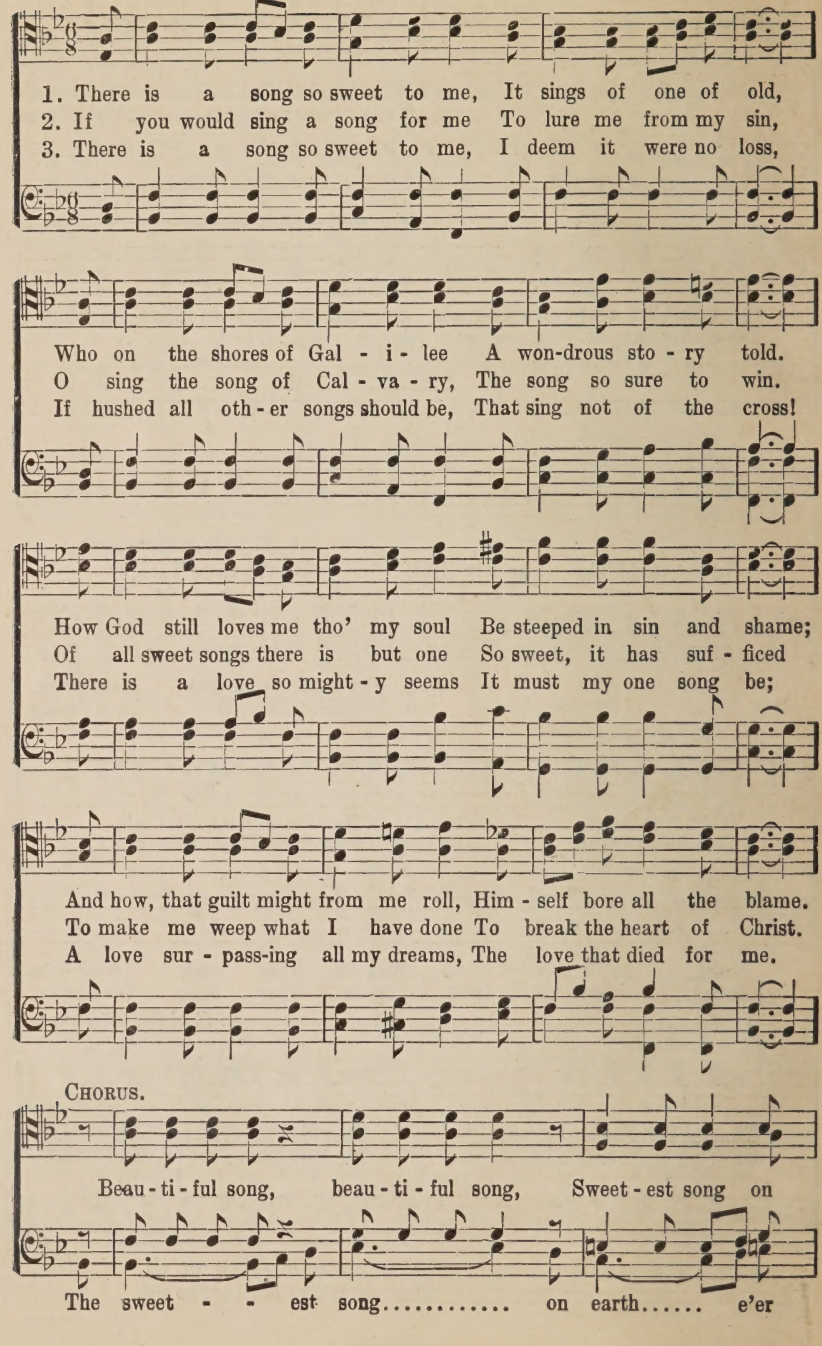
# No. 67. Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

Bernard of Clair voix. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. E. O. Sellers.

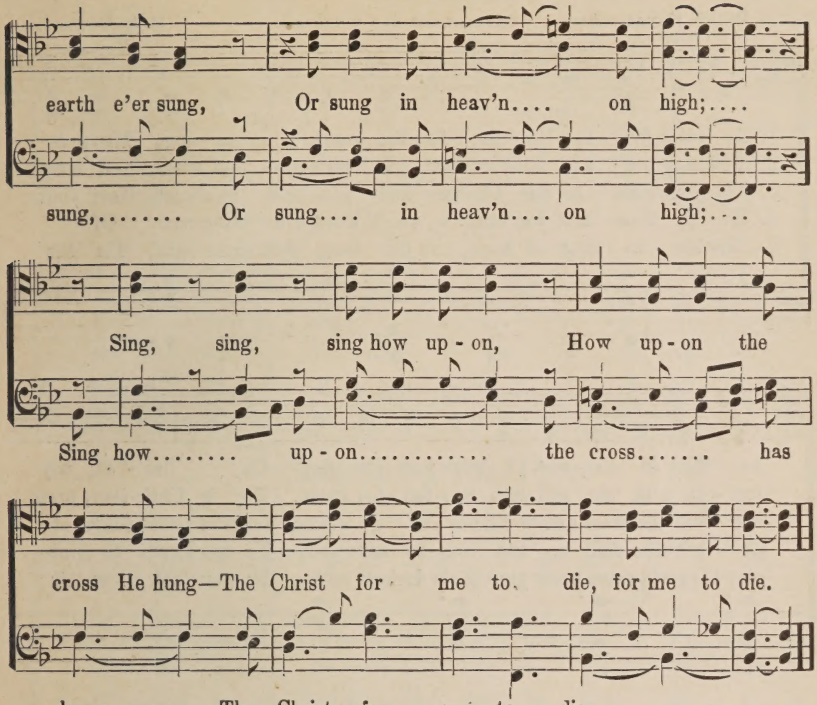

1. Je - sus Thou joy of loving hearts, Thou fount of life, thou light of men, From
4. O Je - sus ev - er with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright; Chase
the best bliss that earth im-parts we turn un-filled to Thee a-gain;
the dark night of sin a - way shed.....
1
2
FINE.
o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.
2. Thy truth unchanged
3. We taste Thee, O
2. Thy truth unchanged Hath ev-er
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv-ing
Hath ever stood Thou savest those that on Thee, on Thee call;
Thou living Bread And long to feast upon Thee, on Thee still;
stood.....Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that
Bread.....And long to feast up-on Thee still; We drink of
D. C. al fine after repeat.
That seek Thee Thou art good; That find Thee, all in, All in all.
Of Thee the fountain head; Our souls from Thee to, Thee to fill.
seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in all.
Thee the fountain head And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

## No. 68. The Sweetest Song.

Louis M. Waterman. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

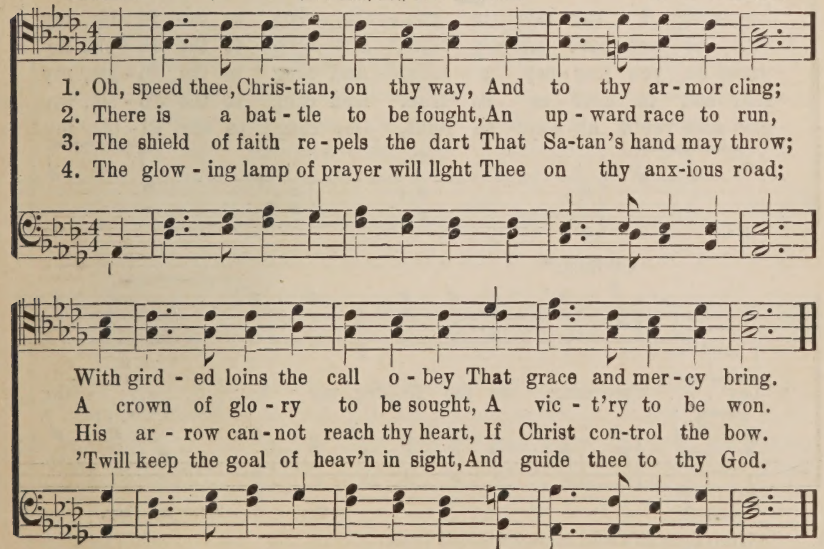

1. There is a song so sweet to me, It sings of one of old,
2. If you would sing a song for me To lure me from my sin,
3. There is a song so sweet to me, I deem it were no loss,
Who on the shores of Gal - i - lee A won-drous sto - ry told.
O sing the song of Cal - va - ry, The song so sure to win.
If hushed all oth - er songs should be, That sing not of the cross!
How God still loves me tho' my soul Be steeped in sin and shame;
Of all sweet songs there is but one So sweet, it has suf - ficed
There is a love so might - y seems It must my one song be;
And how, that guilt might from me roll, Him - self bore all the blame.
To make me weep what I have done To break the heart of Christ.
A love sur - pass-ing all my dreams, The love that died for me.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful song, beau - ti - ful song, Sweet - est song on
The sweet - - est song..... on earth..... e'er

## The Sweetest Song.


earth e'er sung, Or sung in heav'n.... on high;....
sung,..... Or sung.... in heav'n.... on high;....
Sing, sing, sing how up - on, How up - on the
Sing how..... up - on..... the cross..... has
cross He hung—The Christ for me to die, for me to die.
hung..... The Christ for me to die.....

## No. 69. Speed Thee, Christian.

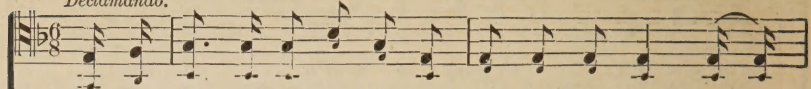
*Maestoso.* COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY D. B. TOWNER. B. T. Worden.


1. Oh, speed thee, Chris-tian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor cling;
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An up - ward race to run,
3. The shield of faith re - pels the dart That Sa-tan's hand may throw;
4. The glow - ing lamp of prayer will llght Thee on thy anx-ious road;
With gird - ed loins the call o - bey That grace and mer - cy bring.
A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won.
His ar - row can - not reach thy heart, If Christ con-trol the bow.
'Twill keep the goal of heav'n in sight, And guide thee to thy God.

# No. 70. Cling to the Bible, My Boy.

Will S. Hayes. Arr. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

*Declamando.*



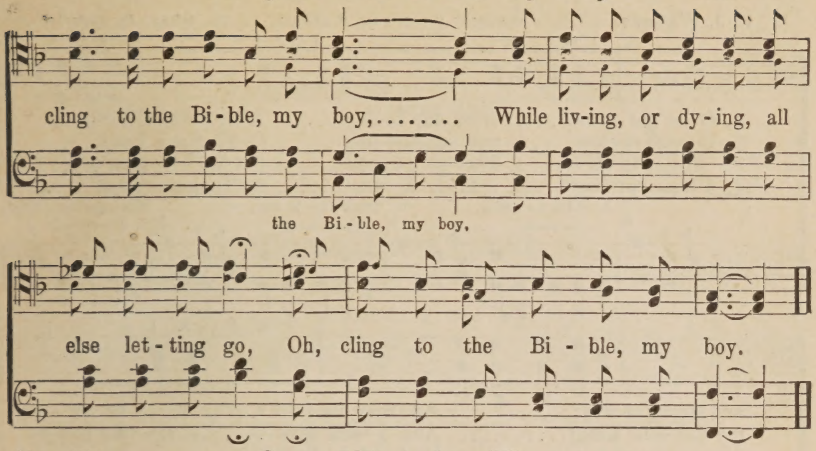
1. As your jour - ney, thro' life to the grave, you pur - sue, There is one thing in ear - nest I wish you to do, Oh, list - en, my boy, while I say this to you,— Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my boy..
2. You may meet with mis-fort - une and sor - rows and tears, You may bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Chris-tian, press on, do not have an - y fears, But cling to the Bi - ble, my
3. Put your faith in our Fa - ther and you will be strong, Keep your eye on the cross and you'll nev - er go wrong, Sing the sweet songs of praise as you jour - ney a - long,— And cling to the Bi - ble, my
4. Ev - 'ry time that you read it, you'll learn some-thing new, Of Je - sus who died on the cross to save you, To the Lord, to your-self, and to heav - en be true, And cling to the Bi - ble, my
5. 'Tis the an - chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the star that will shine thro' your life's darkest night, If you fol - low its guid-ance you'll al - ways be right, Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my

CHORUS.*

boy.. Then cling to the Bi - ble, my boy,..... Oh, the Bi - ble, my boy.

*When sung as a solo, take the second Tenor.

## Cling to the Bible, My Boy.




## No. 71. Something for Thee.

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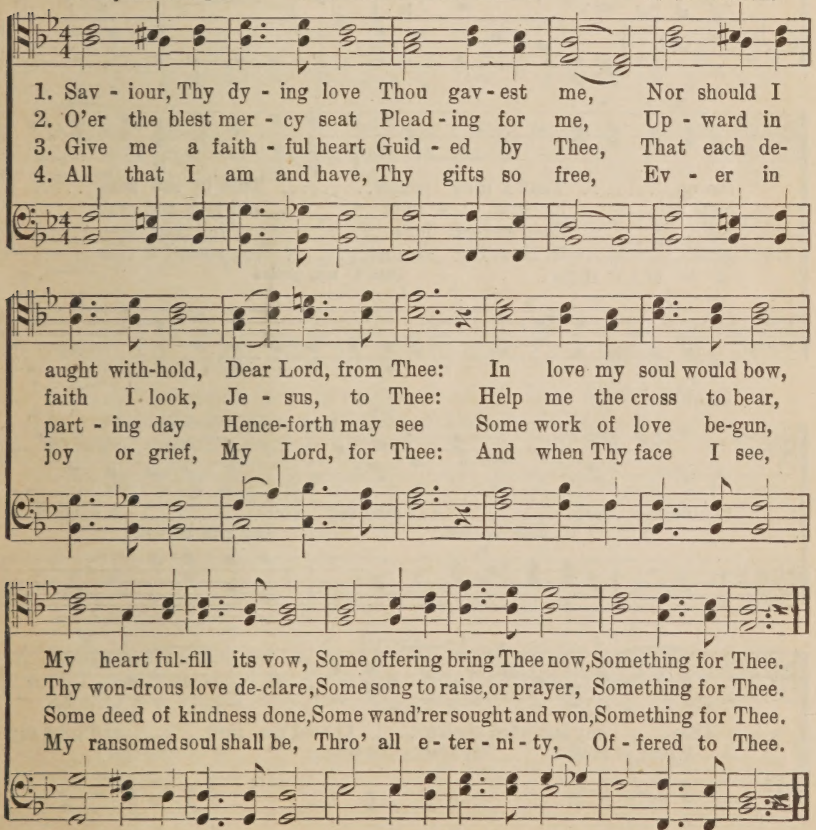
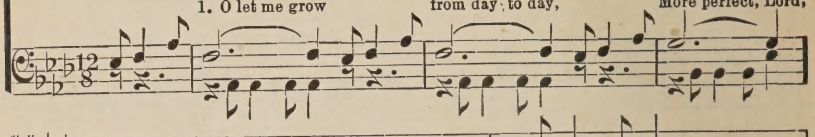
S. Dryden Phelps. B. T. Worden.


1. Sav-iour, Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer-cy seat Plead-ing for me, Up-ward in
3. Give me a faith-ful heart Guid-ed by Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, Ev-er in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith I look, Je-sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part-ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun,
joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee: And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy won-drous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Of-fered to Thee.

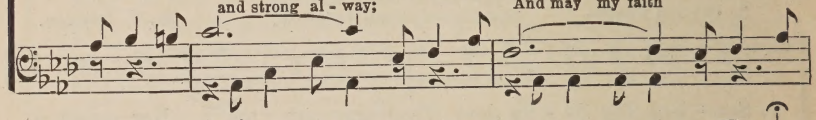
# No. 72. O Hold Me Fast.

L. J. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. CABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

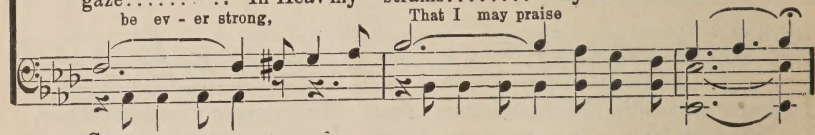
1. O let me grow..... from day to day,..... More perfect, Lord,....
2. O teach my lips..... new songs to sing..... Of Thee my Lord,.....
3. 'Tis joy to serve..... Thee ev-'ry hour,..... To feel Thy pow'r,....
4. I'll sing of Thee..... as on I go,..... As Thou shalt lead.....




and strong al-way;..... And may my faith..... be ev - er
my Sav-iour King;..... And I will give..... my hap-py
Thy wondrous pow'r;..... My heart is light..... be-cause to
me here be - low;..... And when up-on..... Thy face I

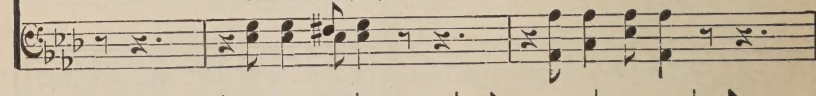



strong,..... That I may praise..... Thee in my song.....
days..... In grat - i - tude..... and love and praise.....
me..... Thou gav-est love..... so full and free.....
gaze..... In Heav'nly strains..... my voice I'll raise.....

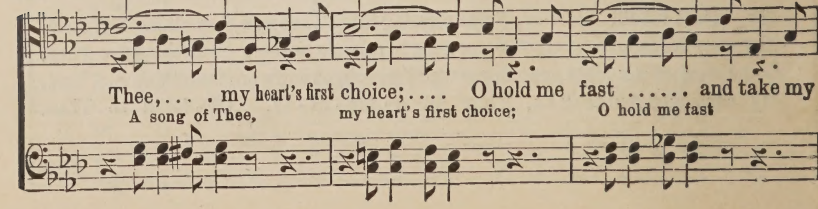



CHORUS.

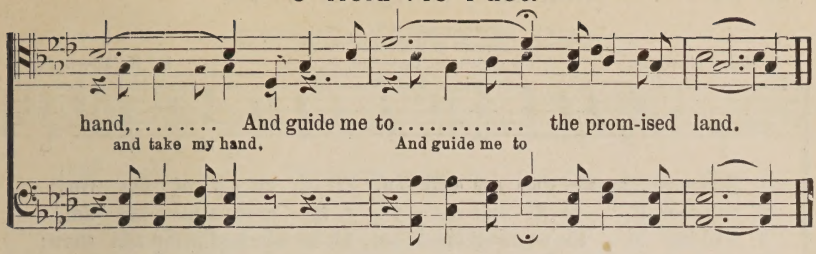
O hold me fast,..... And give my voice..... A song of




Thee,..... my heart's first choice;..... O hold me fast ..... and take my

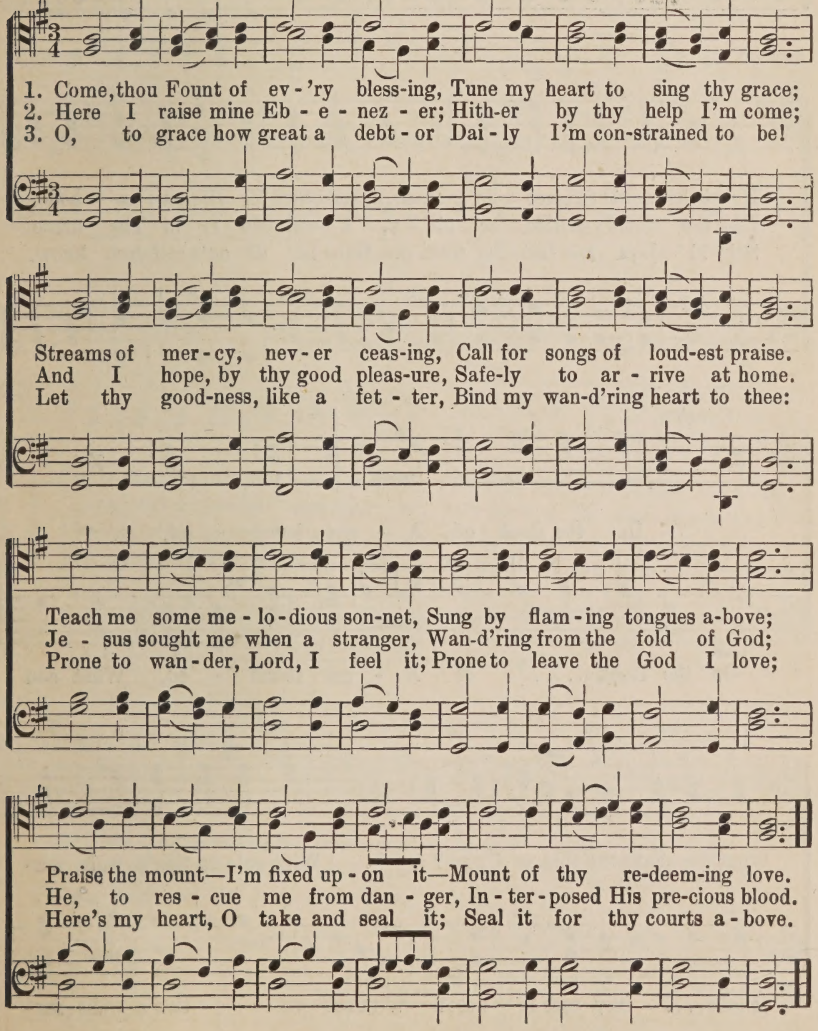


## O Hold Me Fast.




## No. 73. Come Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY H. A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-e-nez-er; Hith-er by thy help I'm come;
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee:
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a-bove.

# No. 74. Glorious Things of Thee.

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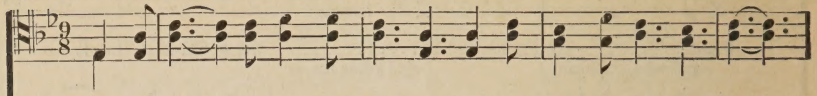
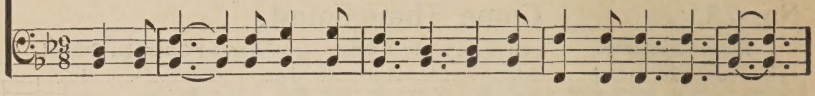
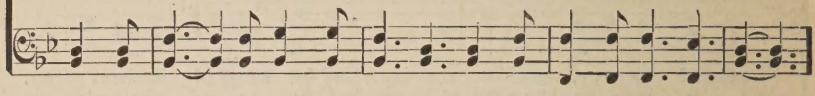
John Newton. D. B. Towner.



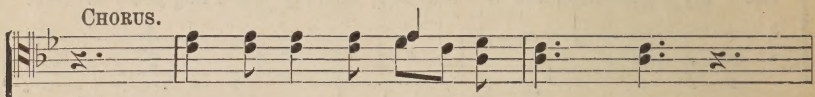
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
2. Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I, thro' grace a mem-ber am,
3. Fad-ing is the worlding's pleas-ure, All his boast-ed pomp and show;



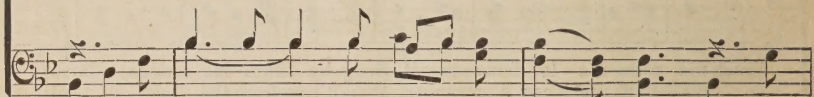
He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode.
Let the world de-ride or pit-y, I will glo-ry in Thy name.
Sol-id joys and last-ing treas-ure, None but Zi-on's chil-dren know.



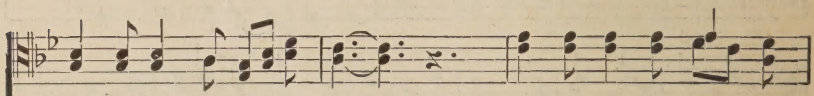
CHORUS.



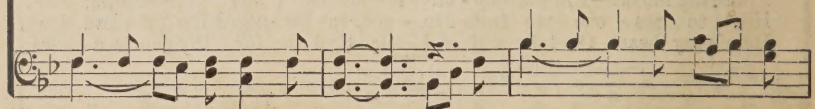
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed,



On the Rock..... of A-ges found-ed, What can

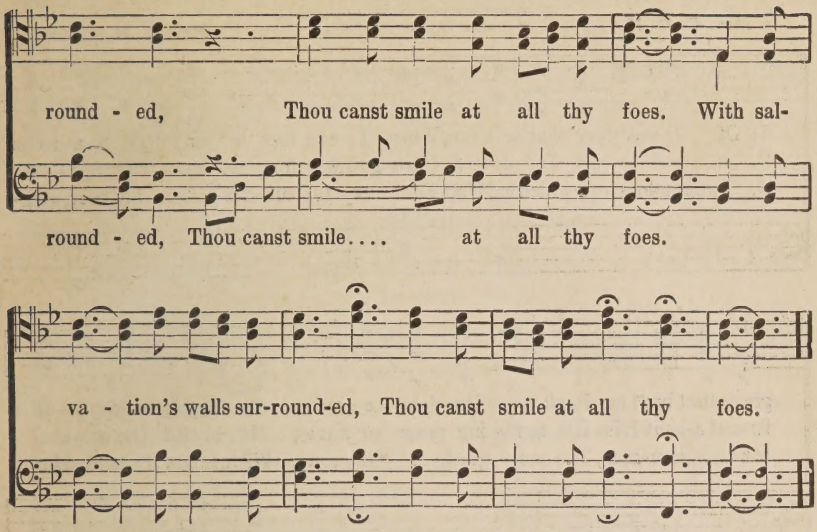


What can shake thy sure re-pose? With sal-va-tion's walls sur-



shake.... thy sure re-pose? With sal-va-tion's walls sur-

## Glorious Things of Thee.


round - ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes. With sal-
round - ed, Thou canst smile.... at all thy foes.
va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

## No. 75. Peace, Be Still.

Godfrey Thring.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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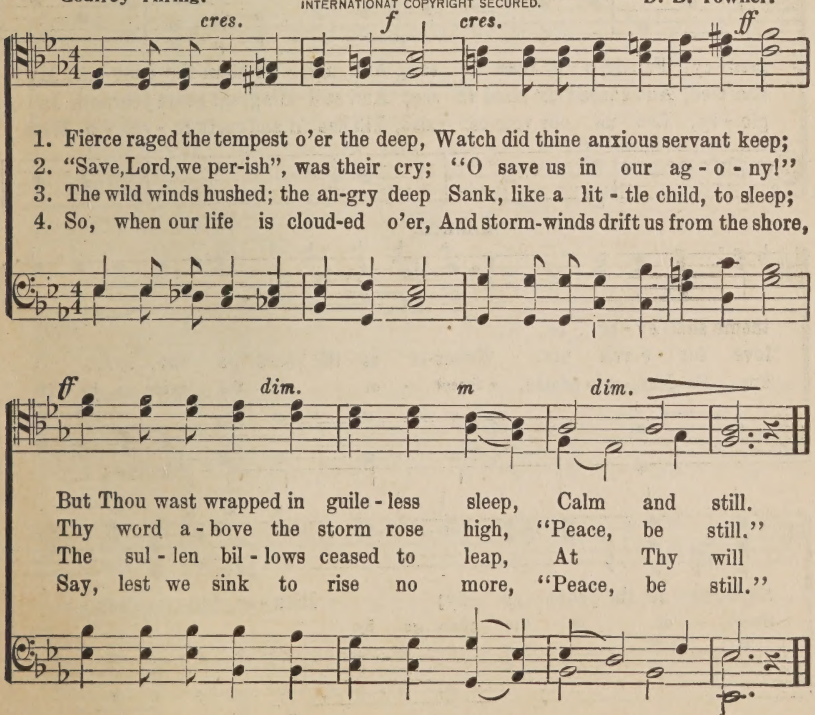
D. B. Towner.


cres.
f
cres.
ff
1. Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anxious servant keep;
2. "Save, Lord, we per-ish", was their cry; "O save us in our ag - o - ny!"
3. The wild winds hushed; the an-gry deep Sank, like a lit - tle child, to sleep;
4. So, when our life is cloud-ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
ff
dim.
m
dim.
But Thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still.
Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
The sul - len bil - lows ceased to leap, At Thy will
Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

# No. 76. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

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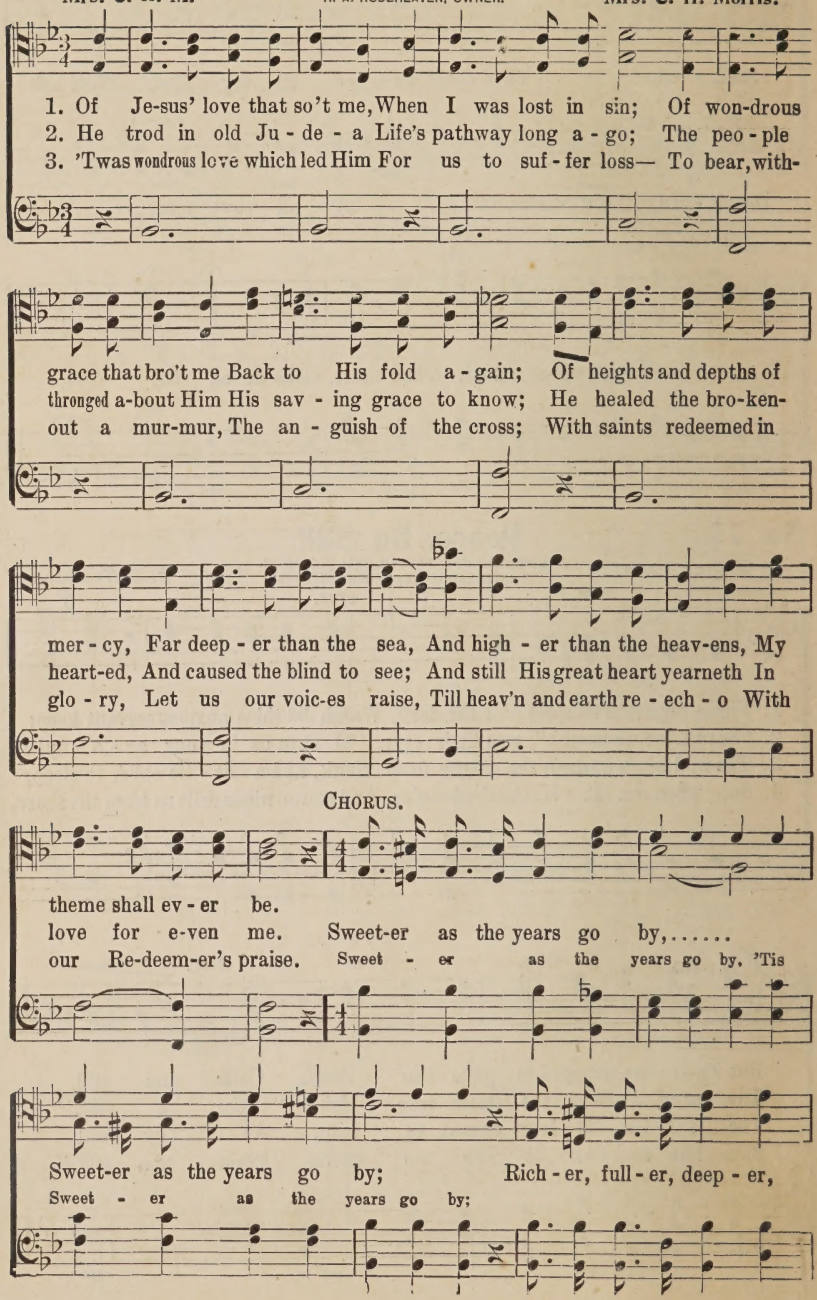
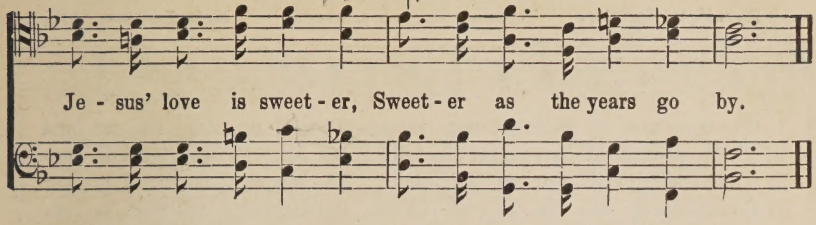
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Of Je-sus' love that so't me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss— To bear, with-
grace that bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in
mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heav-ens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re - ech - o With
CHORUS.
theme shall ev - er be.
love for e-ven me. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
Sweet - er as the years go by;

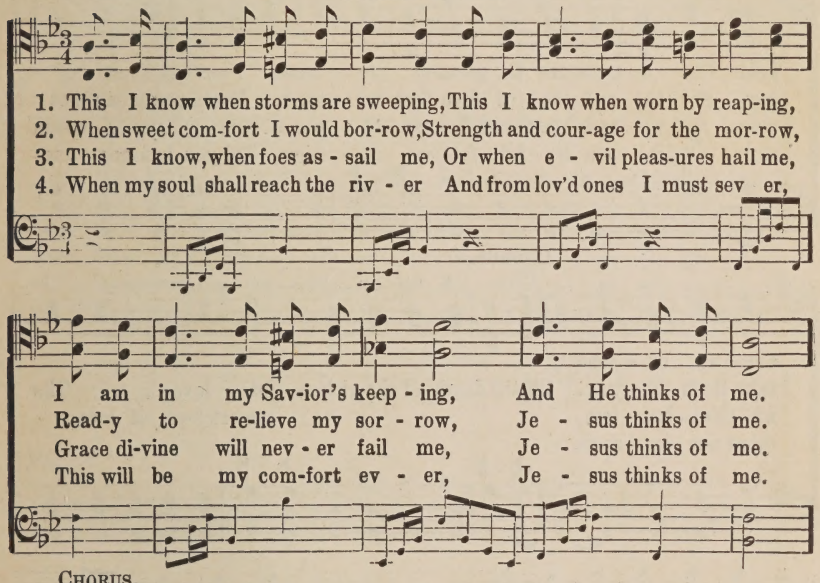
## Sweeter As the Years Go By.



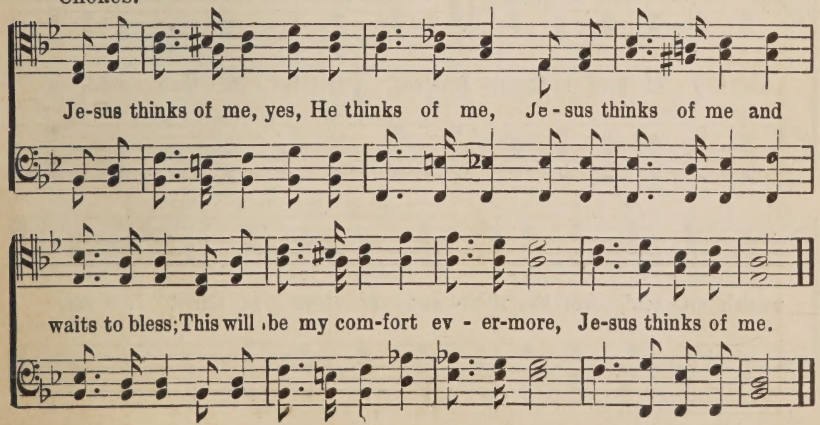

## No. 77. Jesus Thinks of Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

DUET. H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

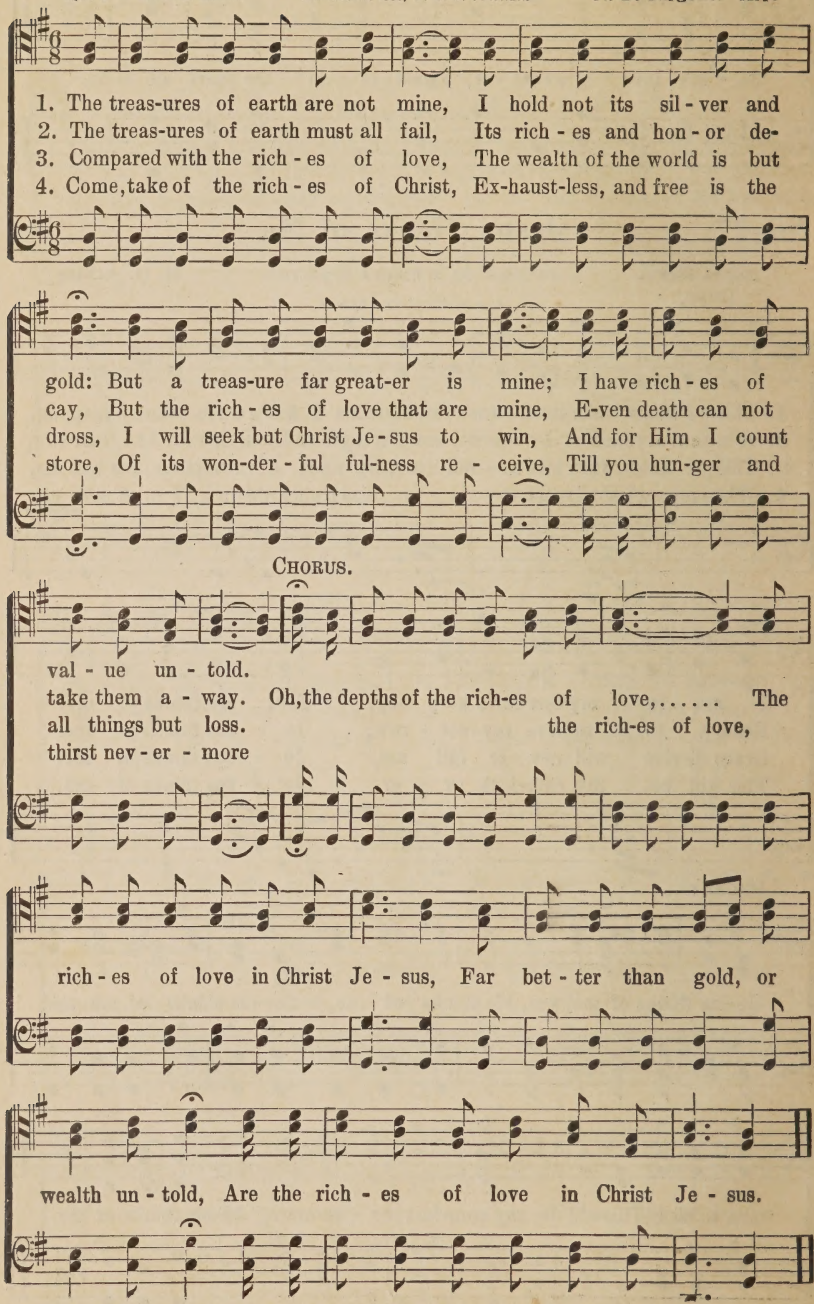

1. This I know when storms are sweeping, This I know when worn by reap-ing,
2. When sweet com-fort I would bor-row, Strength and cour-age for the mor-row,
3. This I know, when foes as - sail me, Or when e - vil pleas-ures hail me,
4. When my soul shall reach the riv - er And from lov'd ones I must sev er,
I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, And He thinks of me.
Read-y to re-lieve my sor - row, Je - sus thinks of me.
Grace di-vine will nev - er fail me, Je - sus thinks of me.
This will be my com-fort ev - er, Je - sus thinks of me.

CHORUS.


Je-sus thinks of me, yes, He thinks of me, Je - sus thinks of me and
waits to bless; This will be my com-fort ev - er-more, Je-sus thinks of me.

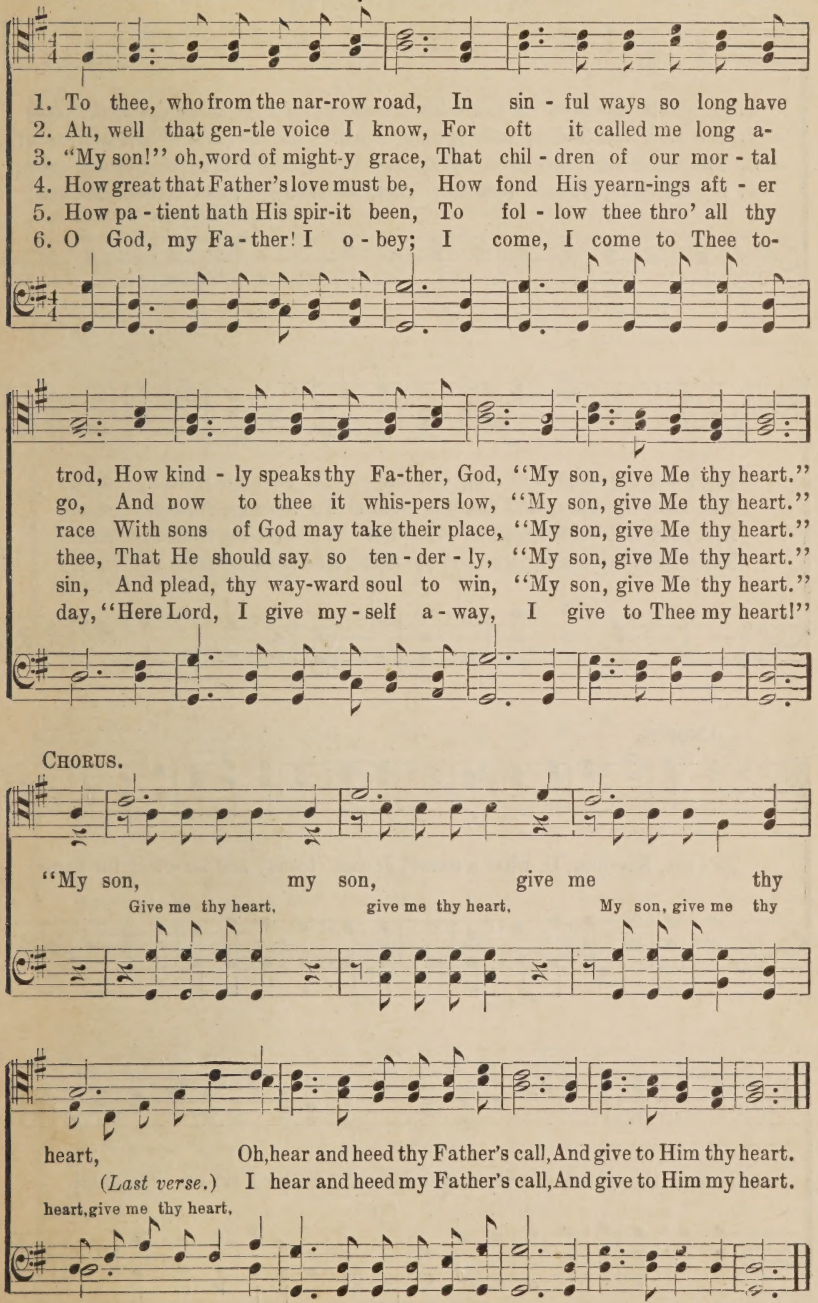
## No. 78. The Riches of Love.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. COPYRIGHT. 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER. N. B. Sargent. Arr.


1. The treas-ures of earth are not mine, I hold not its sil - ver and
2. The treas-ures of earth must all fail, Its rich - es and hon - or de-
3. Compared with the rich - es of love, The wealth of the world is but
4. Come, take of the rich - es of Christ, Ex-haust-less, and free is the
gold: But a treas-ure far great-er is mine; I have rich - es of
cay, But the rich - es of love that are mine, E-ven death can not
dross, I will seek but Christ Je - sus to win, And for Him I count
store, Of its won-der - ful ful-ness re - ceive, Till you hun-ger and
CHORUS.
val - ue un - told.
take them a - way. Oh, the depths of the rich-es of love,..... The
all things but loss. the rich-es of love,
thirst nev - er - more
rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus, Far bet - ter than gold, or
wealth un - told, Are the rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus.

# No 79. Give Me Thy Heart.

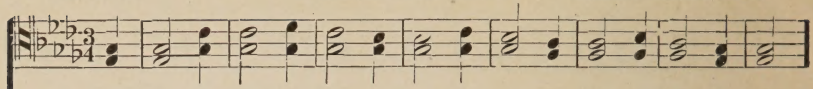
Rev. J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. To thee, who from the nar-row road, In sin - ful ways so long have
2. Ah, well that gen-tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a-
3. "My son!" oh, word of might-y grace, That chil - dren of our mor - tal
4. How great that Father's love must be, How fond His yearn-ings aft - er
5. How pa - tient hath His spir-it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy
6. O God, my Fa - ther! I o - bey; I come, I come to Thee to-
trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Fa-ther, God, "My son, give Me thy heart."
go, And now to thee it whis-pers low, "My son, give Me thy heart."
race With sons of God may take their place, "My son, give Me thy heart."
thee, That He should say so ten - der - ly, "My son, give Me thy heart."
sin, And plead, thy way-ward soul to win, "My son, give Me thy heart."
day, "Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, I give to Thee my heart!"
CHORUS.
"My son, my son, give me thy
Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son, give me thy
heart, Oh, hear and heed thy Father's call, And give to Him thy heart.
(Last verse.) I hear and heed my Father's call, And give to Him my heart.
heart, give me thy heart,

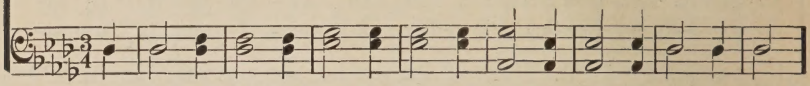
## No. 80. Jesus, Saviour.

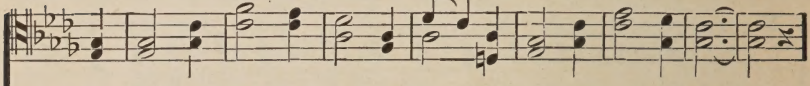
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

M. J. C. Mable Johnston Camp.

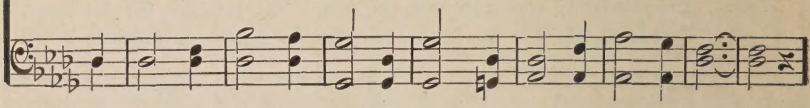


1. Be - hold the Man of Gal-i-lee, Thorn-crown'd He hangs up-on the tree;
2. See how His flesh by nails is torn, Each wound the mark of hate and scorn;
3. The veil is rent, dark grow the skies, "'Tis finished!" loud the Saviour cries;
4. O, Sav-iour, when I view Thy cross, All earth-ly gain I count but loss;

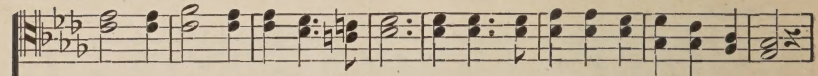




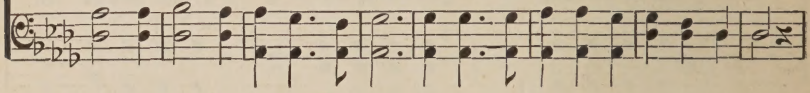
Know-ing the depths of ag - o - ny To save me from my sins.
Yet free - ly shame and death is borne To save me from my sins.
And heav'n it - self weeps as He dies To save me from my sins.
Take Thou my heart, purge out the dross, And save me from my sins.

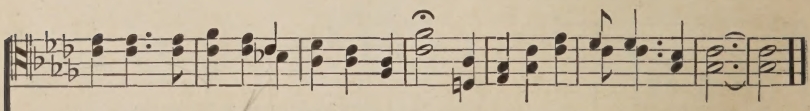


CHORUS.

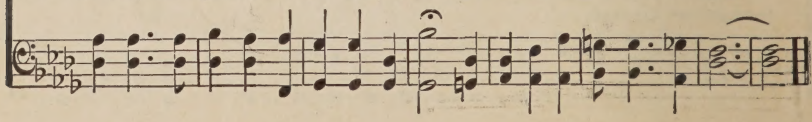


Je - sus, Sav-iour, O, what a name! Je-sus, to-day and for-ev-er the same!





Je-sus, the glo-ry of heaven, who came To die for a sin-ner like me!

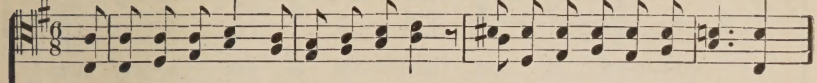


## No. 81. Nobody Like Jesus.

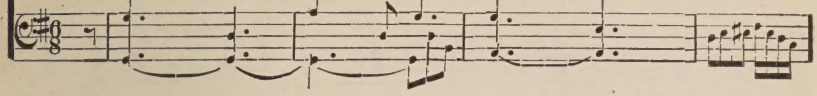
**To Homer A. Rodeheaver.**

*In appreciation of his friendship, spirit and untiring efforts to do something for others.*

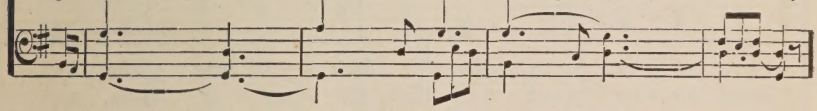
Edith L. Mapes. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



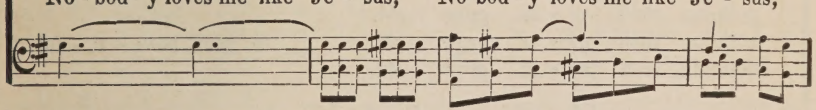
1. Sometimes secret sins creep into my heart,— No-bod-y sees them but Je - sus;
2. Sometimes there are tears that must not be shed, No-bod-y knows it but Je - sus;
3. Sometimes angry tho'ts are almost expressed, No-bod-y hears them but Je - sus;
4. Sometimes I am weak, and wander astray, No-bod-y strengthens like Je - sus;
5. Sometimes shut away from all held most dear, No-bod-y with me but Je - sus,



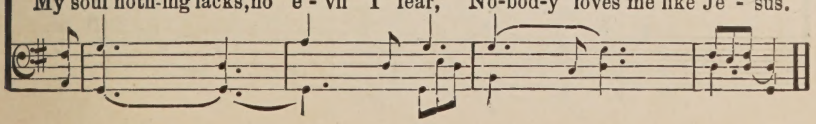
But when I con-fess, He bids them de-part, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
In sick-ness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
His gen-tle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way; No-bod-y par-dons like Je - sus;
My soul noth-ing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;



No - bod - y cleans-es like Je - sus, No-bod - y cleans-es like Je - sus;
No - bod - y com-forts like Je - sus, No-bod - y com-forts like Je - sus;
No - bod - y qui-ets like Je - sus, No-bod - y qui - ets like Je - sus;
No - bod - y par-dons like Je - sus, No-bod - y par-dons like Je - sus;
No - bod - y loves me like Je - sus, No-bod - y loves me like Je - sus;



But when I con-fess, He bids them depart; No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus.
In sick-ness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus.
His gen-tle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui - ets like Je - sus.
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y par-dons like Je - sus.
My soul noth-ing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus.

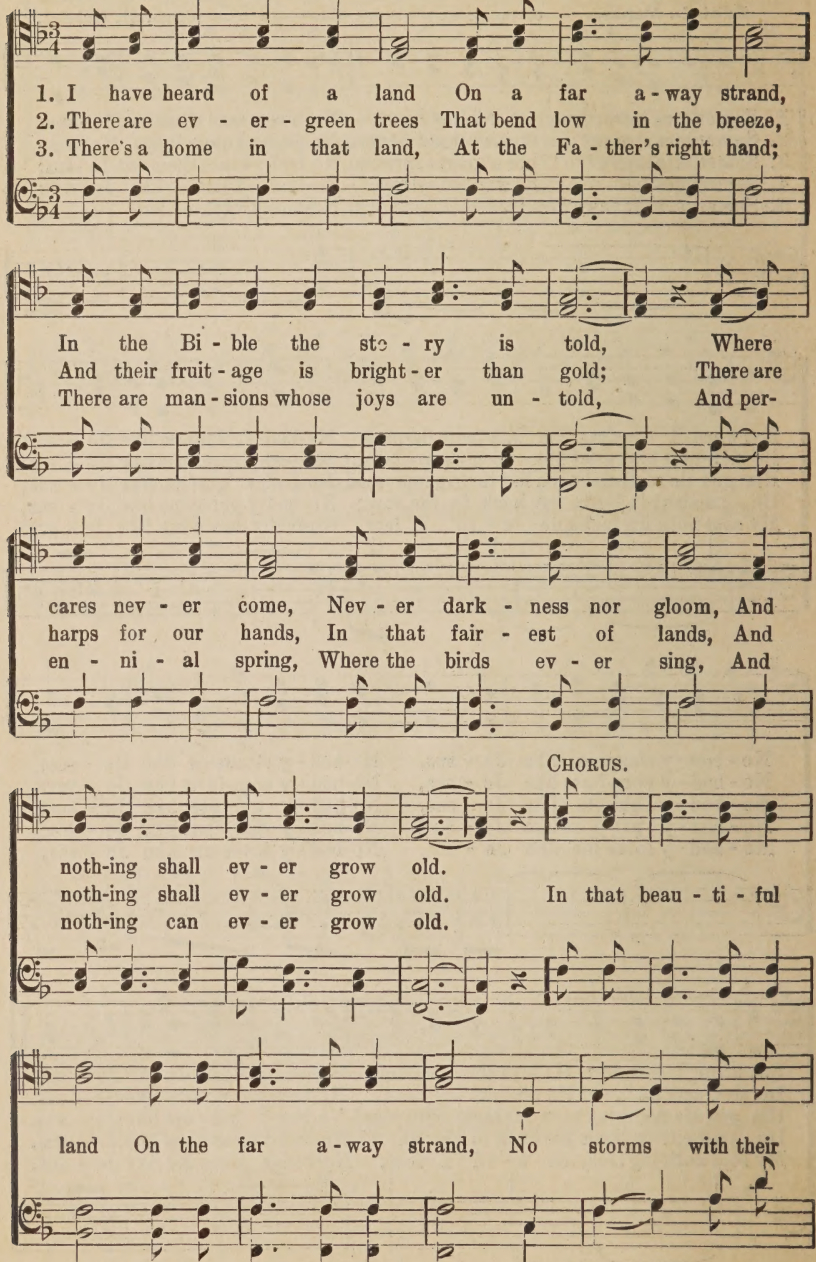


## No. 82. That Beautiful Land.

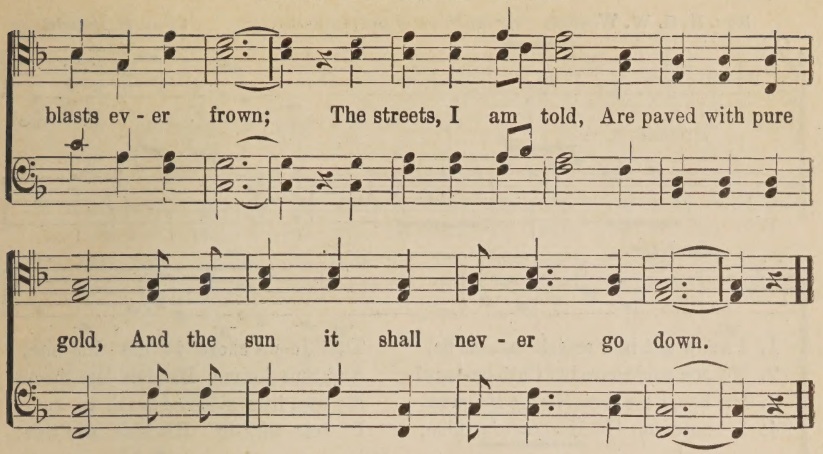
May be sung as a duet by 1st and 2d tenors.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHTED BY D. B. TOWNER.

F. A. F. White. Mark M. Jones.

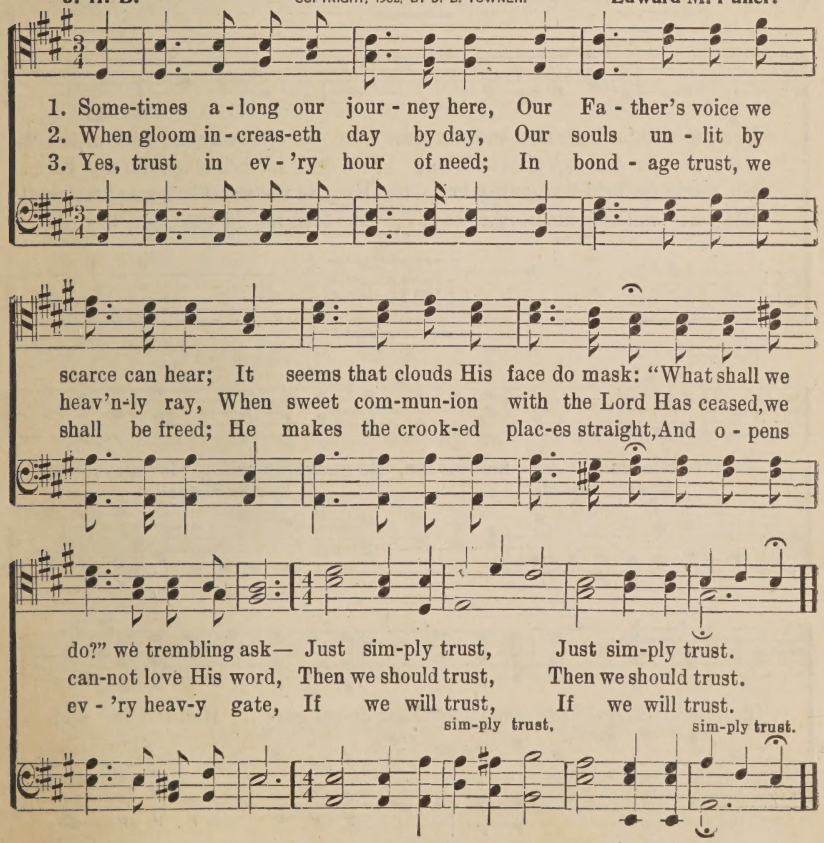

1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand,
2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze,
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand;
In the Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where
And their fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are
There are man - sions whose joys are un - told, And per-
cares nev - er come, Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And
harps for our hands, In that fair - est of lands, And
en - ni - al spring, Where the birds ev - er sing, And
CHORUS.
noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.
noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.
noth-ing can ev - er grow old.
In that beau - ti - ful
land On the far a - way strand, No storms with their

## That Beautiful Land.



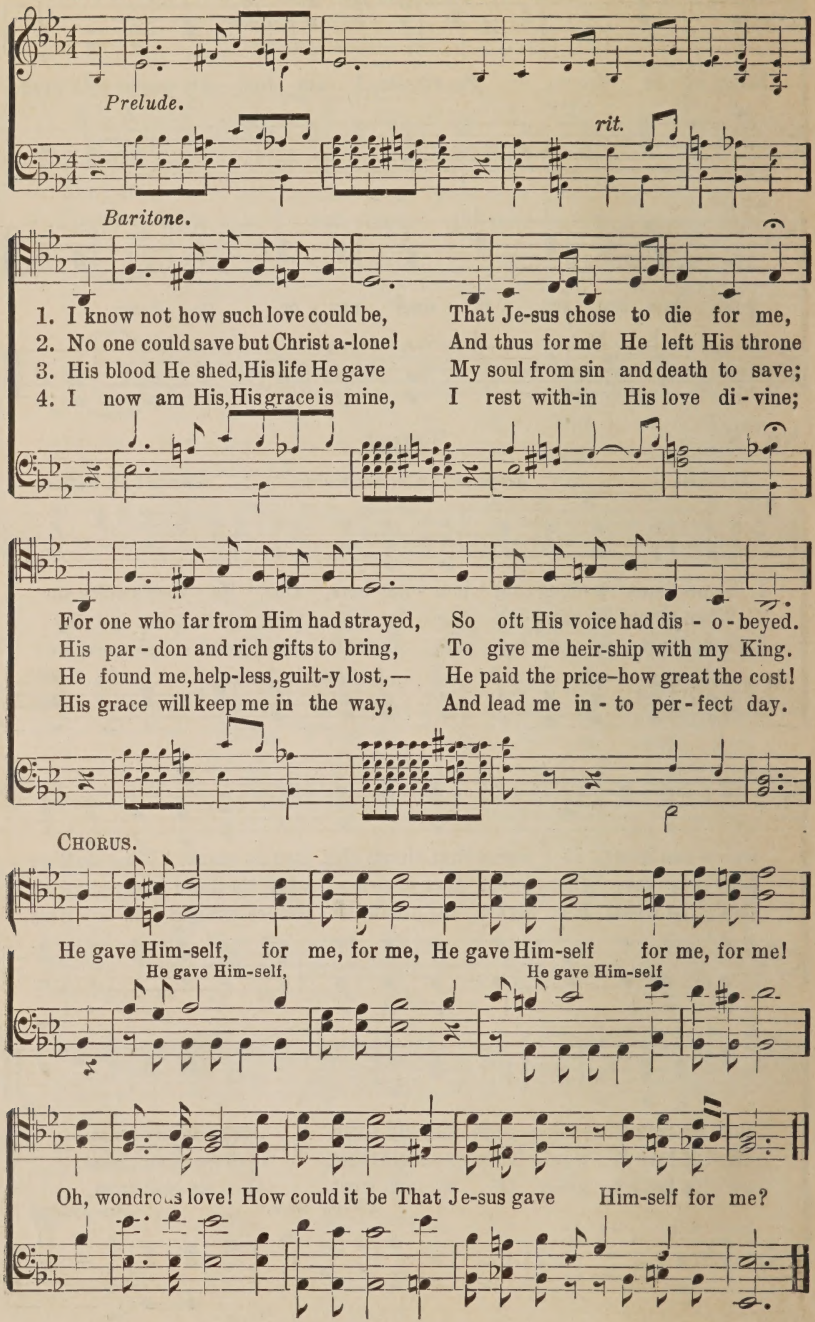

## No. 83. Trust.

J. H. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY D. B. TOWNER. Edward M. Fuller.


1. Some-times a - long our jour - ney here, Our Fa - ther's voice we
2. When gloom in - creas-eth day by day, Our souls un - lit by
3. Yes, trust in ev - 'ry hour of need; In bond - age trust, we
scarce can hear; It seems that clouds His face do mask: "What shall we
heav'n-ly ray, When sweet com-mun-ion with the Lord Has ceased, we
shall be freed; He makes the crook-ed plac-es straight, And o - pens
do?" we trembling ask— Just sim-ply trust, Just sim-ply trust.
can-not love His word, Then we should trust, Then we should trust.
ev - 'ry heav-y gate, If we will trust, If we will trust.
sim-ply trust.
sim-ply trust.

# No. 84. He Gave Himself for Me.

Rev. E. G. W. Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


Prelude.
rit.
Baritone.
1. I know not how such love could be, That Je-sus chose to die for me,
2. No one could save but Christ a-lone! And thus for me He left His throne
3. His blood He shed, His life He gave My soul from sin and death to save;
4. I now am His, His grace is mine, I rest with-in His love di-vine;
For one who far from Him had strayed, So oft His voice had dis-o-beyed.
His par-don and rich gifts to bring, To give me heir-ship with my King.
He found me, help-less, guilt-y lost,— He paid the price–how great the cost!
His grace will keep me in the way, And lead me in-to per-fect day.
Chorus.
He gave Him-self, for me, for me, He gave Him-self for me, for me!
He gave Him-self, He gave Him-self
Oh, wondrous love! How could it be That Je-sus gave Him-self for me?

## No. 85. Just Outside the Door.

James Rowe.

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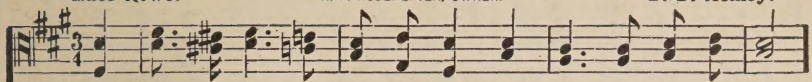
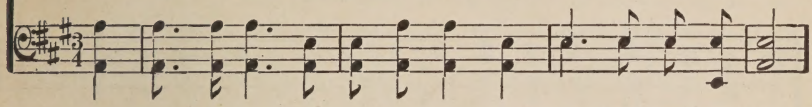
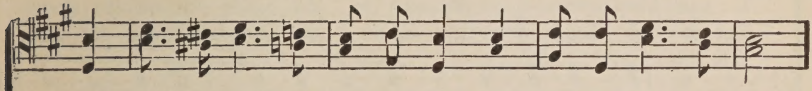
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

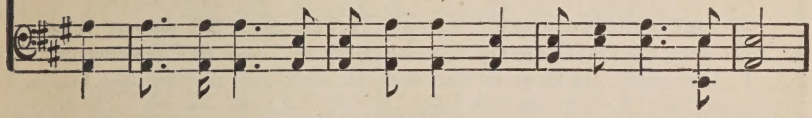


1. Oh, wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?
2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im - part—To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass - ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;

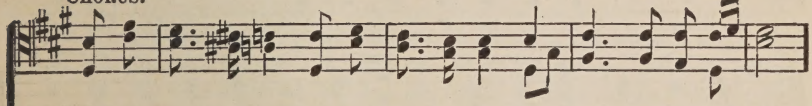




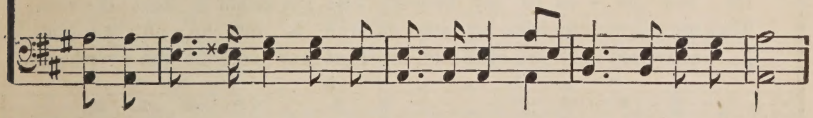
Both peace and rest are wait - ing here And you are just out - side.
How can you still of - fend His heart, By stay - ing just out - side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out - side!
Be - fore the tem-pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out - side.

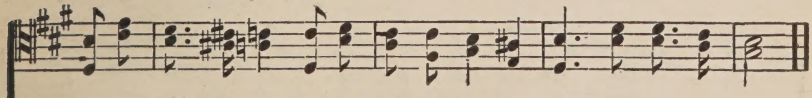


CHORUS.

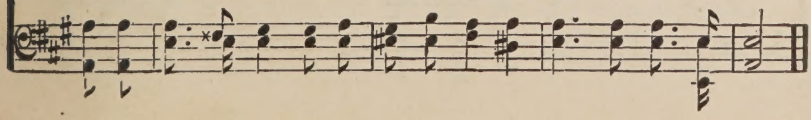


Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, Be - hold it stands a - jar!



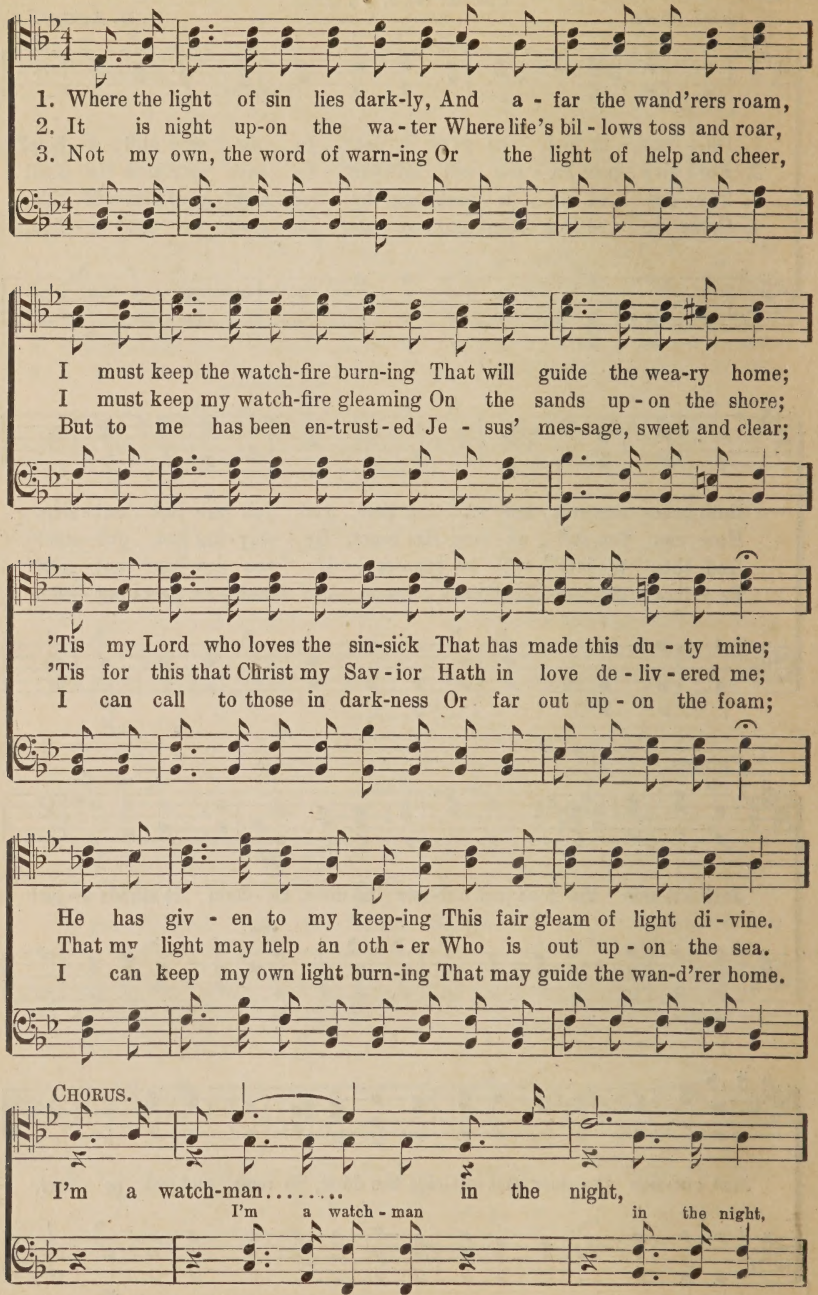


Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, So near, and yet so far!

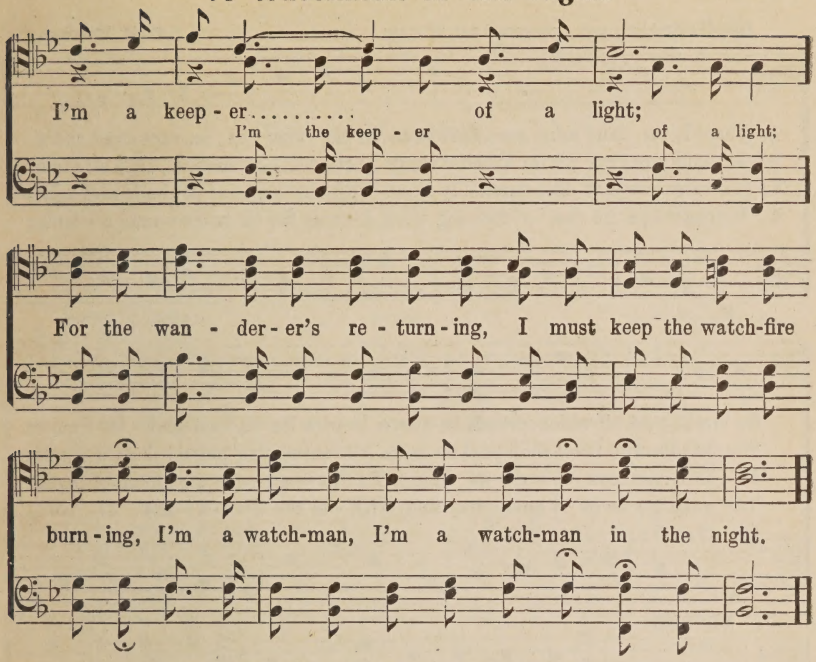


## No. 86 A Watchman in the Night.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY M. J. BABBITT. M. J. Babbitt.

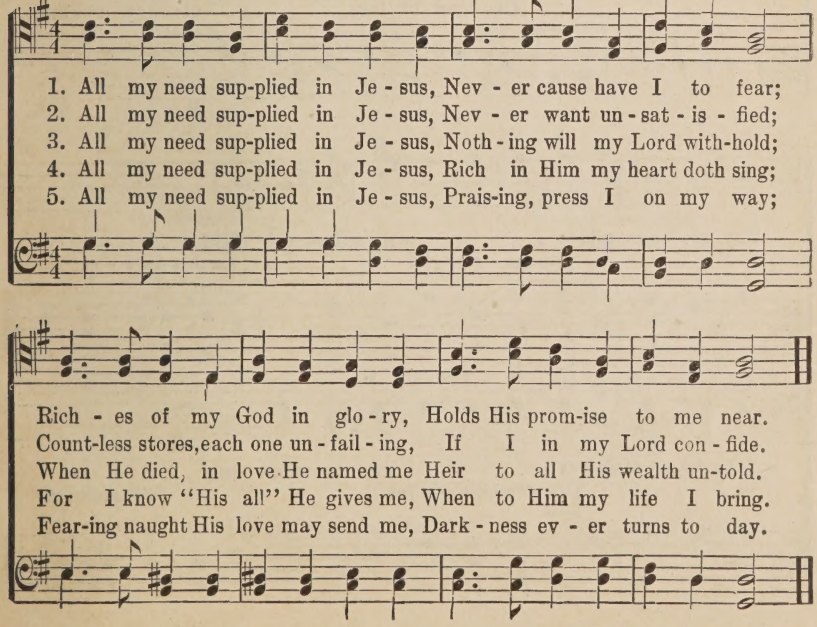

1. Where the light of sin lies dark-ly, And a - far the wand'rers roam,
2. It is night up-on the wa - ter Where life's bil - lows toss and roar,
3. Not my own, the word of warn-ing Or the light of help and cheer,
I must keep the watch-fire burn-ing That will guide the wea-ry home;
I must keep my watch-fire gleaming On the sands up - on the shore;
But to me has been en-trust - ed Je - sus' mes-sage, sweet and clear;
'Tis my Lord who loves the sin-sick That has made this du - ty mine;
'Tis for this that Christ my Sav - ior Hath in love de - liv - ered me;
I can call to those in dark-ness Or far out up - on the foam;
He has giv - en to my keep-ing This fair gleam of light di - vine.
That my light may help an oth - er Who is out up - on the sea.
I can keep my own light burn-ing That may guide the wan-d'rer home.
CHORUS.
I'm a watch-man..... in the night,
I'm a watch - man in the night,

## A Watchman in the Night.


I'm a keep - er..... of a light;
I'm the keep - er of a light;
For the wan - der - er's re - turn - ing, I must keep the watch-fire
burn - ing, I'm a watch-man, I'm a watch-man in the night.

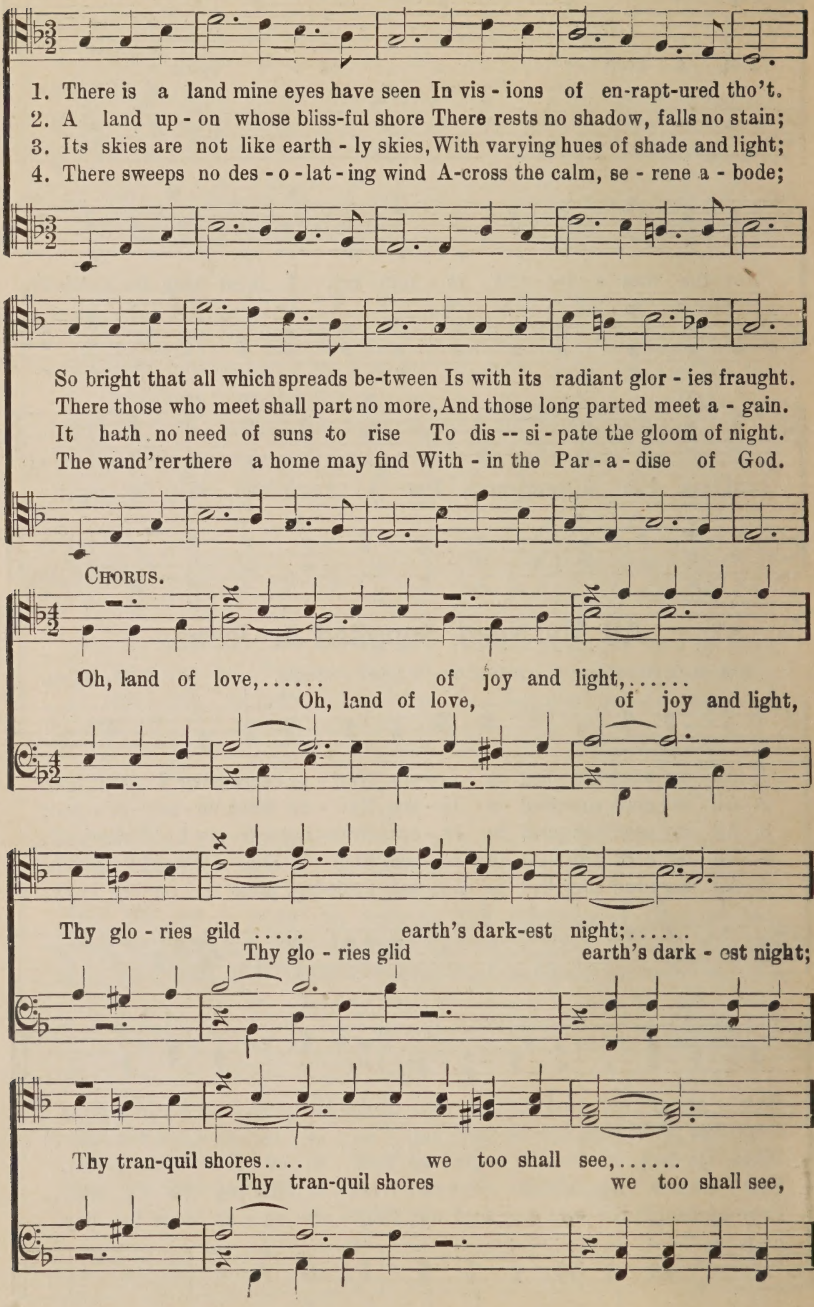
## No. 87 All My Need Supplied in Jesus.

Ernest G. Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. R. T. Owen.

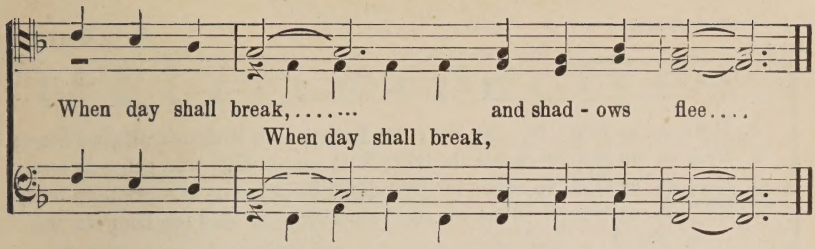

1. All my need sup-plied in Je - sus, Nev - er cause have I to fear;
2. All my need sup-plied in Je - sus, Nev - er want un - sat - is - fied;
3. All my need sup-plied in Je - sus, Noth - ing will my Lord with-hold;
4. All my need sup-plied in Je - sus, Rich in Him my heart doth sing;
5. All my need sup-plied in Je - sus, Prais-ing, press I on my way;
Rich - es of my God in glo - ry, Holds His prom-ise to me near.
Count-less stores, each one un - fail - ing, If I in my Lord con - fide.
When He died, in love He named me Heir to all His wealth un-told.
For I know "His all" He gives me, When to Him my life I bring.
Fear-ing naught His love may send me, Dark - ness ev - er turns to day.

# No. 88. The Better Land.

Gurdon Robins. arr. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. There is a land mine eyes have seen In vis - ions of en-rapt-ured tho't.
2. A land up - on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earth - ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind A-cross the calm, se - rene a - bode;
So bright that all which spreads be-tween Is with its radiant glor - ies fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
It hath no need of suns to rise To dis -- si - pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find With - in the Par - a - dise of God.
CHORUS.
Oh, land of love,..... of joy and light,.....
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,
Thy glo - ries gild ..... earth's dark-est night;.....
Thy glo - ries glid earth's dark - est night;
Thy tran-quil shores.... we too shall see,.....
Thy tran-quil shores we too shall see,

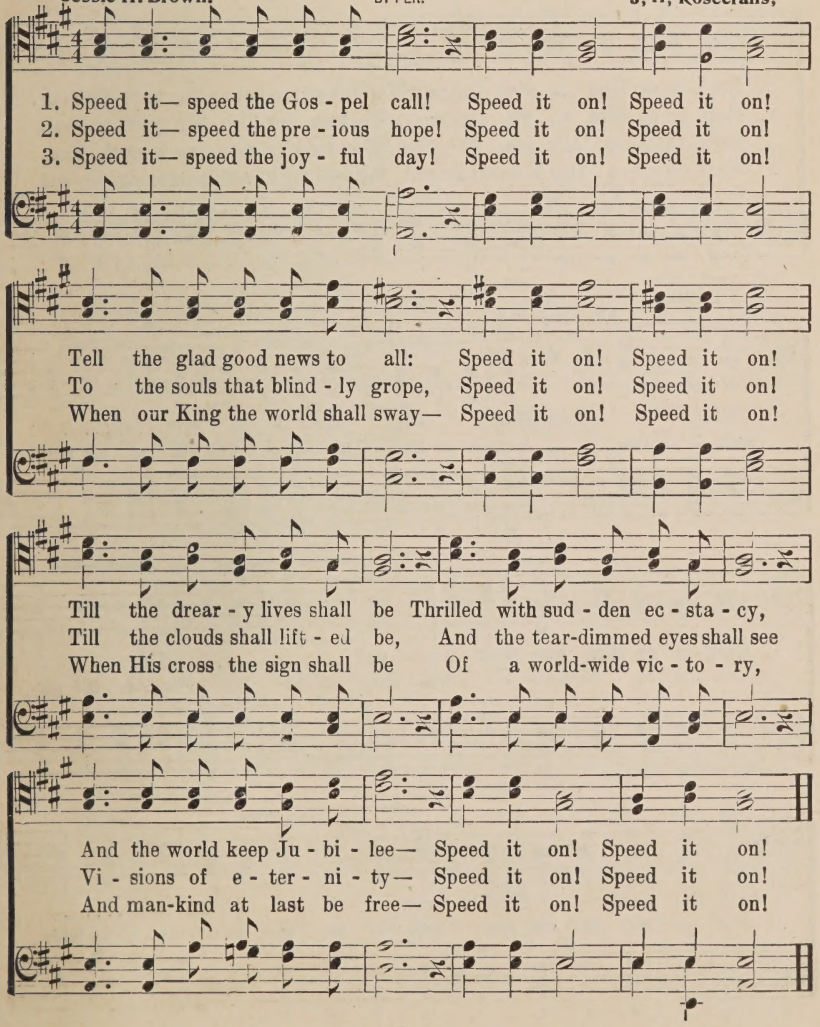
## The Better Land.




## No. 89. Speed It On!

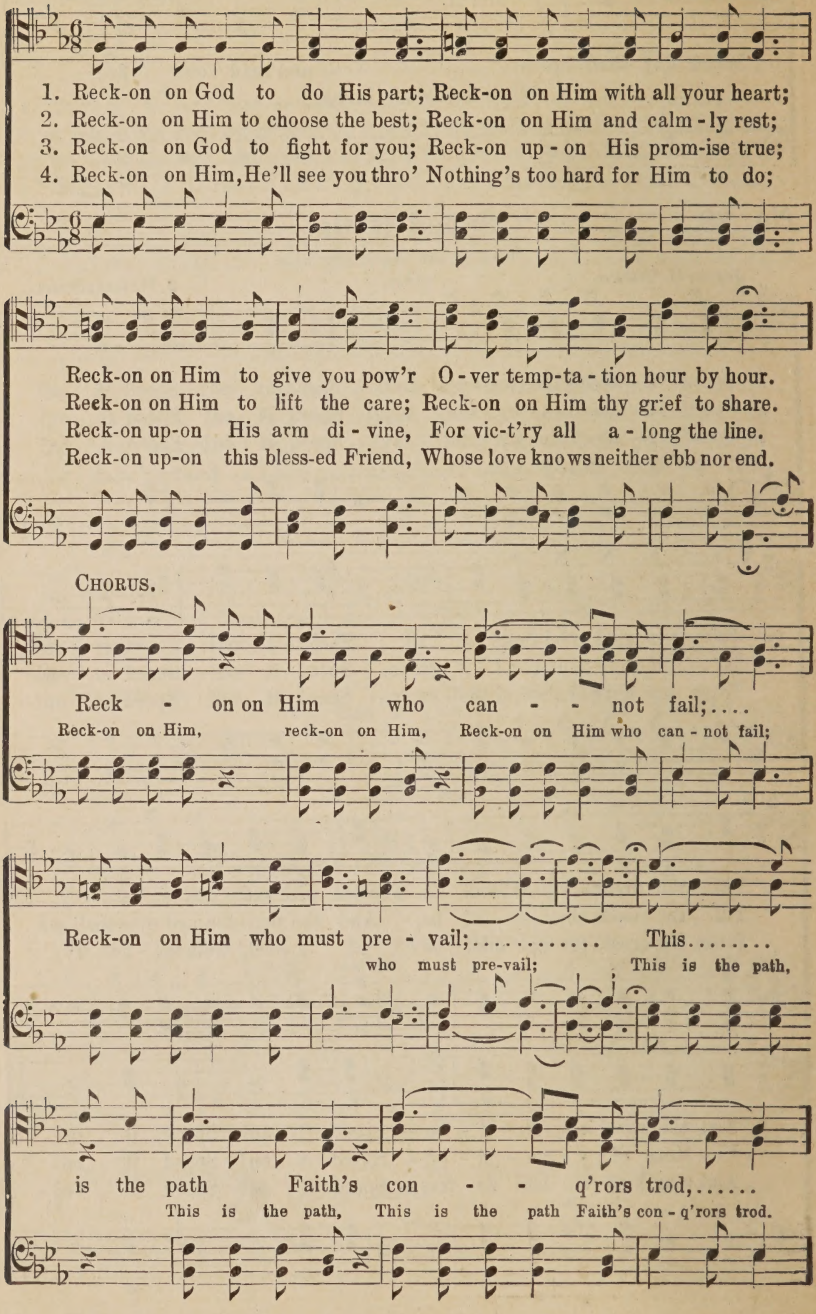
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. ROSECRANS

Jessie H. Brown. BY PER. J, H, Rosecrans,

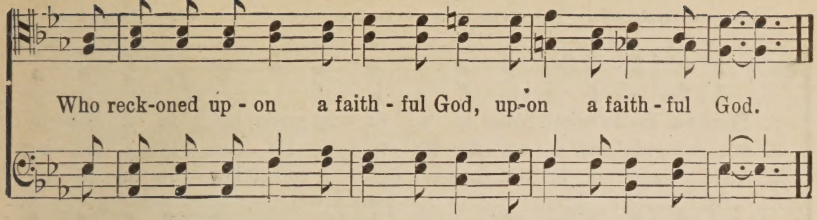

1. Speed it— speed the Gos - pel call! Speed it on! Speed it on!
2. Speed it— speed the pre - ious hope! Speed it on! Speed it on!
3. Speed it— speed the joy - ful day! Speed it on! Speed it on!
Tell the glad good news to all: Speed it on! Speed it on!
To the souls that blind - ly grope, Speed it on! Speed it on!
When our King the world shall sway— Speed it on! Speed it on!
Till the drear - y lives shall be Thrilled with sud - den ec - sta - cy,
Till the clouds shall lift - ed be, And the tear-dimmed eyes shall see
When His cross the sign shall be Of a world-wide vic - to - ry,
And the world keep Ju - bi - lee— Speed it on! Speed it on!
Vi - sions of e - ter - ni - ty— Speed it on! Speed it on!
And man-kind at last be free— Speed it on! Speed it on!

## No. 90. Reckon on God.

Mary Fraser. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

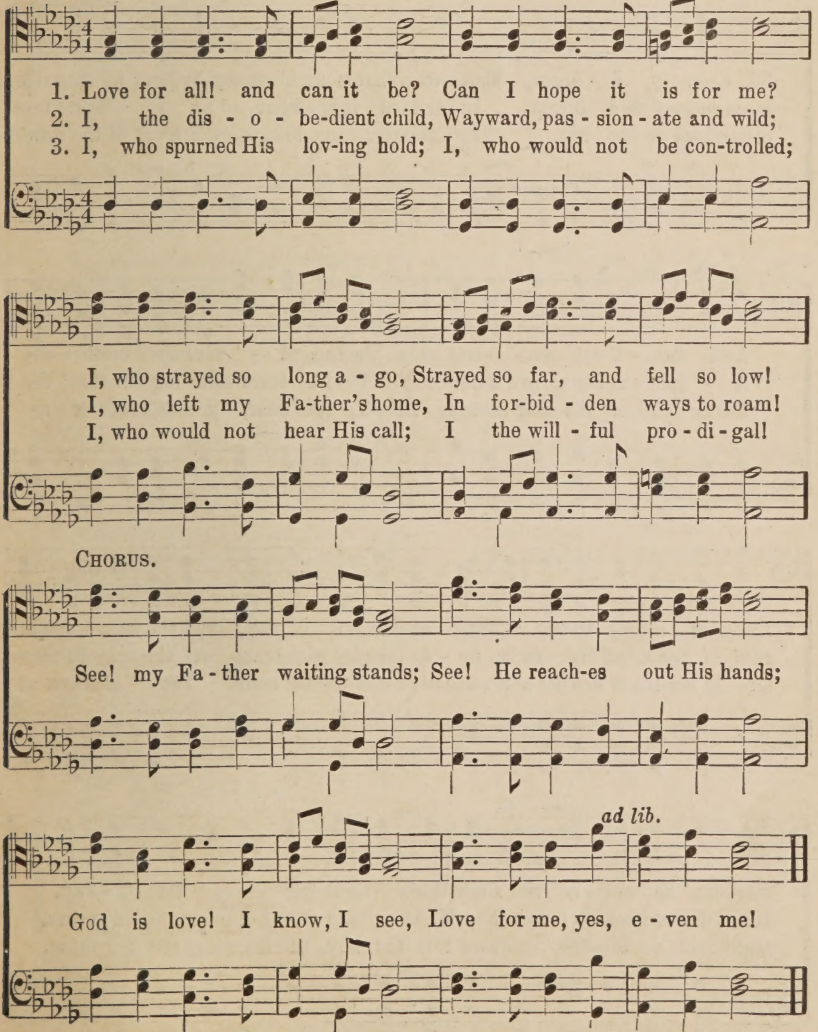

1. Reck-on on God to do His part; Reck-on on Him with all your heart;
2. Reck-on on Him to choose the best; Reck-on on Him and calm-ly rest;
3. Reck-on on God to fight for you; Reck-on up-on His prom-ise true;
4. Reck-on on Him, He'll see you thro' Nothing's too hard for Him to do;
Reck-on on Him to give you pow'r O-ver temp-ta-tion hour by hour.
Reck-on on Him to lift the care; Reck-on on Him thy grief to share.
Reck-on up-on His arm di-vine, For vic-t'ry all a-long the line.
Reck-on up-on this bless-ed Friend, Whose love knows neither ebb nor end.
CHORUS.
Reck - on on Him who can - - not fail;....
Reck-on on Him, reck-on on Him, Reck-on on Him who can-not fail;
Reck-on on Him who must pre-vail;..... This.....
who must pre-vail; This is the path,
is the path Faith's con - - q'rors trod,.....
This is the path, This is the path Faith's con-q'rors trod.

## Reckon on God.



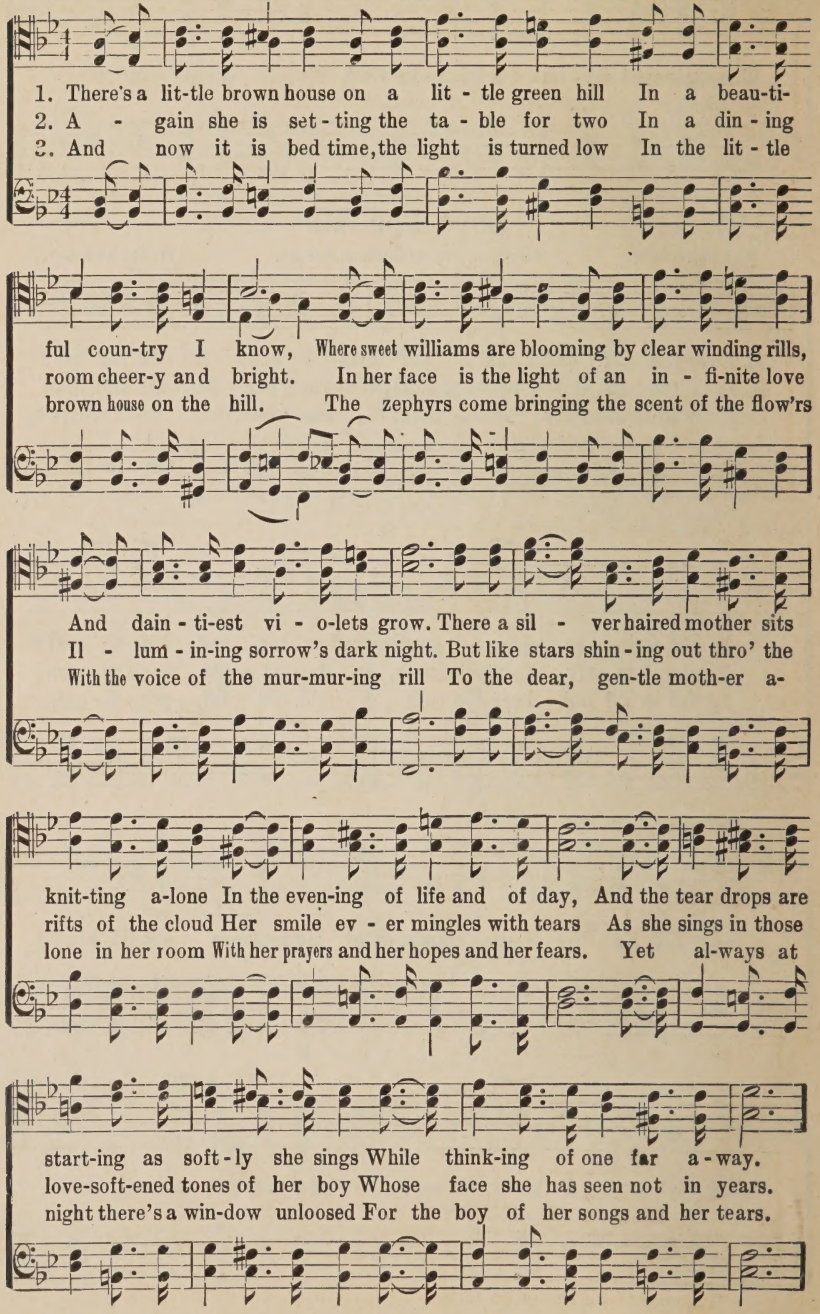

## No. 91. Love For All!

S. Longfellow. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

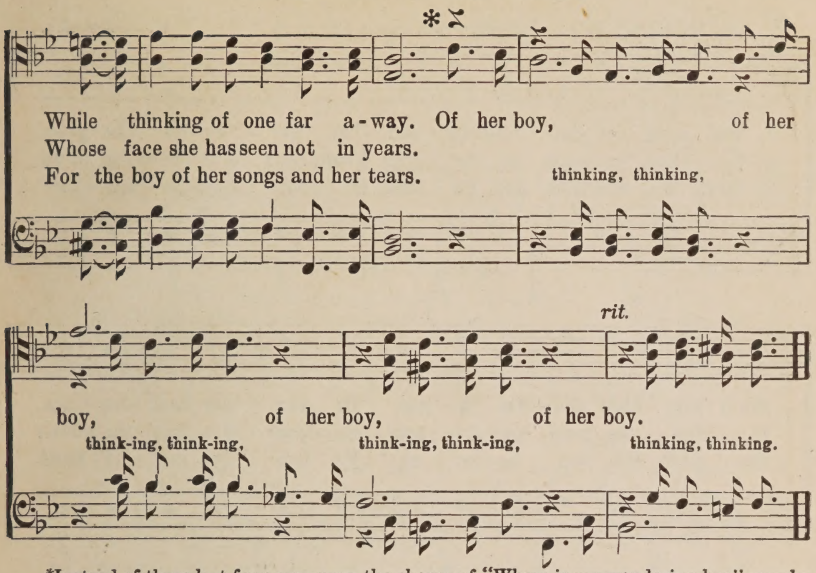

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
2. I, the dis - o - be-dient child, Wayward, pas - sion - ate and wild;
3. I, who spurned His lov-ing hold; I, who would not be con-trolled;
I, who strayed so long a - go, Strayed so far, and fell so low!
I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for-bid - den ways to roam!
I, who would not hear His call; I the will - ful pro - di - gal!
CHORUS.
See! my Fa - ther waiting stands; See! He reach-es out His hands;
ad lib.
God is love! I know, I see, Love for me, yes, e - ven me!

# No. 92. The Little Brown House.

Louis E. Holcomb. COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a lit-tle brown house on a lit - tle green hill In a beau-ti-
2. A - gain she is set - ting the ta - ble for two In a din - ing
3. And now it is bed time, the light is turned low In the lit - tle
ful coun-try I know, Where sweet williams are blooming by clear winding rills,
room cheer-y and bright. In her face is the light of an in - fi-nite love
brown house on the hill. The zephyrs come bringing the scent of the flow'rs
And dain - ti-est vi - o-lets grow. There a sil - ver haired mother sits
Il - lum - in-ing sorrow's dark night. But like stars shin - ing out thro' the
With the voice of the mur-mur-ing rill To the dear, gen-tle moth-er a-
knit-ting a-lone In the even-ing of life and of day, And the tear drops are
rifts of the cloud Her smile ev - er mingles with tears As she sings in those
lone in her room With her prayers and her hopes and her fears. Yet al-ways at
start-ing as soft - ly she sings While think-ing of one far a - way.
love-soft-ened tones of her boy Whose face she has seen not in years.
night there's a win-dow unloosed For the boy of her songs and her tears.

## The Little Brown House.

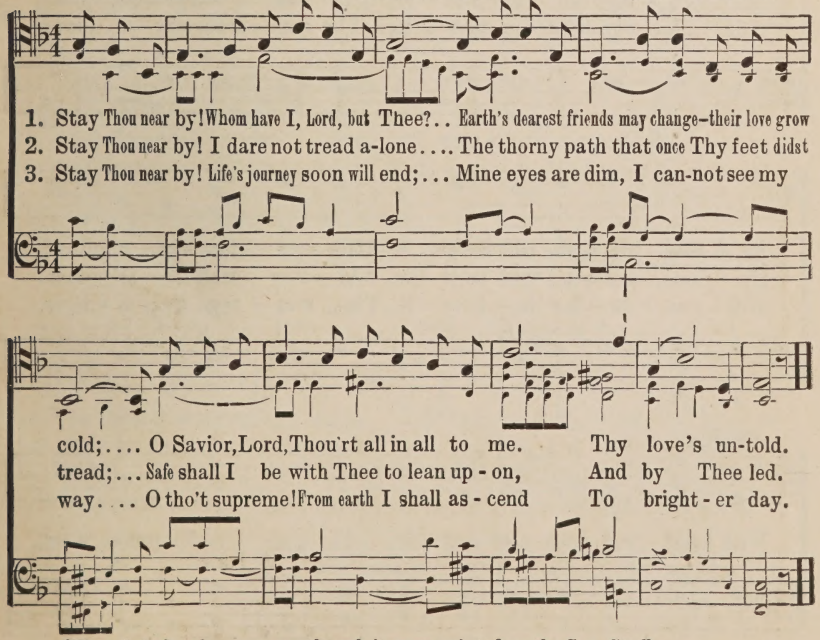

While thinking of one far a-way. Of her boy, of her
Whose face she has seen not in years.
For the boy of her songs and her tears.
thinking, thinking,
rit.
boy, of her boy, of her boy.
think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, thinking, thinking.

*Instead of these last four measures, the chorus of "Where is my wandering boy" may be sung after the 1st stanza; Chorus of "The vacant chair" after the 2d stanza, and "Star of Hope" after the 3rd stanza.

## No. 93. Stay Thou Near By.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

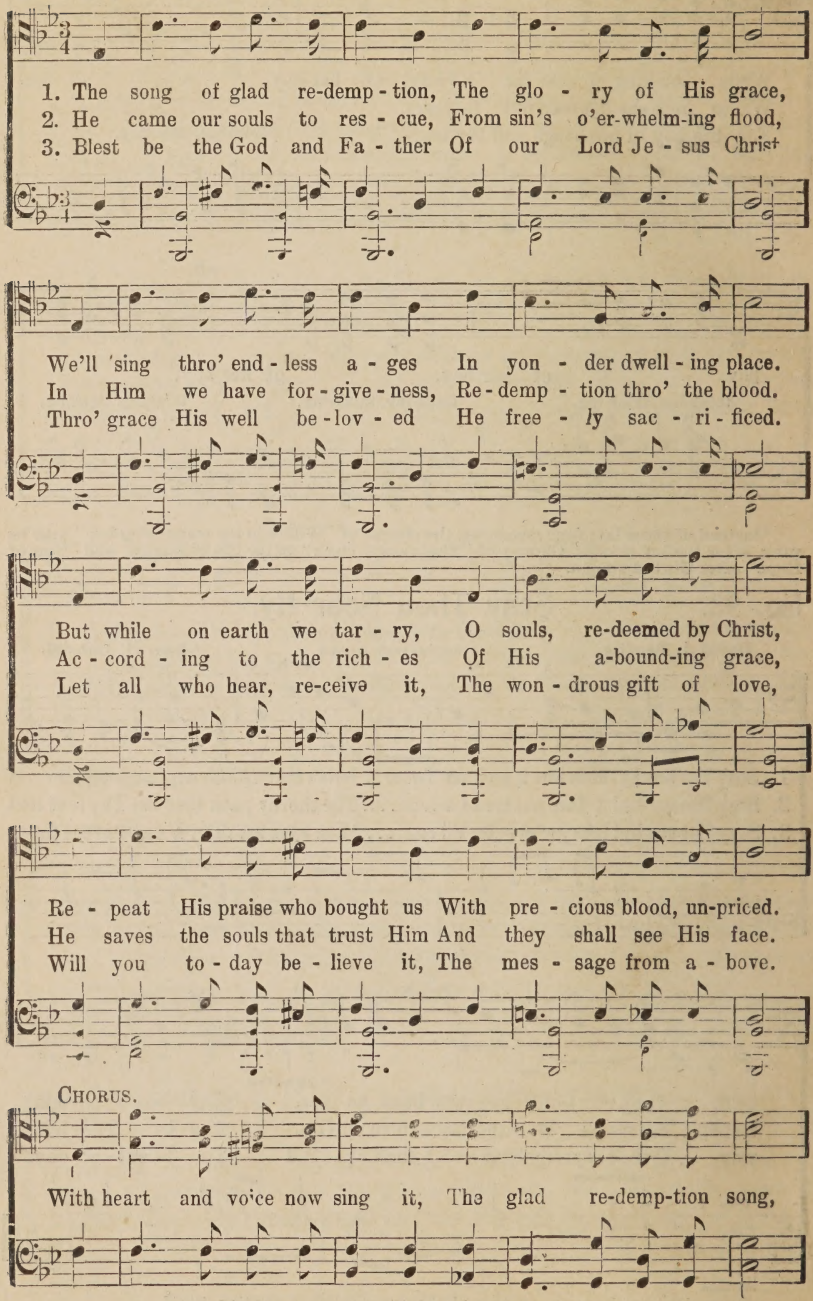
David J. Beattie. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Stay Thou near by! Whom have I, Lord, but Thee?.. Earth's dearest friends may change—their love grow
2. Stay Thou near by! I dare not tread a-lone.... The thorny path that once Thy feet didst
3. Stay Thou near by! Life's journey soon will end;... Mine eyes are dim, I can-not see my
cold;.... O Savior, Lord, Thou'rt all in all to me. Thy love's un-told.
tread;... Safe shall I be with Thee to lean up-on, And by Thee led.
way.... O tho't supreme! From earth I shall as-cend To bright-er day.

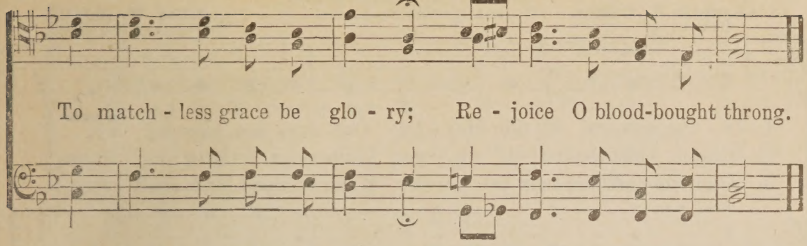
*Play right hand accmp. as though it were printed on the Sop. Staff.

# No. 94. The Glory of His Grace.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY M. J. BABBITT. M. J. Babbitt.


1. The song of glad re-demp-tion, The glo-ry of His grace,
2. He came our souls to res-cue, From sin's o'er-whelm-ing flood,
3. Blest be the God and Fa-ther Of our Lord Je-sus Christ
We'll sing thro' end-less a-ges In yon-der dwell-ing place.
In Him we have for-give-ness, Re-demp-tion thro' the blood.
Thro' grace His well be-lov-ed He free-ly sac-ri-ficed.
But while on earth we tar-ry, O souls, re-deemed by Christ,
Ac-cord-ing to the rich-es Of His a-bound-ing grace,
Let all who hear, re-ceive it, The won-drous gift of love,
Re-peat His praise who bought us With pre-cious blood, un-priced.
He saves the souls that trust Him And they shall see His face.
Will you to-day be-lieve it, The mes-sage from a-bove.
CHORUS.
With heart and voice now sing it, The glad re-demp-tion song,

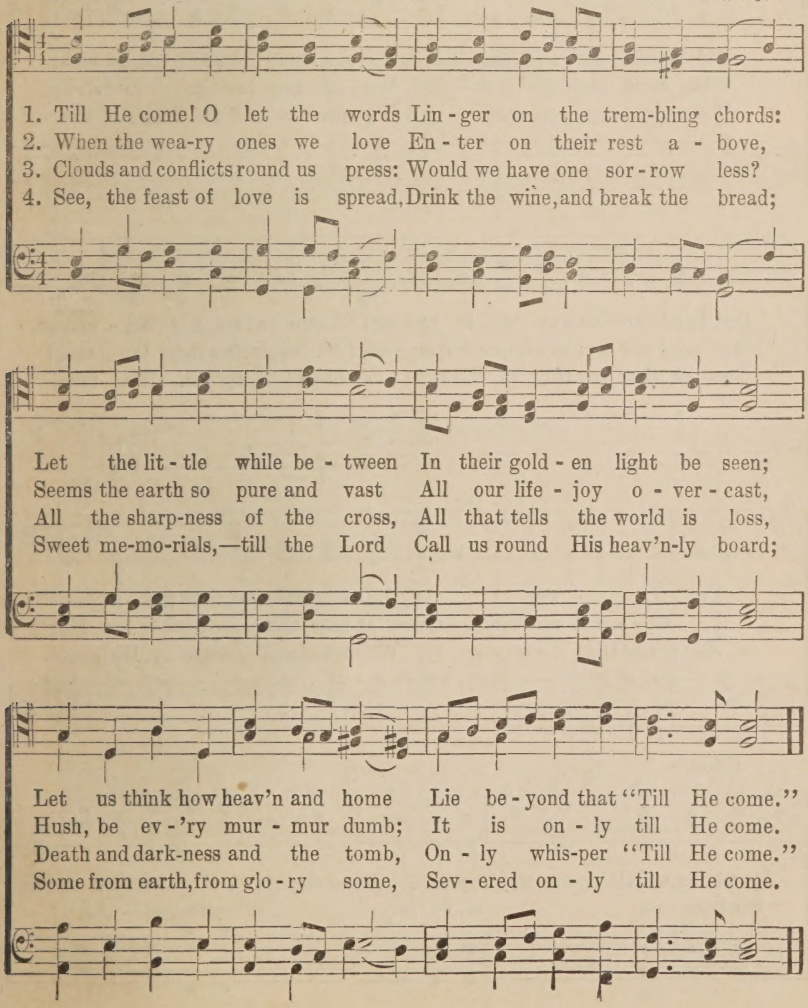
## The Glory of His Grace.




## No. 95. Till He Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Edward H. Bickersteth. D. B. Towner.

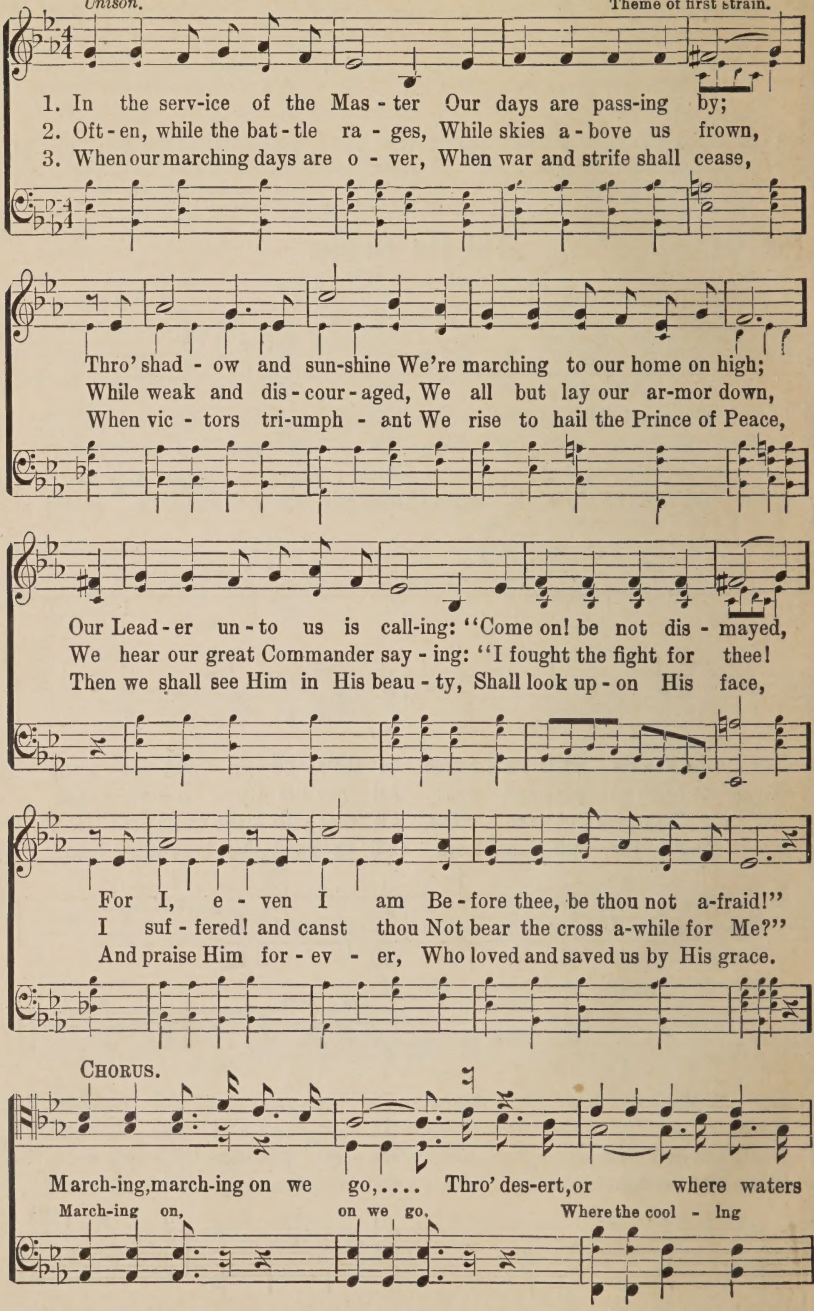

1. Till He come! O let the words Lin - ger on the trem-bling chords:
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. Clouds and conflicts round us press: Would we have one sor - row less?
4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Seems the earth so pure and vast All our life - joy o - ver - cast,
All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
Sweet me-mo-rials,—till the Lord Call us round His heav'n-ly board;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come."
Hush, be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb; It is on - ly till He come.
Death and dark-ness and the tomb, On - ly whis-per "Till He come."
Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly till He come.

# No. 96. Onward Till the Dawning.

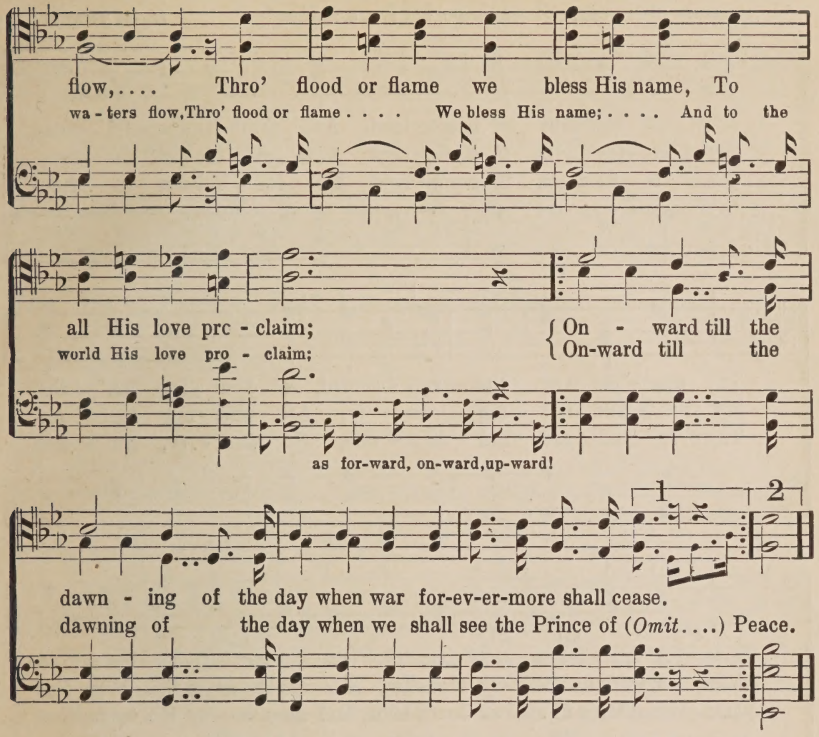
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

**Charlotte G. Homer.**
*Unison.*

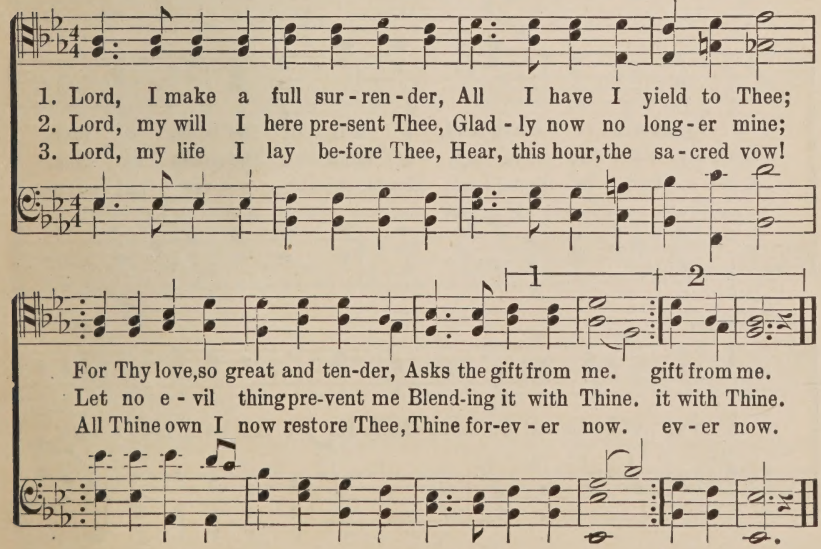
**Chas. H. Gabriel.**
Theme of first strain.


1. In the serv-ice of the Mas-ter Our days are pass-ing by;
2. Oft-en, while the bat-tle ra-ges, While skies a-bove us frown,
3. When our marching days are o-ver, When war and strife shall cease,
Thro' shad-ow and sun-shine We're marching to our home on high;
While weak and dis-cour-aged, We all but lay our ar-mor down,
When vic-tors tri-umph-ant We rise to hail the Prince of Peace,
Our Lead-er un-to us is call-ing: "Come on! be not dis-mayed,
We hear our great Commander say-ing: "I fought the fight for thee!
Then we shall see Him in His beau-ty, Shall look up-on His face,
For I, e-ven I am Be-fore thee, be thou not a-fraid!"
I suf-fered! and canst thou Not bear the cross a-while for Me?"
And praise Him for-ev-er, Who loved and saved us by His grace.
CHORUS.
March-ing, march-ing on we go, .... Thro' des-ert, or where waters
March-ing on, on we go.
Where the cool-ing

## Onward Till the Dawning.

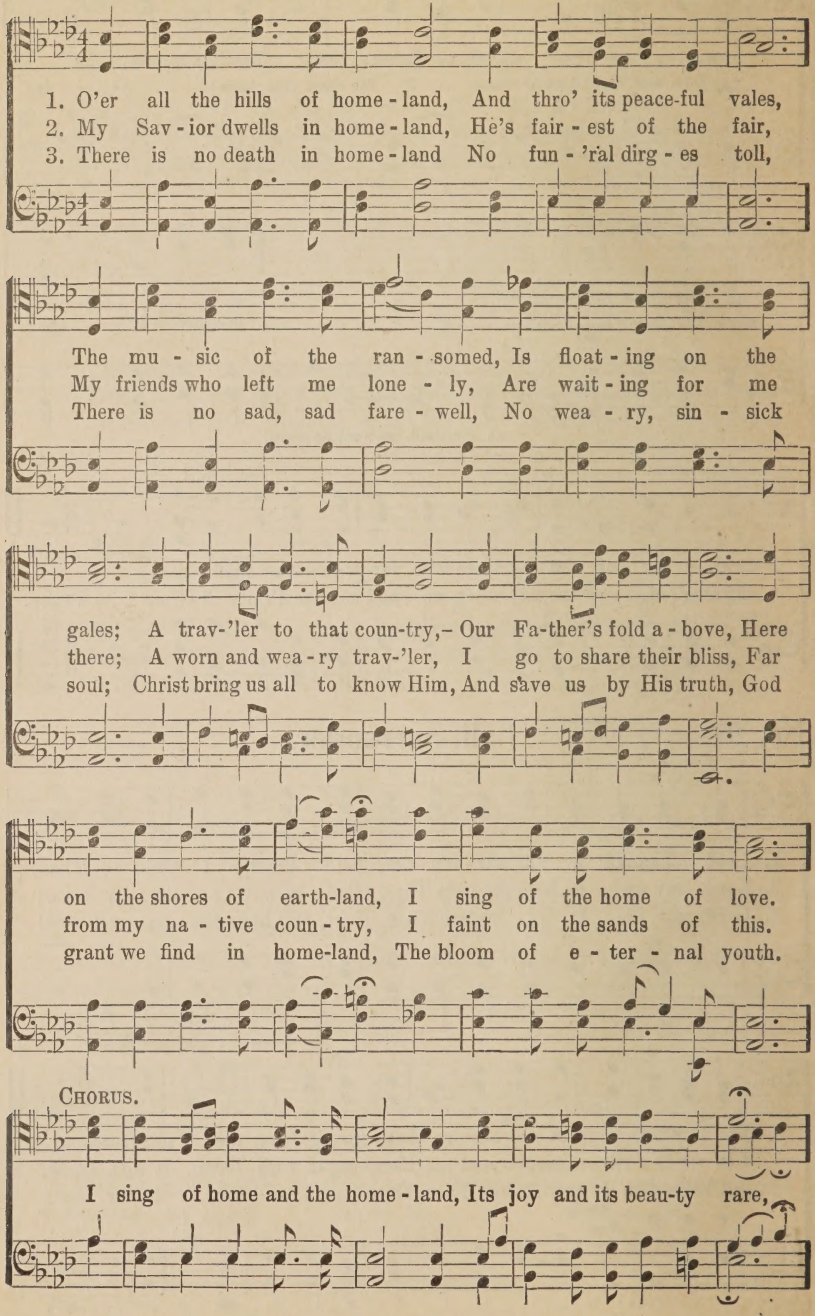

flow,.... Thro' flood or flame we bless His name, To
wa - ters flow, Thro' flood or flame .... We bless His name; .... And to the
all His love prc - claim;
world His love pro - claim;
On - ward till the
On-ward till the
as for-ward, on-ward, up-ward!
1
2
dawn - ing of the day when war for-ev-er-more shall cease.
dawning of the day when we shall see the Prince of (*Omit....*) Peace.

## No. 97. Full Surrender.

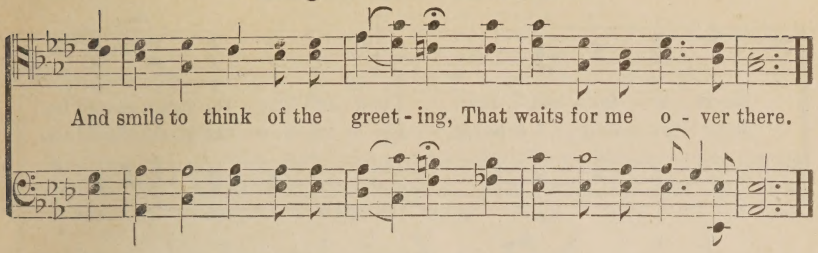

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre-sent Thee, Glad - ly now no long - er mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be-fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!
1
2
For Thy love, so great and ten-der, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing pre-vent me Blend-ing it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev - er now. ev - er now.

## No. 98. I Sing of the Homeland.

Andrew Sherwood. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. O'er all the hills of home - land, And thro' its peace-ful vales,
2. My Sav - ior dwells in home - land, He's fair - est of the fair,
3. There is no death in home - land No fun - 'ral dirg - es toll,
The mu - sic of the ran - somed, Is float - ing on the
My friends who left me lone - ly, Are wait - ing for me
There is no sad, sad fare - well, No wea - ry, sin - sick
gales; A trav-'ler to that coun-try,– Our Fa-ther's fold a - bove, Here
there; A worn and wea - ry trav-'ler, I go to share their bliss, Far
soul; Christ bring us all to know Him, And save us by His truth, God
on the shores of earth-land, I sing of the home of love.
from my na - tive coun - try, I faint on the sands of this.
grant we find in home-land, The bloom of e - ter - nal youth.
CHORUS.
I sing of home and the home - land, Its joy and its beau-ty rare,

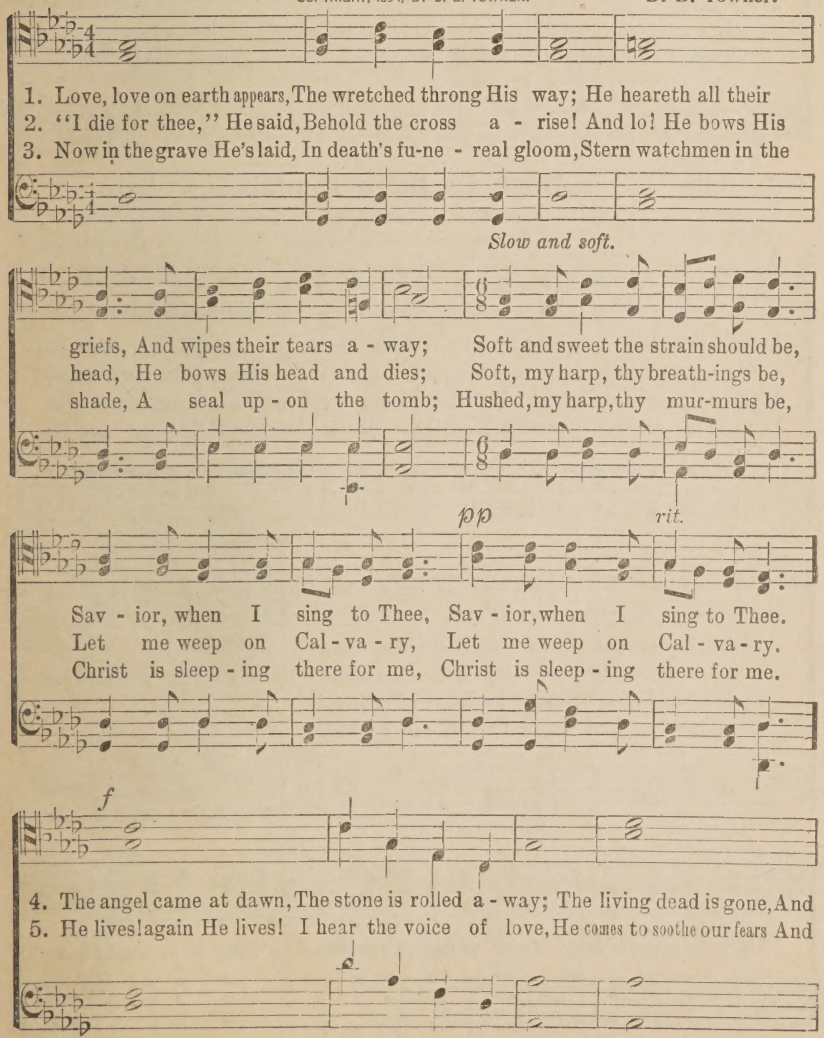
## I Sing of the Homeland.



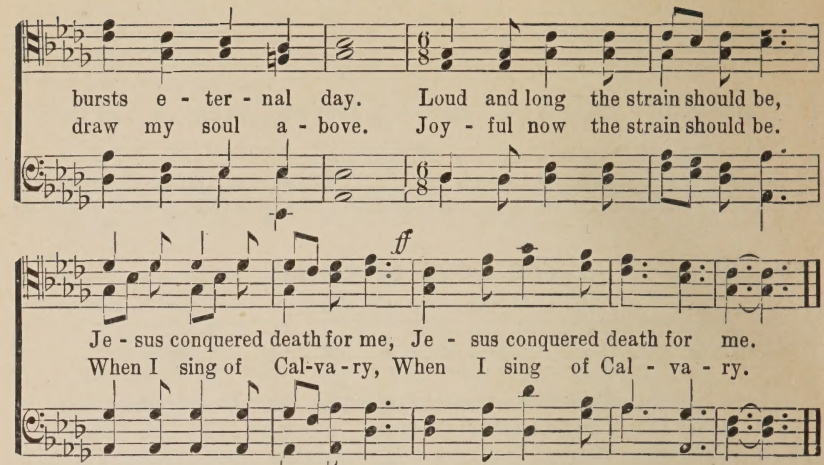

## No. 99 The Love of Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY D. B. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner.


1. Love, love on earth appears, The wretched throng His way; He heareth all their
griefs, And wipes their tears a - way; Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Sav - ior, when I sing to Thee, Sav - ior, when I sing to Thee.
2. "I die for thee," He said, Behold the cross a - rise! And lo! He bows His
head, He bows His head and dies; Soft, my harp, thy breath-ings be,
Let me weep on Cal - va - ry, Let me weep on Cal - va - ry.
3. Now in the grave He's laid, In death's fu-ne - real gloom, Stern watchmen in the
shade, A seal up - on the tomb; Hushed, my harp, thy mur-murs be,
Christ is sleep - ing there for me, Christ is sleep - ing there for me.
4. The angel came at dawn, The stone is rolled a - way; The living dead is gone, And
5. He lives! again He lives! I hear the voice of love, He comes to soothe our fears And
Slow and soft.
pp
rit.
f

## The Love of Christ.


bursts e - ter - nal day. Loud and long the strain should be,
draw my soul a - bove. Joy - ful now the strain should be.
ff
Je - sus conquered death for me, Je - sus conquered death for me.
When I sing of Cal-va - ry, When I sing of Cal - va - ry.

## No. 100 Dare to Be a Daniel.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
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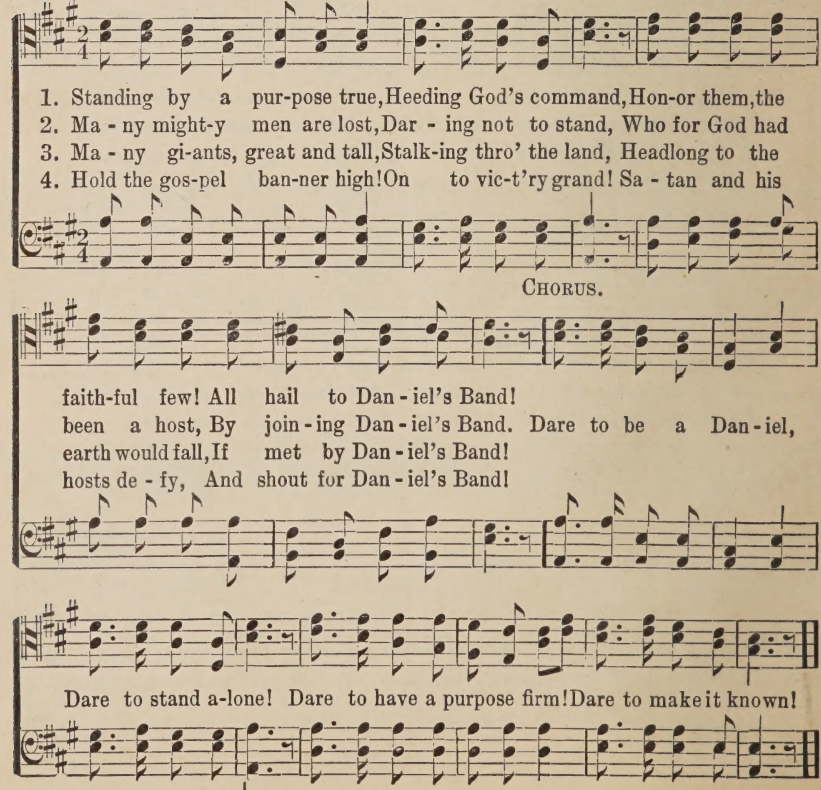
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Standing by a pur-pose true, Heeding God's command, Hon-or them, the
2. Ma - ny might-y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Ma - ny gi-ants, great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land, Headlong to the
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand! Sa - tan and his
CHORUS.
faith-ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!
been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band. Dare to be a Dan - iel,
earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!
hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!
Dare to stand a-lone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

# No. 101 Carry the Message.

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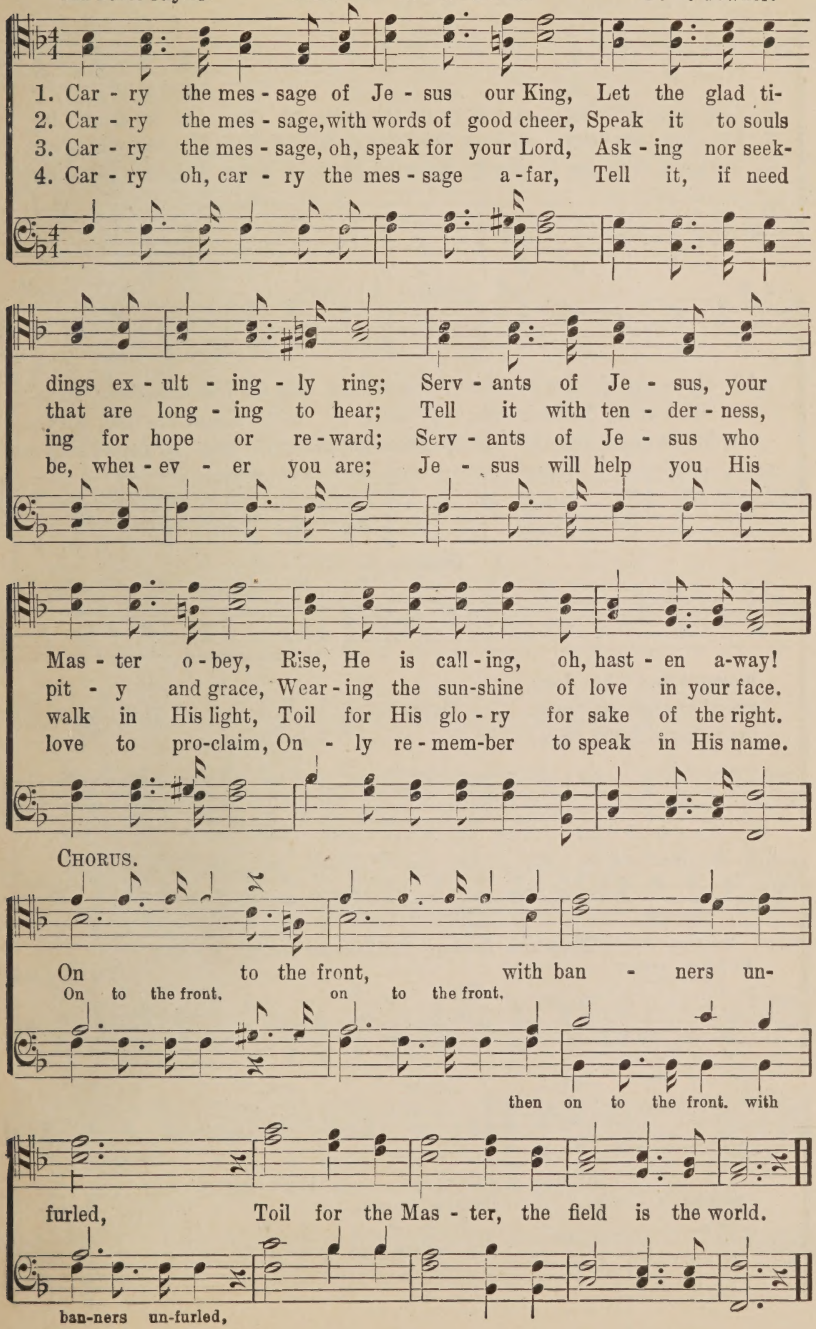
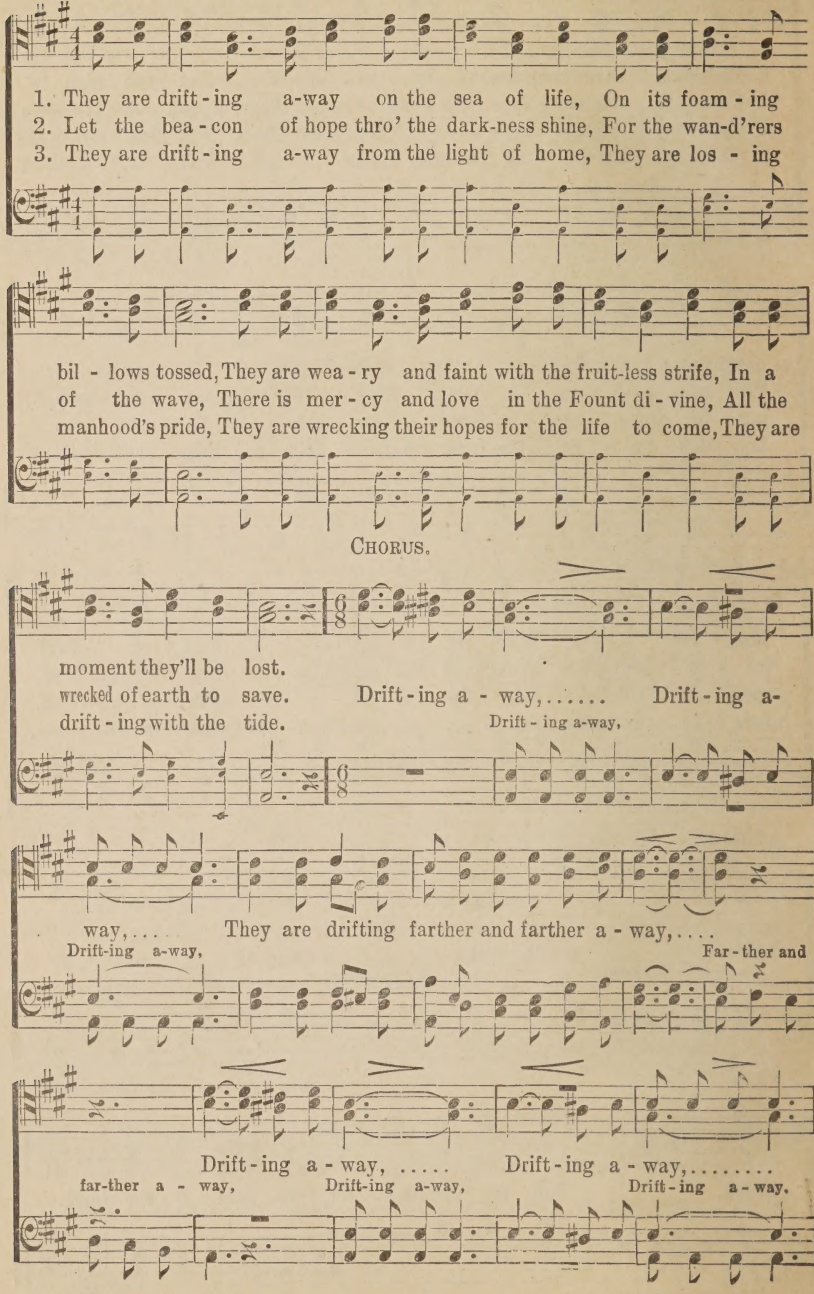
Ida Scott Taylor. D. B. Towner.


1. Car - ry the mes - sage of Je - sus our King, Let the glad ti-
2. Car - ry the mes - sage, with words of good cheer, Speak it to souls
3. Car - ry the mes - sage, oh, speak for your Lord, Ask - ing nor seek-
4. Car - ry oh, car - ry the mes - sage a - far, Tell it, if need
dings ex - ult - ing - ly ring; Serv - ants of Je - sus, your
that are long - ing to hear; Tell it with ten - der - ness,
ing for hope or re - ward; Serv - ants of Je - sus who
be, whei - ev - er you are; Je - sus will help you His
Mas - ter o - bey, Rise, He is call - ing, oh, hast - en a-way!
pit - y and grace, Wear - ing the sun-shine of love in your face.
walk in His light, Toil for His glo - ry for sake of the right.
love to pro-claim, On - ly re - mem-ber to speak in His name.
CHORUS.
On to the front, with ban - ners un-
On to the front, on to the front,
then on to the front. with
furled, Toil for the Mas - ter, the field is the world.
ban-ners un-furled,

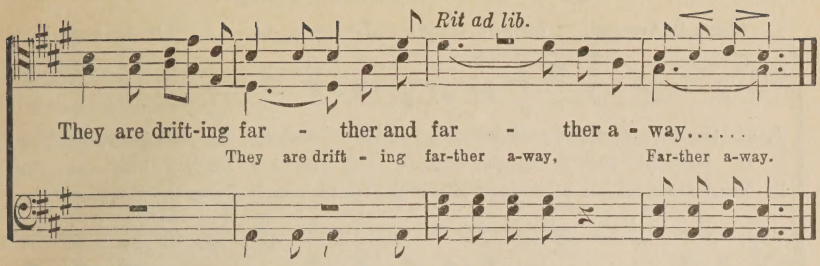
# No. 102. Drifting Away.

C. L. Shacklock. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

DUET & CHORUS.


1. They are drift - ing a-way on the sea of life, On its foam - ing
2. Let the bea - con of hope thro' the dark-ness shine, For the wan-d'rers
3. They are drift - ing a-way from the light of home, They are los - ing
bil - lows tossed, They are wea - ry and faint with the fruit-less strife, In a
of the wave, There is mer - cy and love in the Fount di - vine, All the
manhood's pride, They are wrecking their hopes for the life to come, They are
CHORUS.
moment they'll be lost.
wrecked of earth to save.
drift - ing with the tide.
Drift - ing a - way, ..... Drift - ing a-
Drift - ing a-way,
way, .... They are drifting farther and farther a - way, ....
Drift-ing a-way,
Far - ther and
Drift - ing a - way, ..... Drift - ing a - way, .....
far-ther a - way,
Drift-ing a-way,
Drift - ing a - way.

## Drifting Away.

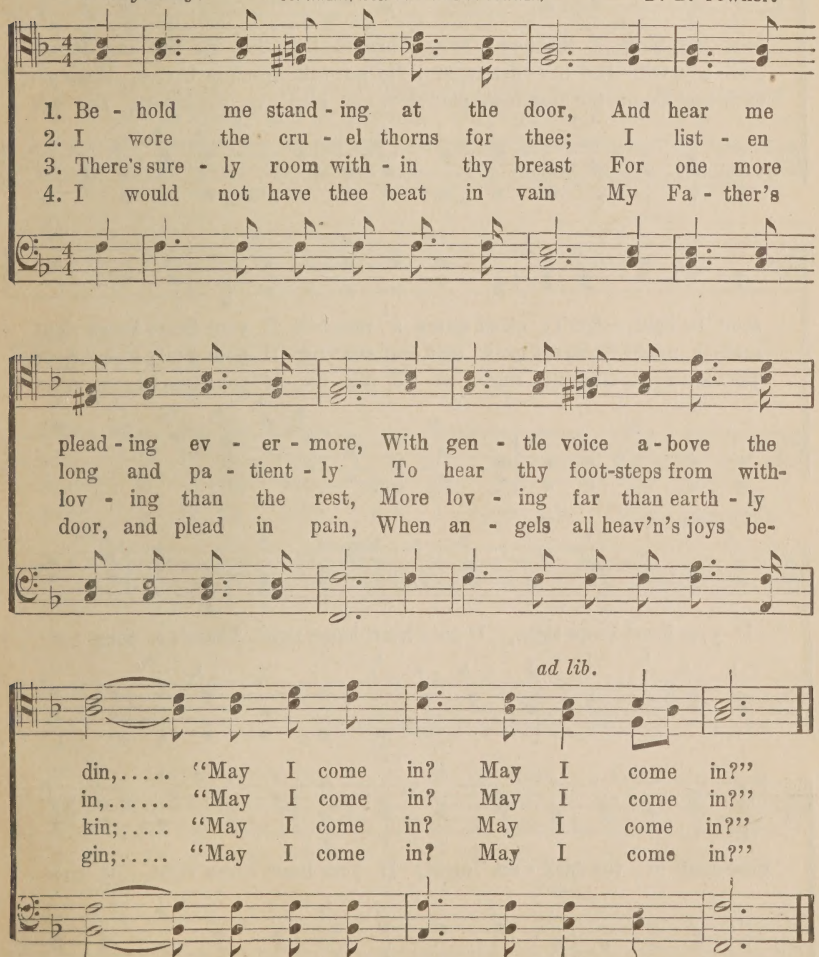



## No. 103. May I Come In?

*With feeling.*

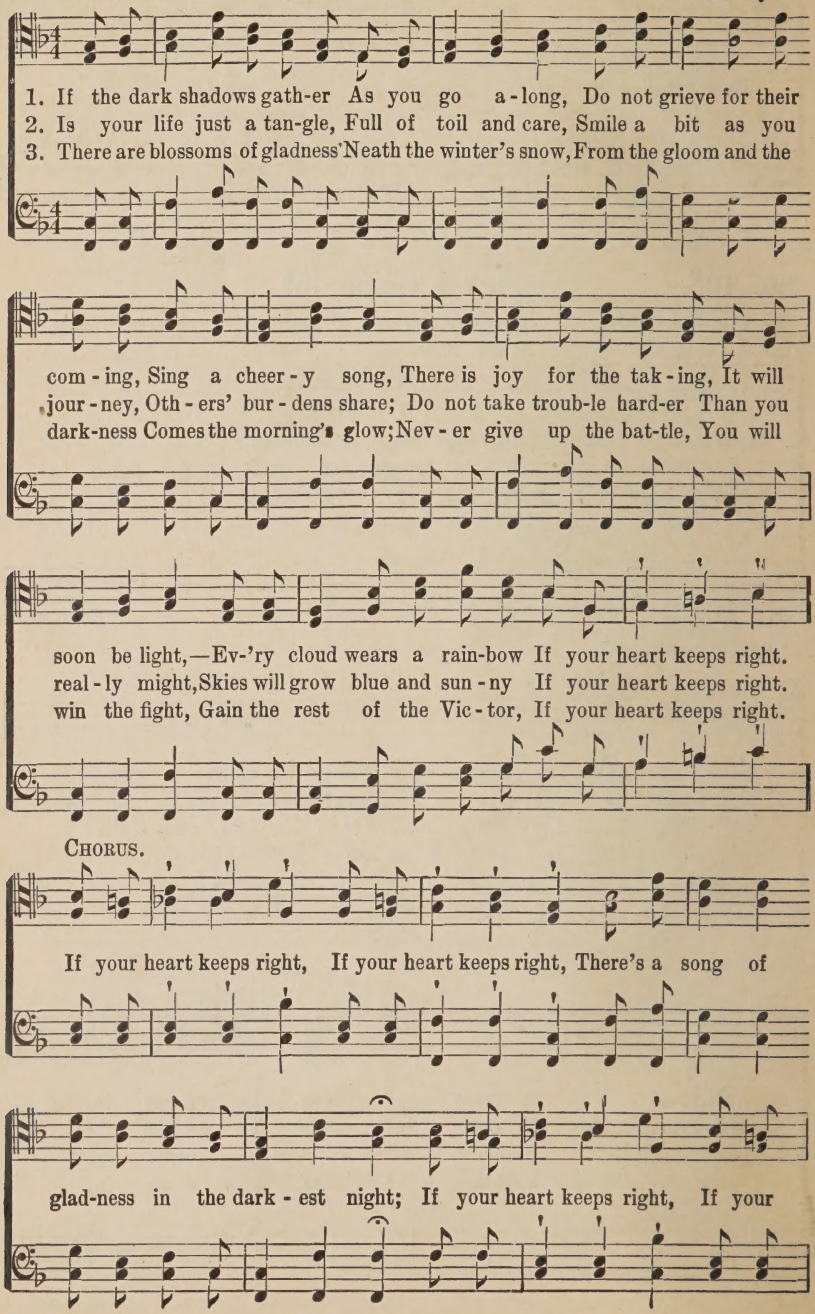
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner.

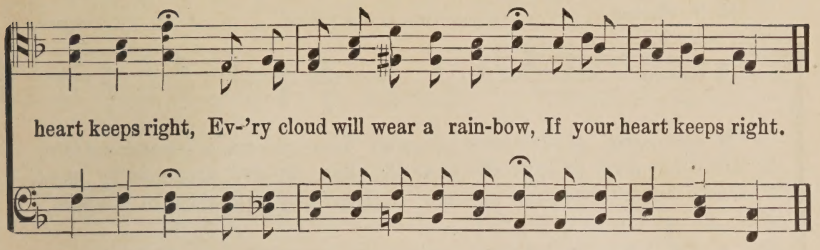

1. Be - hold me stand - ing at the door, And hear me
2. I wore the cru - el thorns for thee; I list - en
3. There's sure - ly room with - in thy breast For one more
4. I would not have thee beat in vain My Fa - ther's
plead - ing ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice a - bove the
long and pa - tient - ly To hear thy foot-steps from with-
lov - ing than the rest, More lov - ing far than earth - ly
door, and plead in pain, When an - gels all heav'n's joys be-
ad lib.
din,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
in,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
kin;..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
gin;..... "May I come in? May I come in?"

# No. 104. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

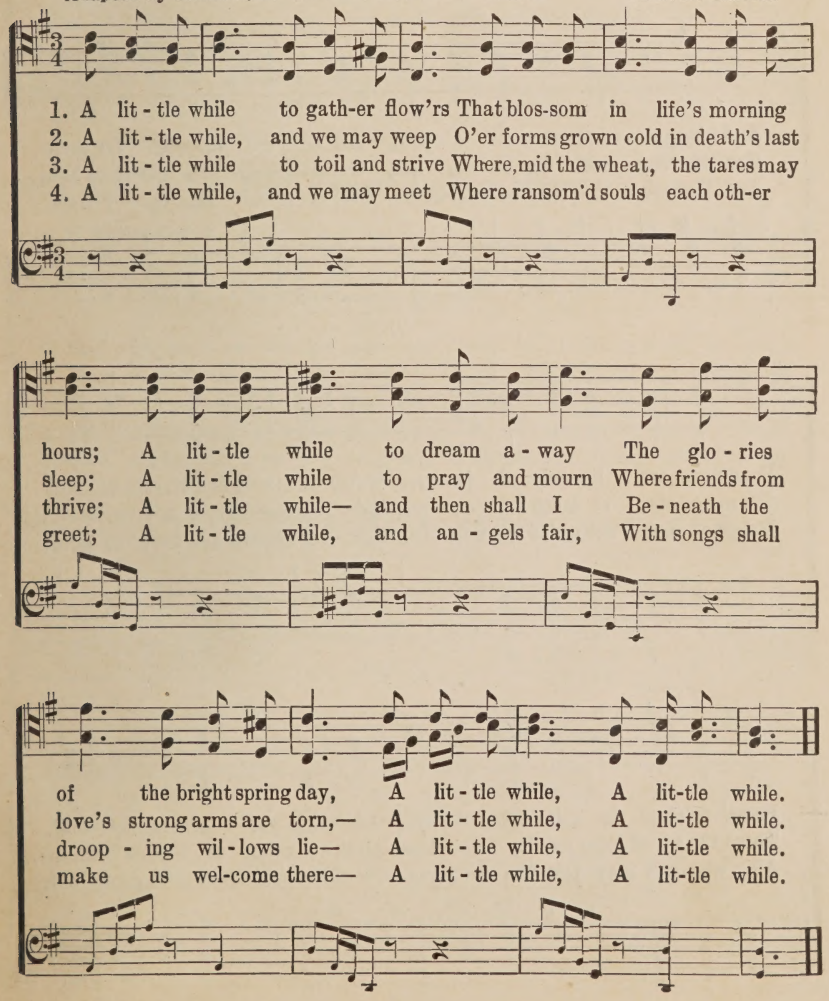

1. If the dark shadows gath-er As you go a-long, Do not grieve for their com-ing, Sing a cheer-y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will soon be light,—Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care, Smile a bit as you jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur-dens share; Do not take troub-le hard-er Than you real-ly might, Skies will grow blue and sun-ny If your heart keeps right.
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the dark-ness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.
CHORUS.
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of glad-ness in the dark-est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

## If Your Heart Keeps Right.



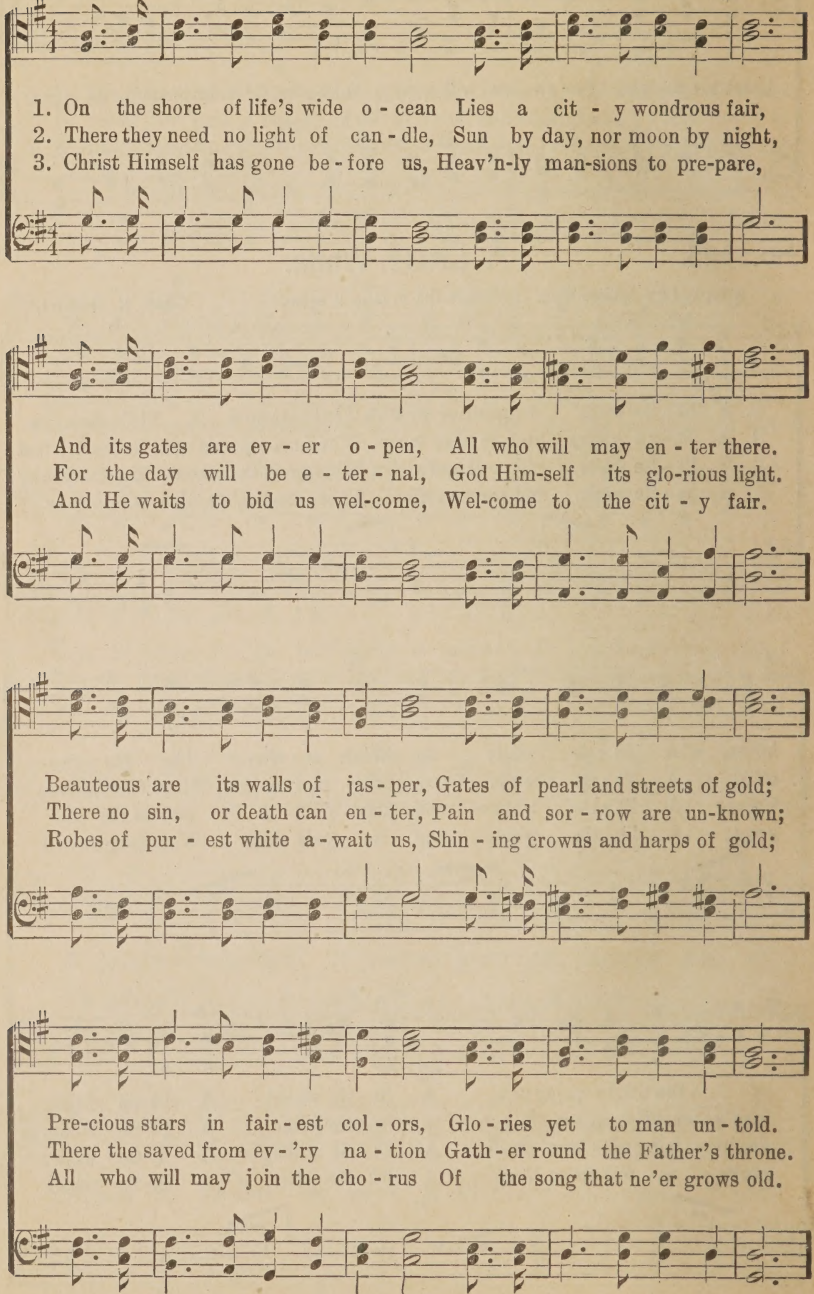

## No. 105. A Little While.

**Adapted by Jennie Ree.** COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**


1. A lit - tle while to gath-er flow'rs That blos-som in life's morning
2. A lit - tle while, and we may weep O'er forms grown cold in death's last
3. A lit - tle while to toil and strive Where, mid the wheat, the tares may
4. A lit - tle while, and we may meet Where ransom'd souls each oth-er
hours; A lit - tle while to dream a - way The glo - ries
sleep; A lit - tle while to pray and mourn Where friends from
thrive; A lit - tle while— and then shall I Be - neath the
greet; A lit - tle while, and an - gels fair, With songs shall
of the bright spring day, A lit - tle while, A lit-tle while.
love's strong arms are torn,— A lit - tle while, A lit-tle while.
droop - ing wil - lows lie— A lit - tle while, A lit-tle while.
make us wel-come there— A lit - tle while, A lit-tle while.

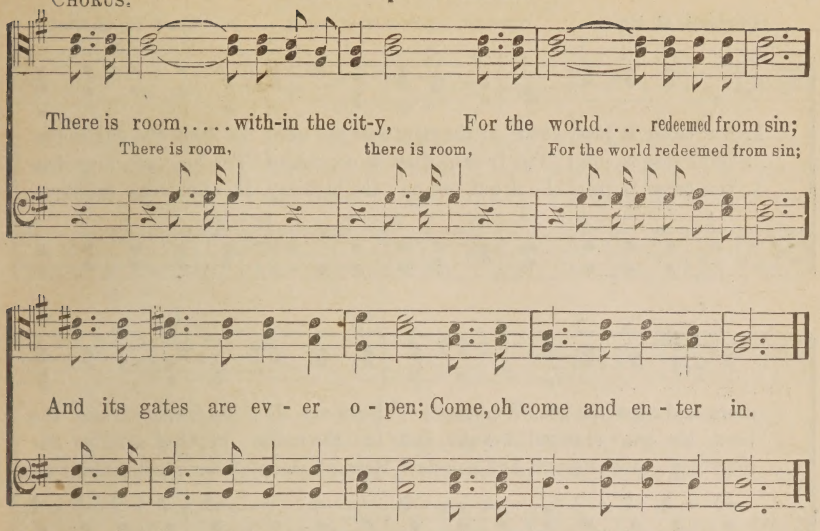
## No 106. The Open Gate.

H. H. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. On the shore of life's wide o - cean Lies a cit - y wondrous fair,
2. There they need no light of can - dle, Sun by day, nor moon by night,
3. Christ Himself has gone be - fore us, Heav'n-ly man-sions to pre-pare,
And its gates are ev - er o - pen, All who will may en - ter there.
For the day will be e - ter - nal, God Him-self its glo-rious light.
And He waits to bid us wel-come, Wel-come to the cit - y fair.
Beauteous are its walls of jas - per, Gates of pearl and streets of gold;
There no sin, or death can en - ter, Pain and sor - row are un-known;
Robes of pur - est white a - wait us, Shin - ing crowns and harps of gold;
Pre-cious stars in fair - est col - ors, Glo - ries yet to man un - told.
There the saved from ev - 'ry na - tion Gath - er round the Father's throne.
All who will may join the cho - rus Of the song that ne'er grows old.

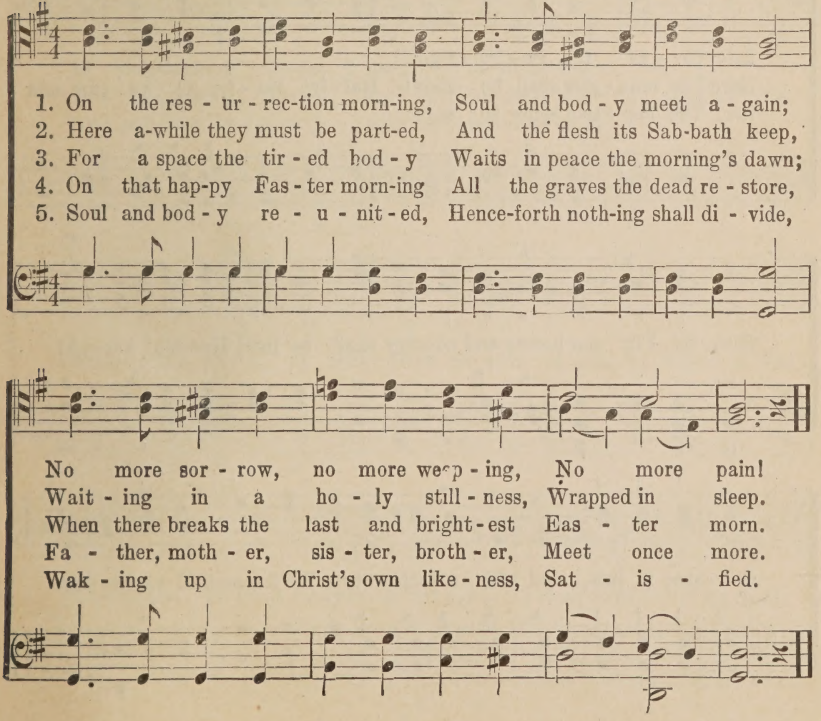
## The Open Gate.

CHORUS.


There is room,.... with-in the cit-y, For the world.... redeemed from sin;
There is room, there is room, For the world redeemed from sin;
And its gates are ev - er o - pen; Come, oh come and en - ter in.

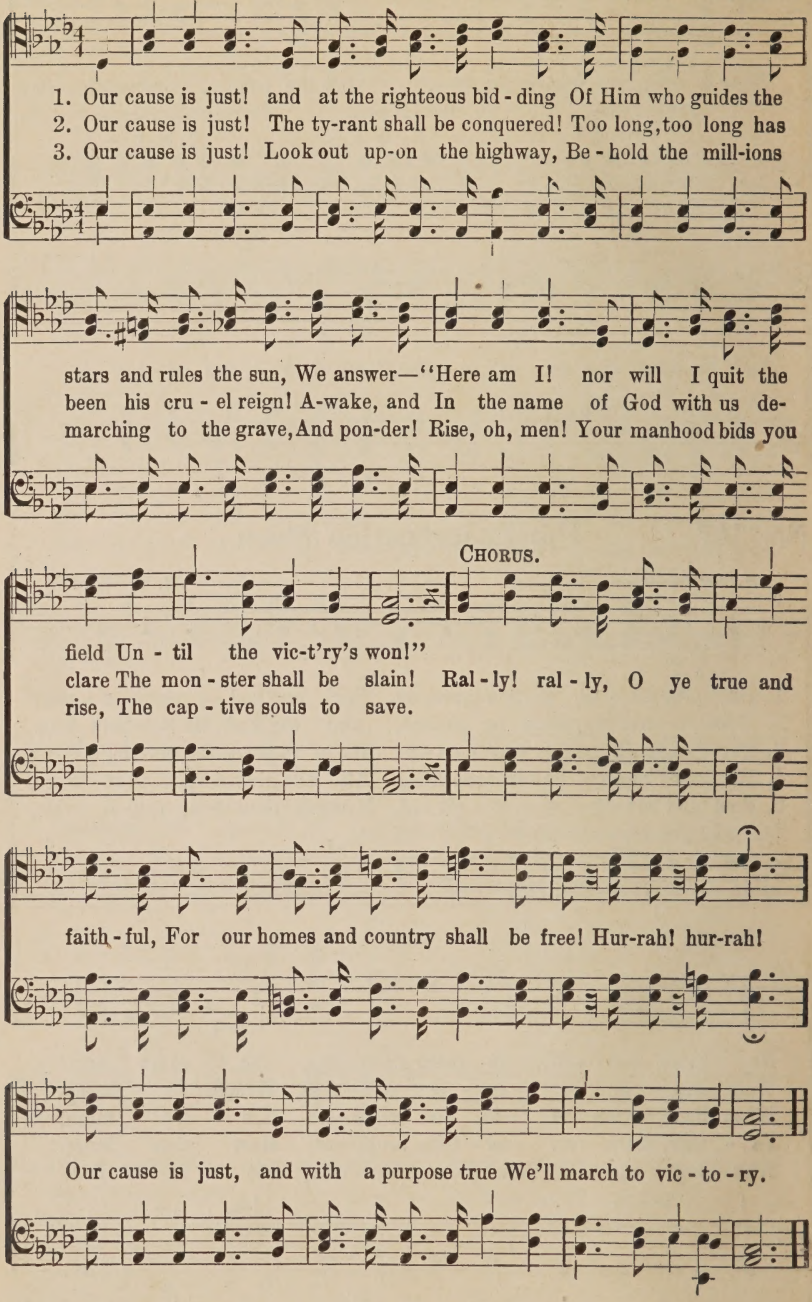
## No. 107. The Resurrection Morn.

S. Baring-Gould. B. T. Worden.


1. On the res - ur - rec-tion morn-ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain;
2. Here a-while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its Sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn;
4. On that hap-py Fas - ter morn-ing All the graves the dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y re - u - nit - ed, Hence-forth noth-ing shall di - vide,
No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain!
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright - est Eas - ter morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

# No. 108. Our Cause is Just!

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

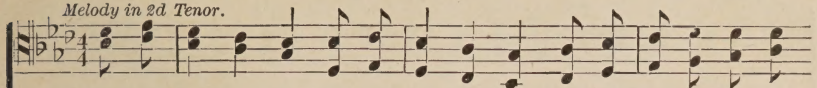

1. Our cause is just! and at the righteous bid - ding Of Him who guides the
2. Our cause is just! The ty-rant shall be conquered! Too long, too long has
3. Our cause is just! Look out up-on the highway, Be - hold the mill-ions
stars and rules the sun, We answer—"Here am I! nor will I quit the
been his cru - el reign! A-wake, and In the name of God with us de-
marching to the grave, And pon-der! Rise, oh, men! Your manhood bids you
CHORUS.
field Un - til the vic-t'ry's won!"
clare The mon - ster shall be slain! Ral - ly! ral - ly, O ye true and
rise, The cap - tive souls to save.
faith - ful, For our homes and country shall be free! Hur-rah! hur-rah!
Our cause is just, and with a purpose true We'll march to vic - to - ry.

# No. 109 I Shall Dwell Forever There.

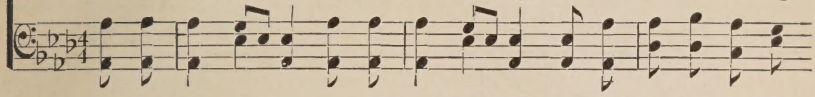
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

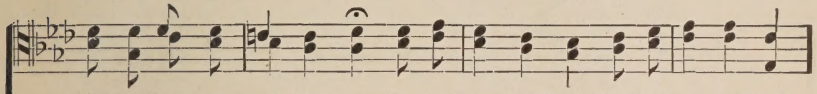
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

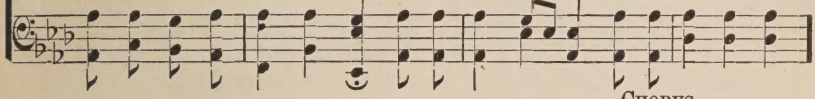


1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter-nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is bur-dened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no Sovereign

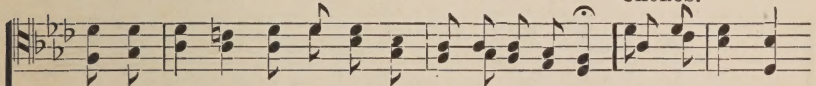




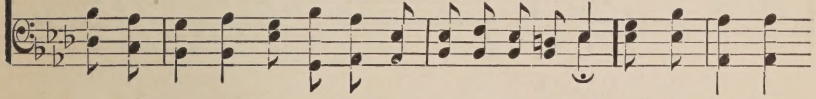
pels the gloom of earth-ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
with for-bod-ings of de-spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the hope is mine,
that with Je-sus can com-pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,

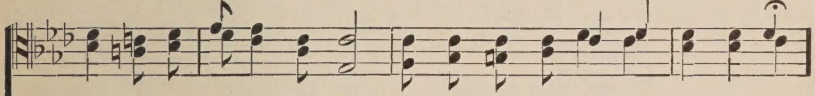


CHORUS.

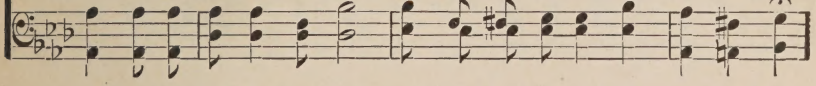


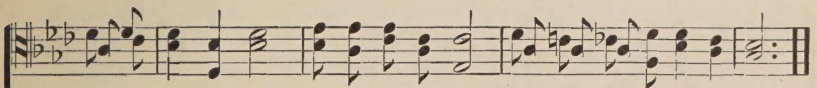
In the land of E-den I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
If I trust in Je-sus I shall dwell for-ev-er there. I shall walk the
And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.



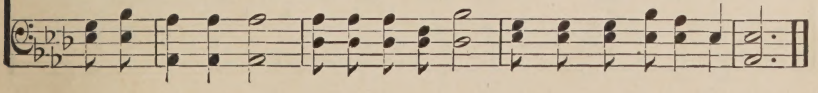


streets of the cit - y of God With its tree of Life so bright so fair,



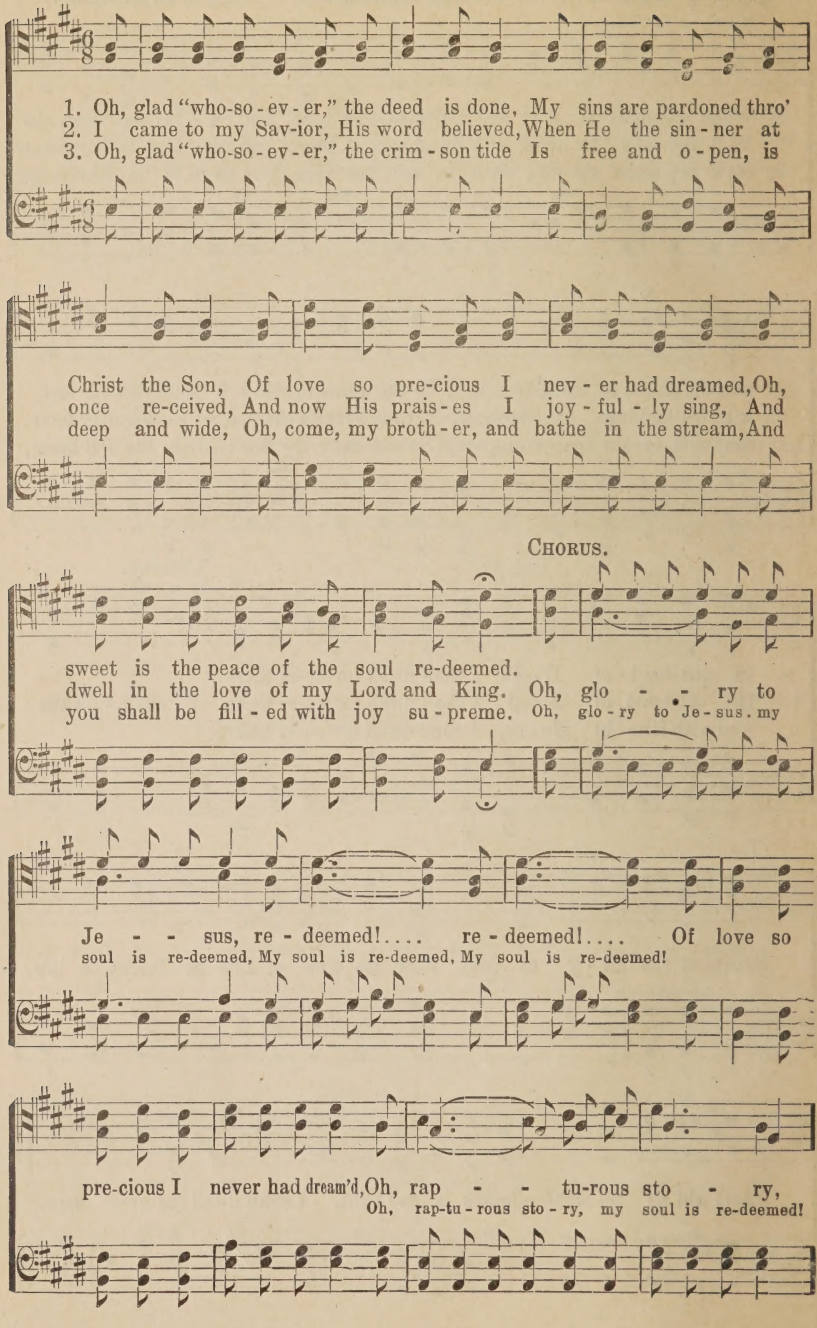


There will be no night—Je-sus is the light, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.

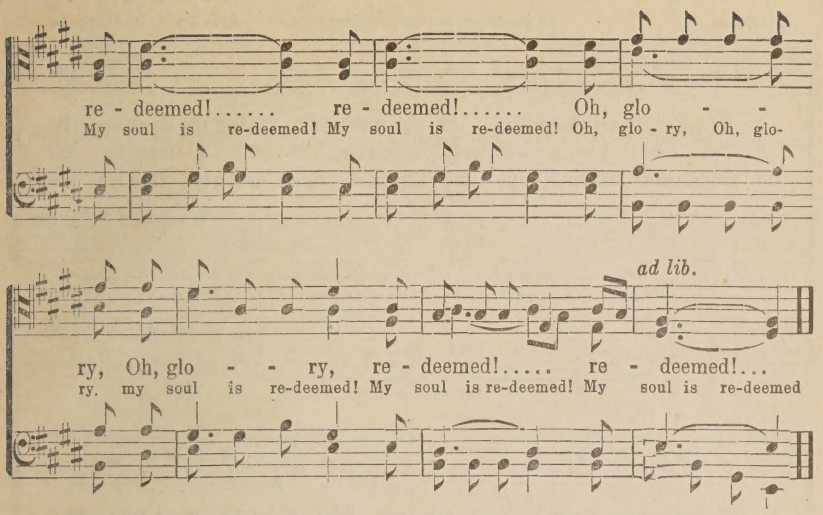


# No. 110. Redeemed.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

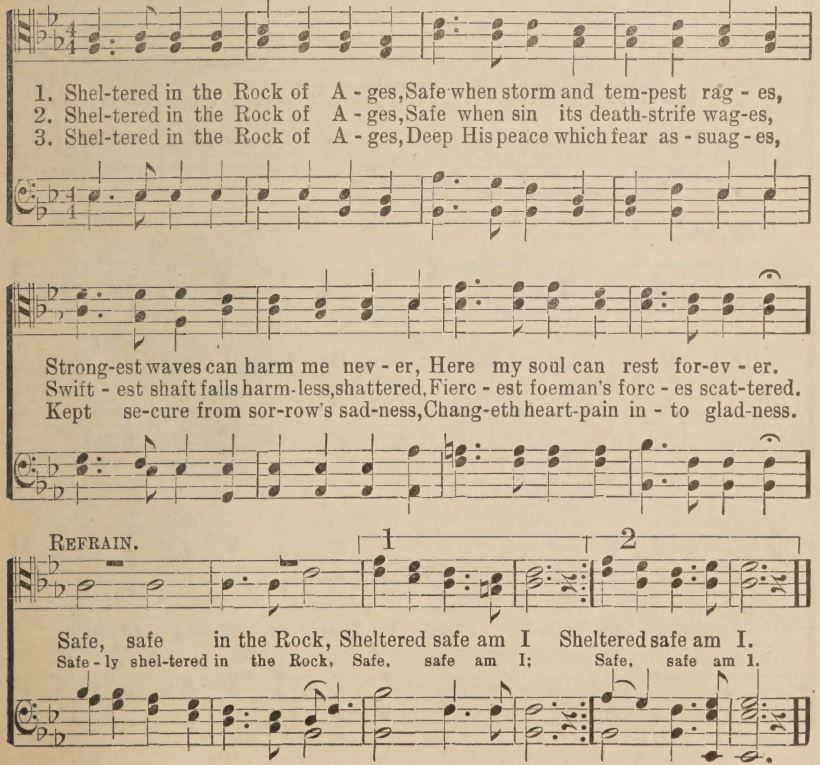

1. Oh, glad "who-so-ev-er," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro'
2. I came to my Sav-ior, His word believed, When He the sin-ner at
3. Oh, glad "who-so-ev-er," the crim-son tide Is free and o-pen, is
Christ the Son, Of love so pre-cious I nev-er had dreamed, Oh,
once re-ceived, And now His prais-es I joy-ful-ly sing, And
deep and wide, Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And
CHORUS.
sweet is the peace of the soul re-deemed.
dwell in the love of my Lord and King. Oh, glo-ry to
you shall be fill-ed with joy su-preme. Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my
Je-sus, re-deemed!.... re-deemed!.... Of love so
soul is re-deemed, My soul is re-deemed, My soul is re-deemed!
pre-cious I never had dream'd, Oh, rap-tu-rous sto-ry,
Oh, rap-tu-rous sto-ry, my soul is re-deemed!

## Redeemed.


re - deemed!..... re - deemed!..... Oh, glo - -
My soul is re-deemed! My soul is re-deemed! Oh, glo - ry, Oh, glo-
ad lib.
ry, Oh, glo - - ry, re - deemed!..... re - deemed!...
ry. my soul is re-deemed! My soul is re-deemed! My soul is re-deemed

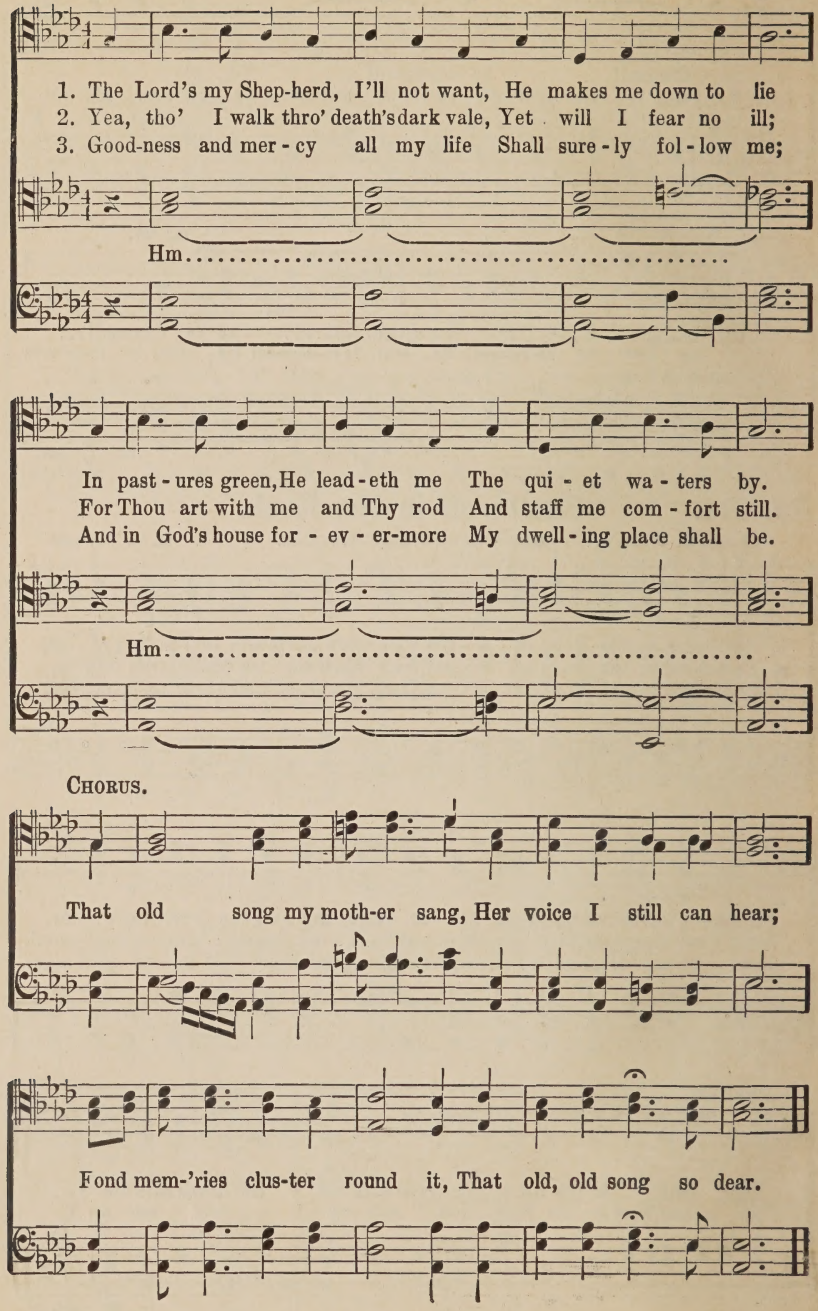
## No. 111. Sheltered in the Rock.

Ernest C. Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. Shel-tered in the Rock of A - ges, Safe when storm and tem-pest rag - es,
2. Shel-tered in the Rock of A - ges, Safe when sin its death-strife wag-es,
3. Shel-tered in the Rock of A - ges, Deep His peace which fear as - suag - es,
Strong-est waves can harm me nev - er, Here my soul can rest for-ev - er.
Swift - est shaft falls harm-less, shattered, Fierc - est foeman's forc - es scat-tered.
Kept se-cure from sor-row's sad-ness, Chang-eth heart-pain in - to glad-ness.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Safe, safe in the Rock, Sheltered safe am I Sheltered safe am I.
Safe - ly shel-tered in the Rock, Safe, safe am I; Safe, safe am I.

# No. 112. That Old Song.

SOLO. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY H. A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.


1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
2. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
3. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;
Hm
In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
For Thou art with me and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing place shall be.
Hm
CHORUS.
That old song my moth-er sang, Her voice I still can hear;
Fond mem-'ries clus-ter round it, That old, old song so dear.

# No. 113. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

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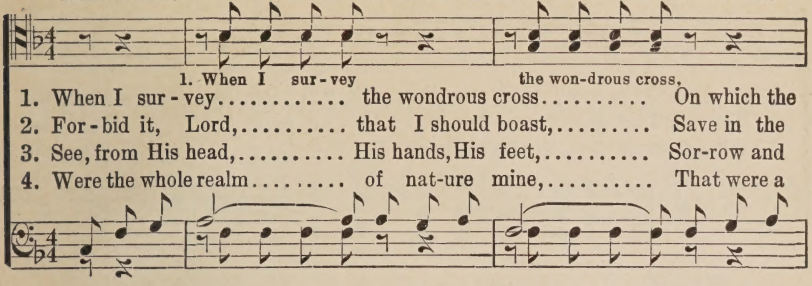
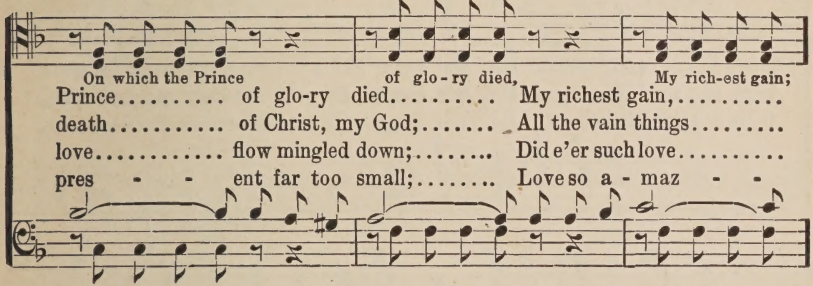
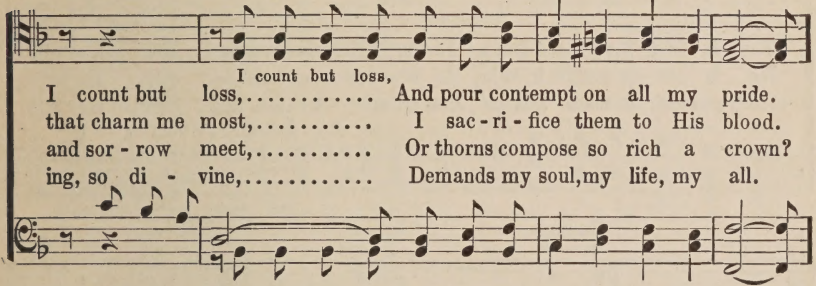
Isaac Watts. D. B. Towner.




1. When I sur - vey..... the wondrous cross..... On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord,..... that I should boast,..... Save in the
3. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,..... Sor-row and
4. Were the whole realm..... of nat-ure mine,..... That were a

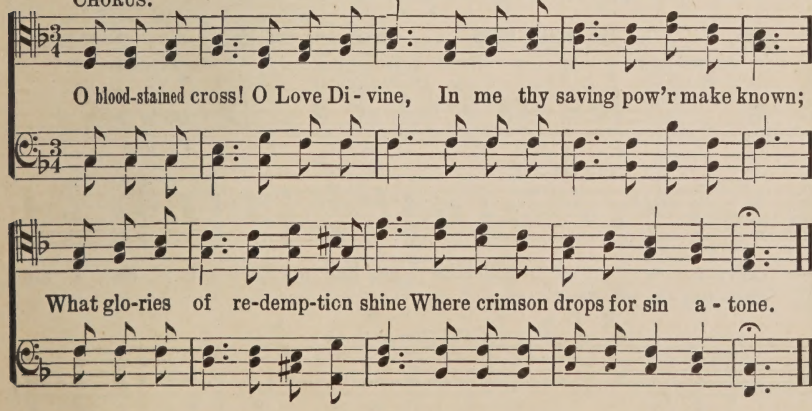



Prince..... of glo-ry died..... My richest gain,.....
death..... of Christ, my God;..... All the vain things.....
love..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love.....
pres - - ent far too small;..... Love so a - maz - -



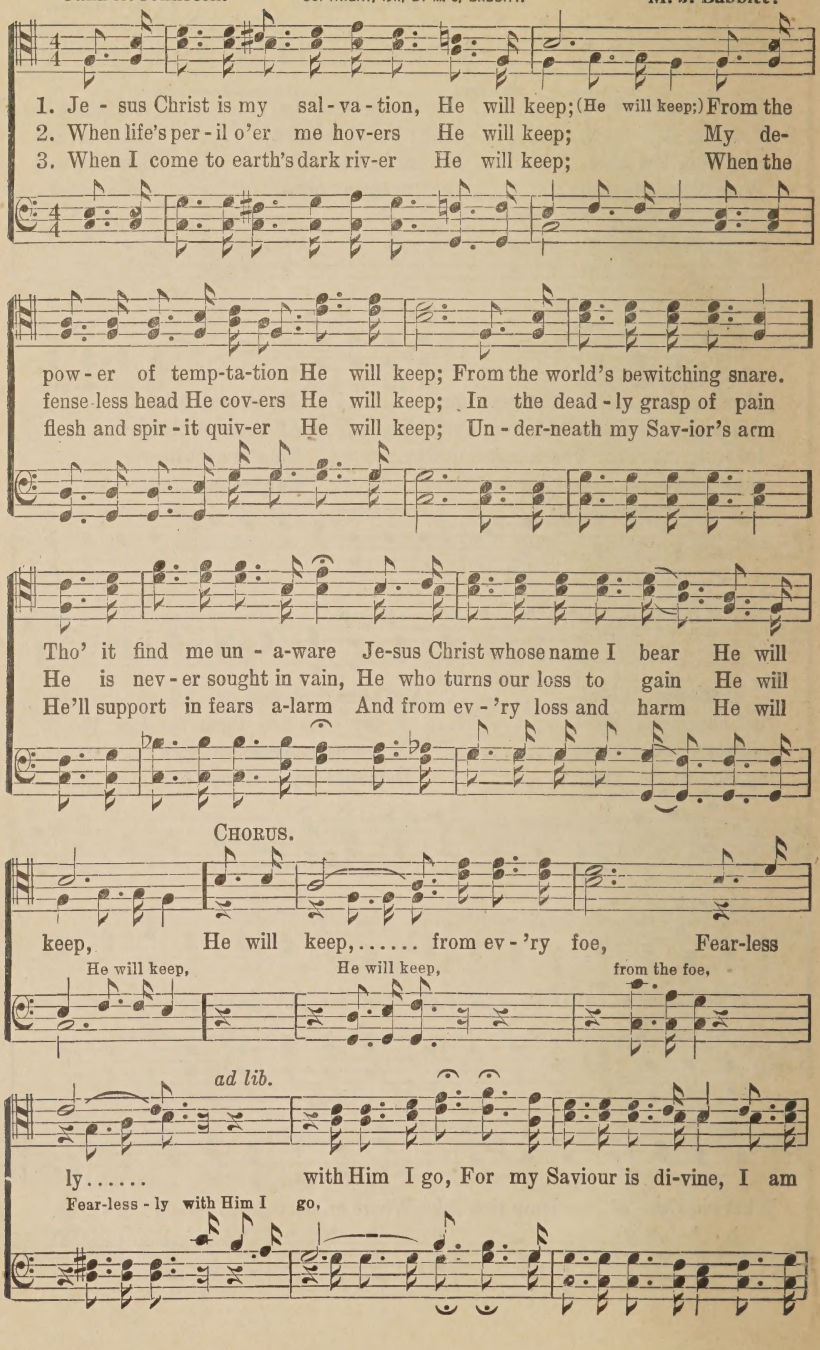

I count but loss,..... And pour contempt on all my pride.
that charm me most,..... I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
and sor - row meet,..... Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
ing, so di - vine,..... Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CHORUS.

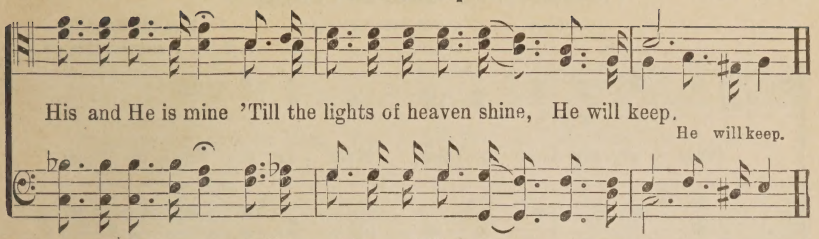

O blood-stained cross! O Love Di - vine, In me thy saving pow'r make known;
What glo-ries of re-demp-tion shine Where crimson drops for sin a - tone.

# No. 114. He Will Keep.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY M. J. BABBITT. M. J. Babbitt.

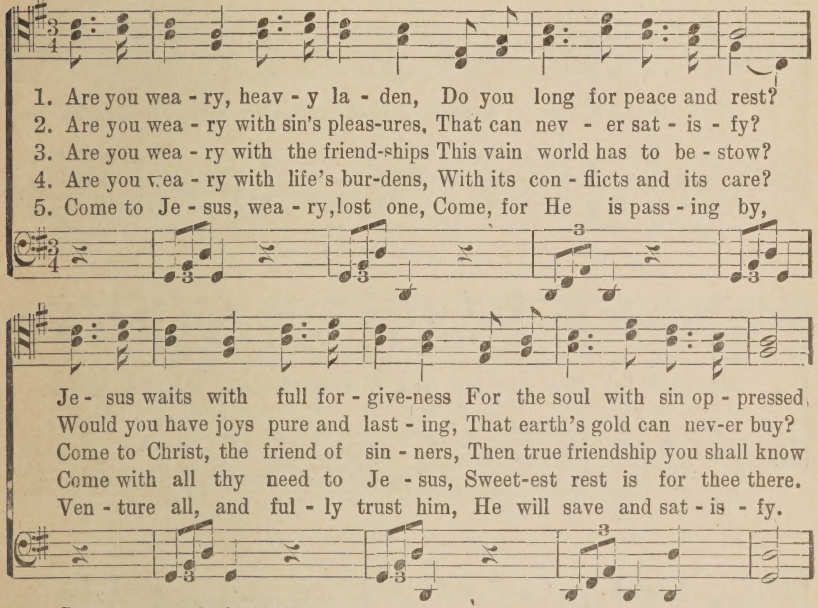

1. Je - sus Christ is my sal - va - tion, He will keep; (He will keep;) From the
2. When life's per - il o'er me hov-ers He will keep; My de-
3. When I come to earth's dark riv-er He will keep; When the
pow - er of temp-ta-tion He will keep; From the world's bewitching snare.
fense-less head He cov-ers He will keep; In the dead - ly grasp of pain
flesh and spir - it quiv-er He will keep; Un - der-neath my Sav-ior's arm
Tho' it find me un - a-ware Je-sus Christ whose name I bear He will
He is nev - er sought in vain, He who turns our loss to gain He will
He'll support in fears a-larm And from ev - 'ry loss and harm He will
CHORUS.
keep, He will keep,..... from ev - 'ry foe, Fear-less
He will keep, He will keep, from the foe,
ad lib.
ly..... with Him I go, For my Saviour is di-vine, I am
Fear-less - ly with Him I go,

## He Will Keep.

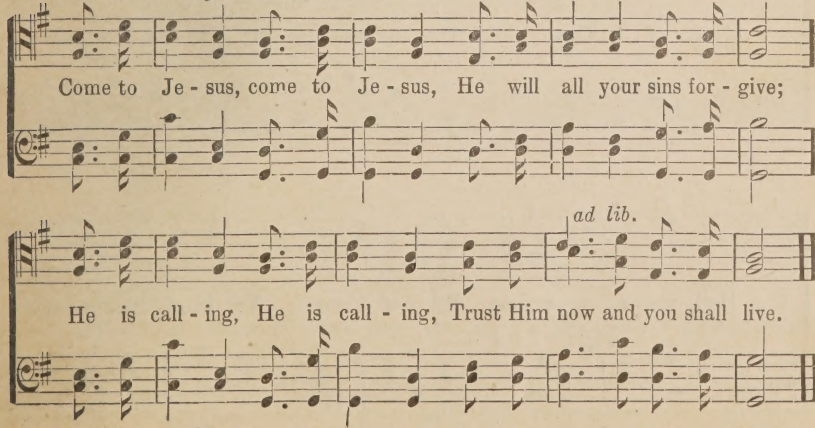



## No. 115. Are You Weary?

Mrs. J. W. Kennedy. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Do you long for peace and rest?
2. Are you wea - ry with sin's pleas-ures, That can nev - er sat - is - fy?
3. Are you wea - ry with the friend-ships This vain world has to be - stow?
4. Are you wea - ry with life's bur-dens, With its con - flicts and its care?
5. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry, lost one, Come, for He is pass - ing by,
Je - sus waits with full for - give-ness For the soul with sin op - pressed,
Would you have joys pure and last - ing, That earth's gold can nev-er buy?
Come to Christ, the friend of sin - ners, Then true friendship you shall know
Come with all thy need to Je - sus, Sweet-est rest is for thee there.
Ven - ture all, and ful - ly trust him, He will save and sat - is - fy.

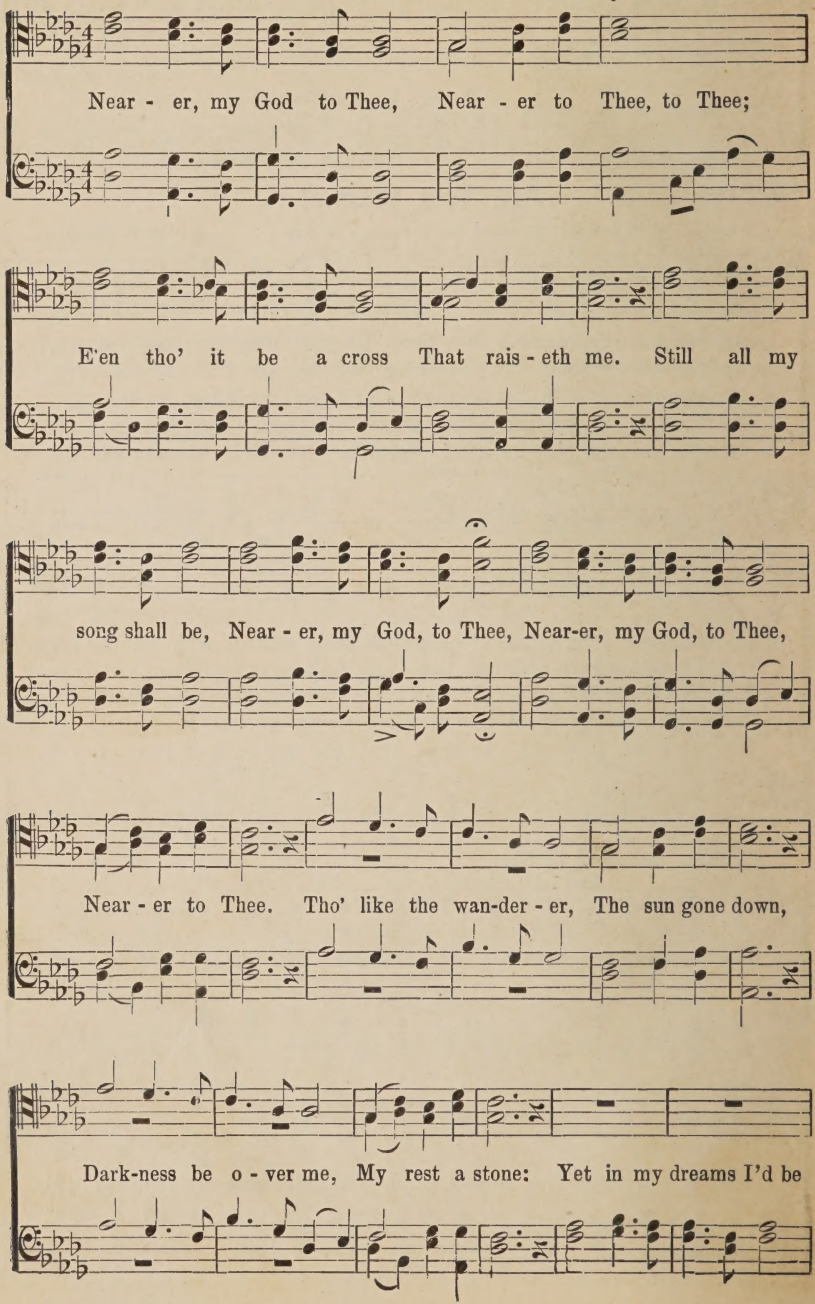
CHORUS. *Melody in 1st Bass.*



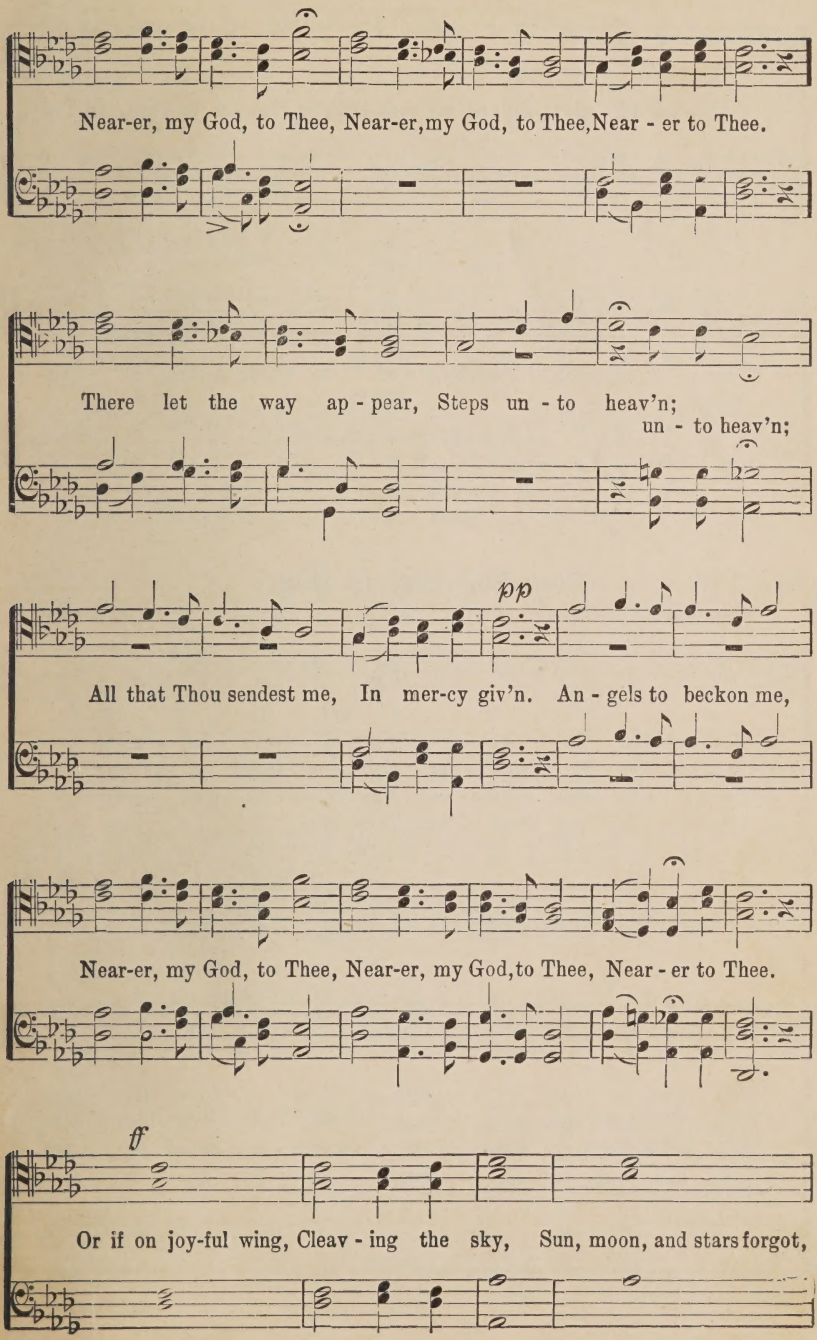
# No. 116 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY OLIVER DITSOM COMPANY.
BY PER.

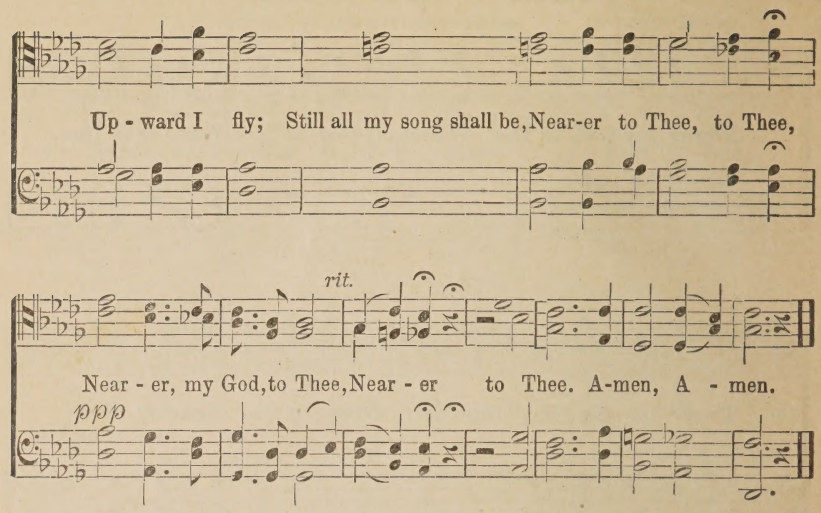
Lowell Mason.
Arr. by Hebert Johnson.


Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee, to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me. Still all my
song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down,
Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be

# Nearer, My God, to Thee.

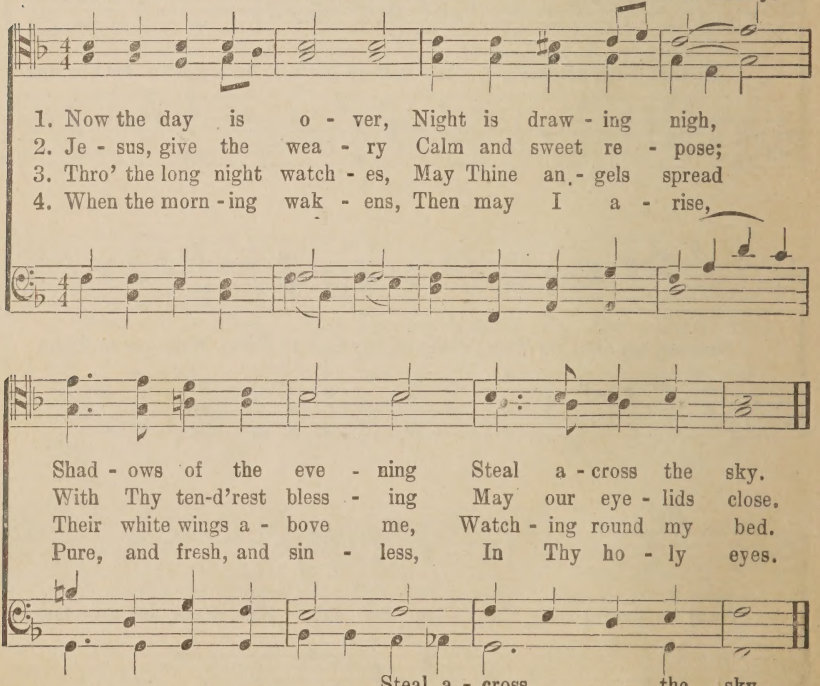

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
un - to heav'n;
pp
All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n. An - gels to beckon me,
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
ff
Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.




## No. 117 Now the Day is Over.

S. B. Gould. J. Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.
Steal a - cross the sky.

## No. 118 The Song of Jubilee.

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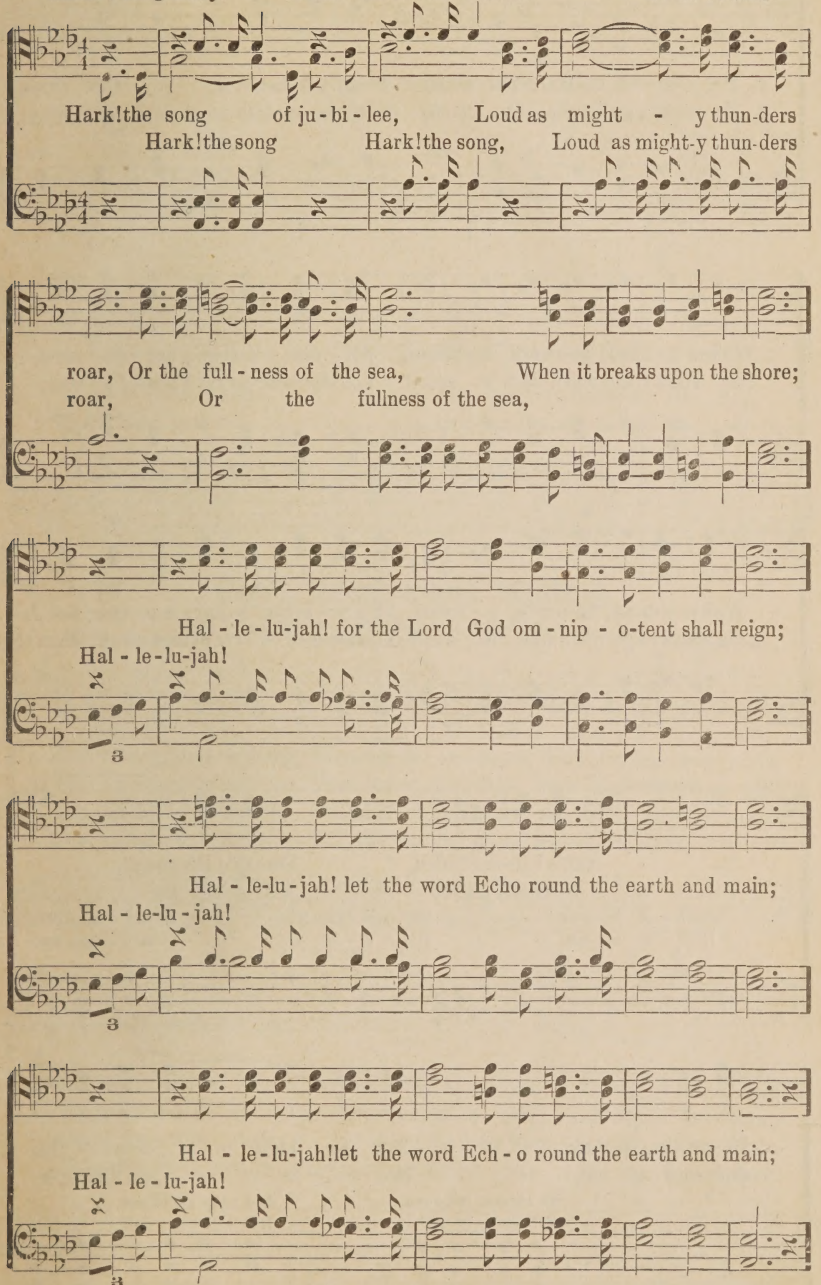
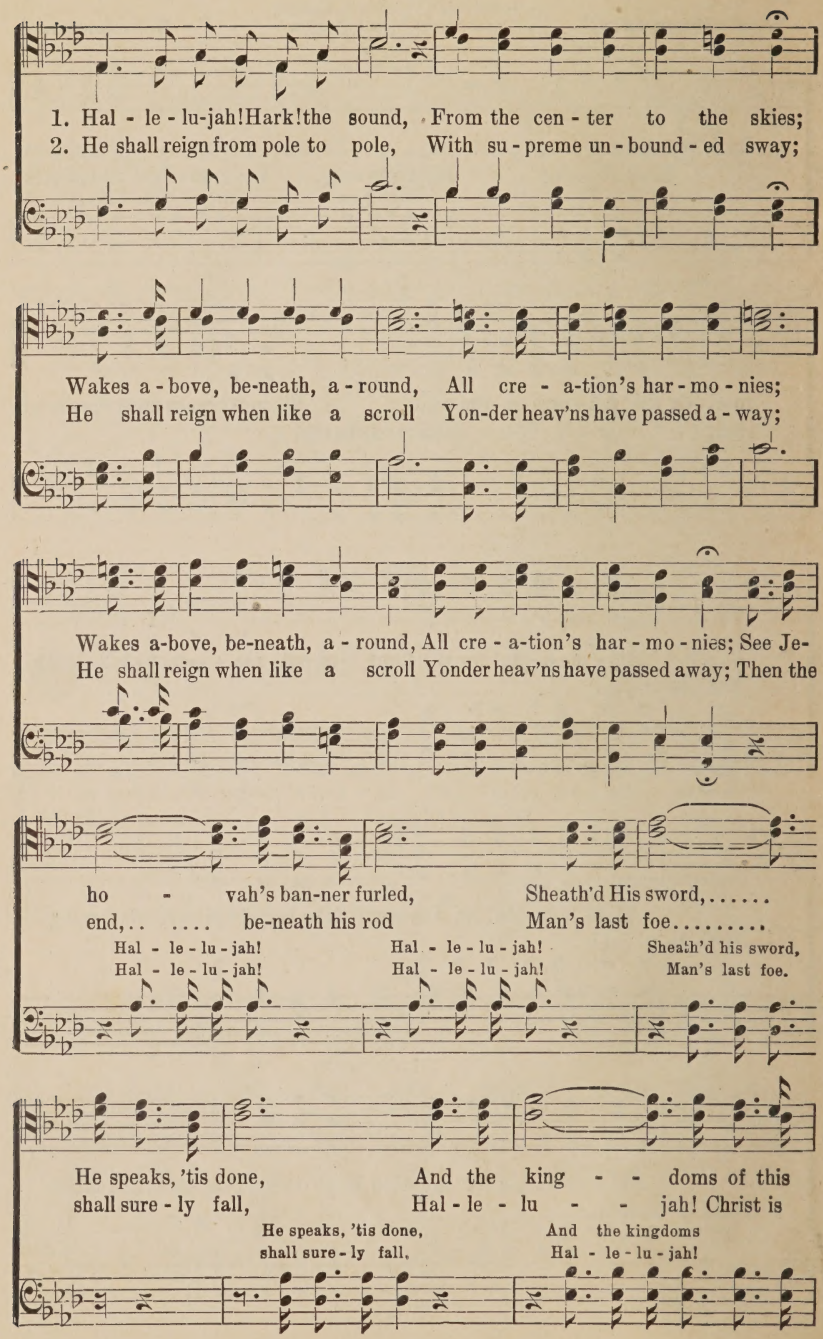
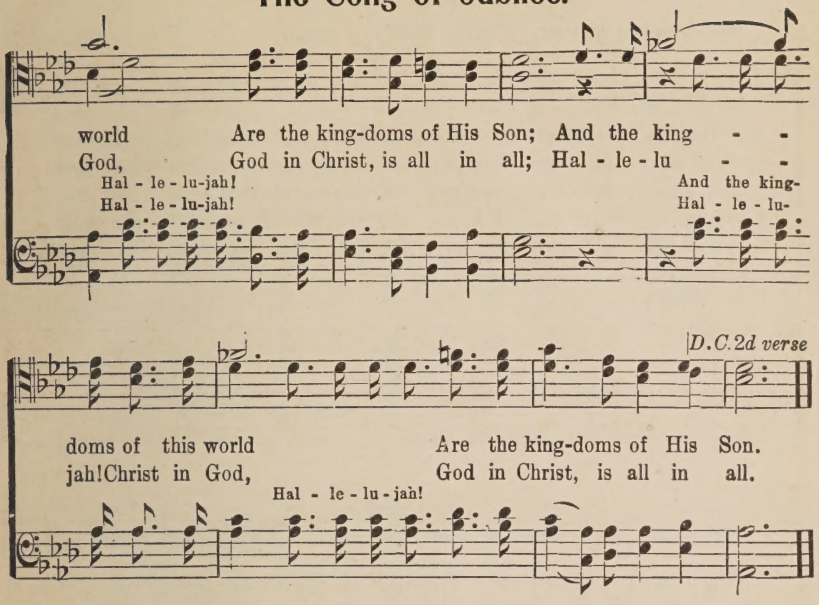
James Montgomery. D. B. Towner.


Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun-ders
Hark! the song Hark! the song, Loud as might-y thun-ders
roar, Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore;
roar, Or the fullness of the sea,
Hal - le - lu-jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o-tent shall reign;
Hal - le-lu-jah!
Hal - le-lu - jah! let the word Echo round the earth and main;
Hal - le-lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu-jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main;
Hal - le - lu-jah!

# The Song of Jubilee.


1. Hal - le - lu-jah! Hark! the sound, From the cen - ter to the skies;
2. He shall reign from pole to pole, With su - preme un - bound - ed sway;
Wakes a - bove, be-neath, a - round, All cre - a-tion's har - mo - nies;
He shall reign when like a scroll Yon-der heav'ns have passed a - way;
Wakes a-bove, be-neath, a - round, All cre - a-tion's har - mo - nies; See Je-
He shall reign when like a scroll Yonder heav'ns have passed away; Then the
ho - vah's ban-ner furled, Sheath'd His sword,.....
end,.. .... be-neath his rod Man's last foe.....
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sheath'd his sword,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Man's last foe.
He speaks, 'tis done, And the king - - doms of this
shall sure - ly fall, Hal - le - lu - - jah! Christ is
He speaks, 'tis done, And the kingdoms
shall sure - ly fall, Hal - le - lu - jah!

## The Song of Jubilee.

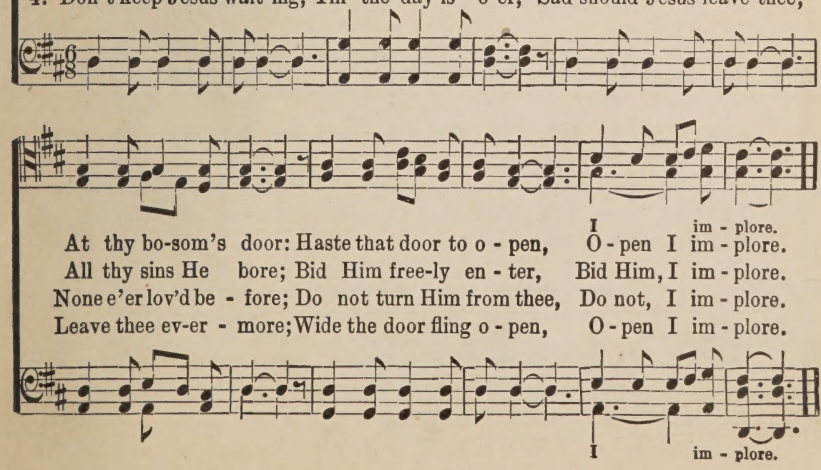

world Are the king-doms of His Son; And the king - -
God, God in Christ, is all in all; Hal - le - lu - -
Hal - le - lu-jah!
Hal - le - lu-jah!
And the king-
Hal - le - lu-
D.C.2d verse
doms of this world Are the king-doms of His Son.
jah!Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

## No. 119 Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

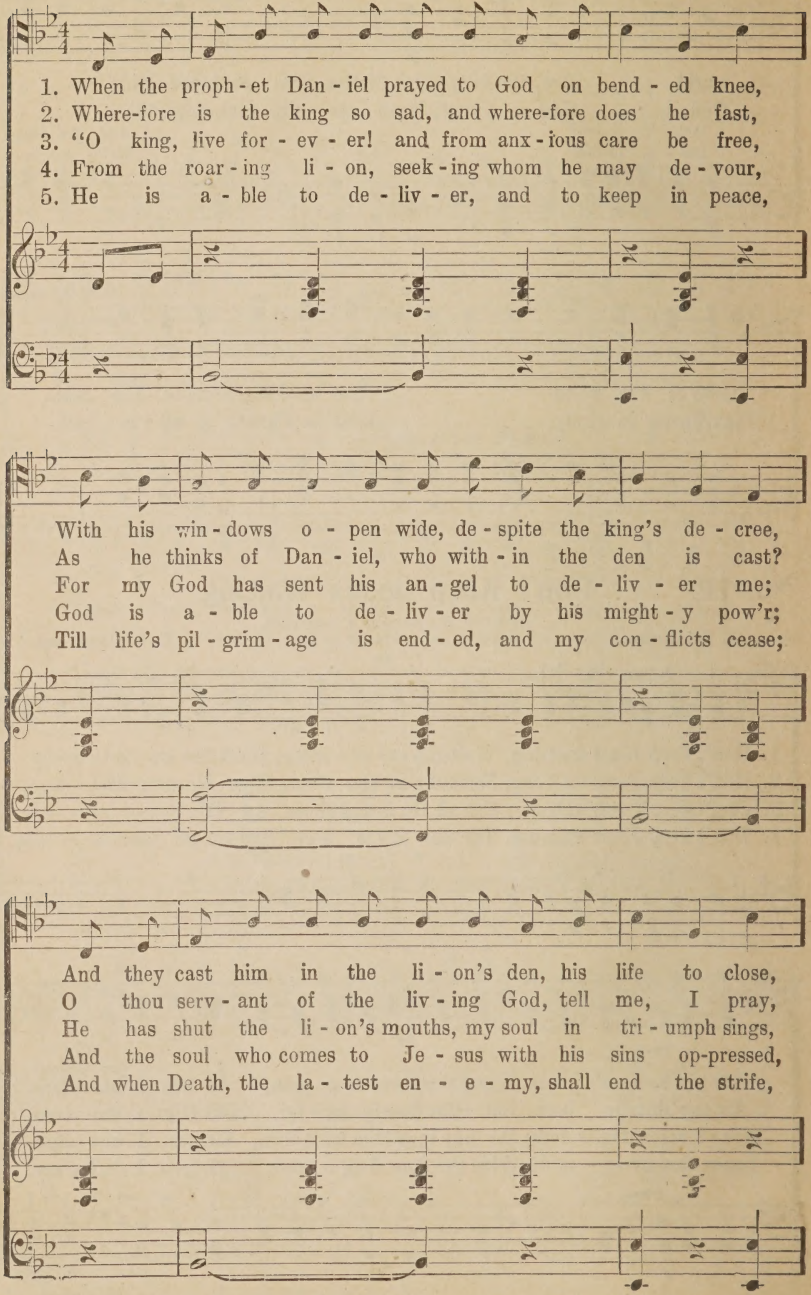
G. W. Crofts. C. C. Kline, arr.

1. Don't keep Jesus wait-ing, Wait-ing ev - er - more, Hark! He knocketh softly
2. Don't keep Jesus walt-ing, Wait-ing at the door, How He suffered for thee,
3. Don't keep Jesus wait-ing, Friend He is and more, As Thy Savior loves thee,
4. Don't keep Jesus wait-ing, Till the day is o'er, Sad should Jesus leave thee,

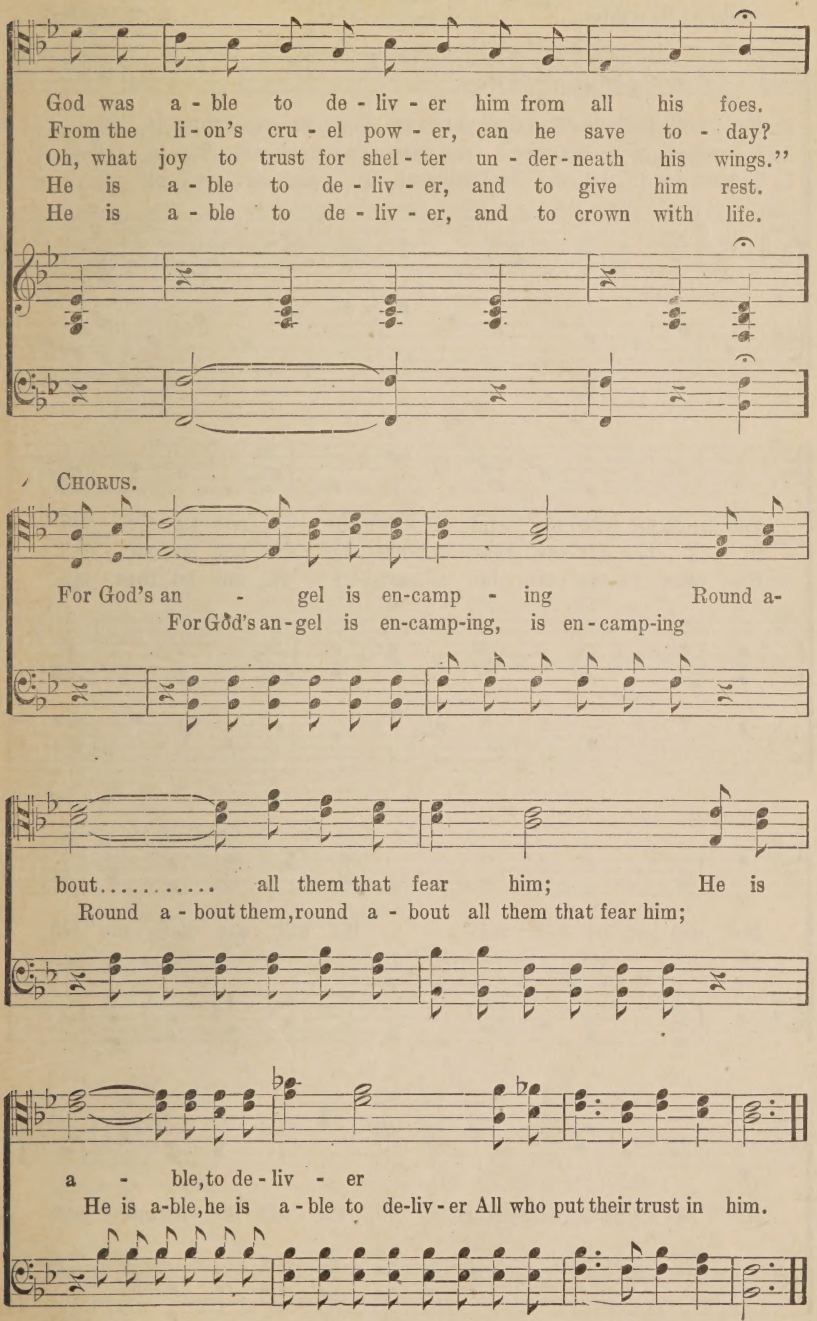

I im - plore.
At thy bo-som's door: Haste that door to o - pen, O - pen I im - plore.
All thy sins He bore; Bid Him free-ly en - ter, Bid Him, I im - plore.
None e'er lov'd be - fore; Do not turn Him from thee, Do not, I im - plore.
Leave thee ev-er - more; Wide the door fling o - pen, O - pen I im - plore.
I im - plore.

## No. 120 He is Able to Deliver.

Mary Sparkes Wheeler. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.


1. When the proph - et Dan - iel prayed to God on bend - ed knee,
2. Where-fore is the king so sad, and where-fore does he fast,
3. "O king, live for - ev - er! and from anx - ious care be free,
4. From the roar - ing li - on, seek - ing whom he may de - vour,
5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to keep in peace,
With his win - dows o - pen wide, de - spite the king's de - cree,
As he thinks of Dan - iel, who with - in the den is cast?
For my God has sent his an - gel to de - liv - er me;
God is a - ble to de - liv - er by his might - y pow'r;
Till life's pil - grim - age is end - ed, and my con - flicts cease;
And they cast him in the li - on's den, his life to close,
O thou serv - ant of the liv - ing God, tell me, I pray,
He has shut the li - on's mouths, my soul in tri - umph sings,
And the soul who comes to Je - sus with his sins op-pressed,
And when Death, the la - test en - e - my, shall end the strife,

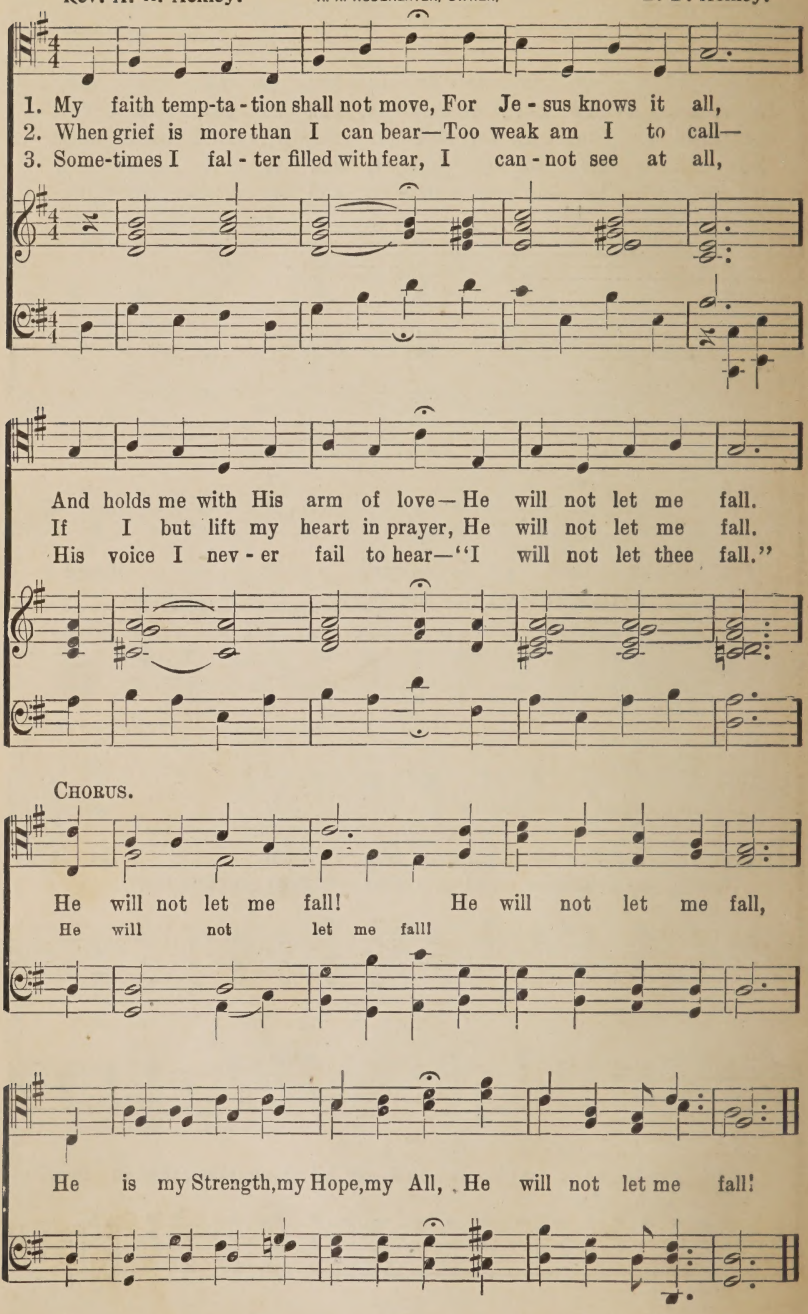
# He is Able to Deliver.


God was a - ble to de - liv - er him from all his foes.
From the li - on's cru - el pow - er, can he save to - day?
Oh, what joy to trust for shel - ter un - der - neath his wings."
He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to give him rest.
He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to crown with life.
Chorus.
For God's an - gel is en-camp - ing Round a-
For God's an-gel is en-camp-ing, is en - camp-ing
bout..... all them that fear him; He is
Round a - bout them, round a - bout all them that fear him;
a - ble, to de - liv - er
He is a-ble, he is a - ble to de-liv - er All who put their trust in him.

# No. 121 He Will Not Let Me Fall.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

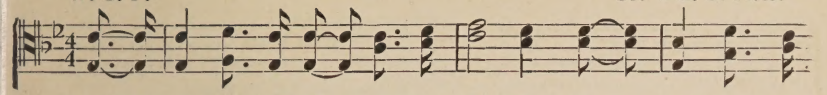
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. My faith temp-ta-tion shall not move, For Je-sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal-ter filled with fear, I can-not see at all,
And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in prayer, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev-er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."
CHORUS.
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall!
He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

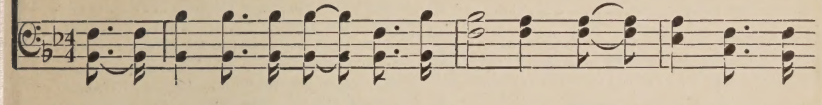
SFC M2083 .T686 S66 1913

# No. 122 The Church in the Wildwood.

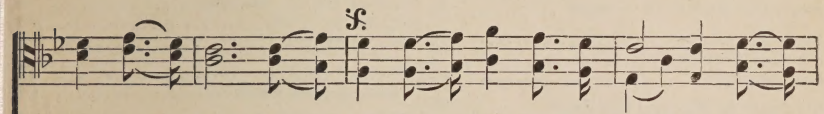
W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



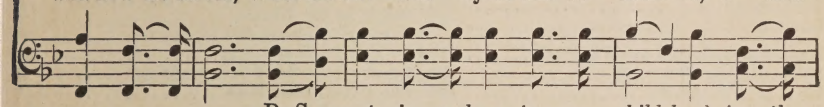
1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the



*f.*



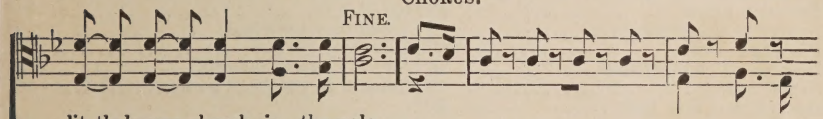
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall



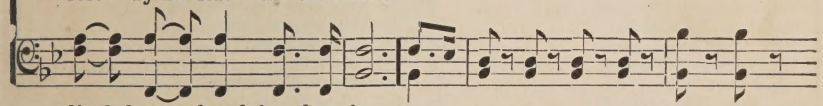
D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

CHORUS.

FINE.

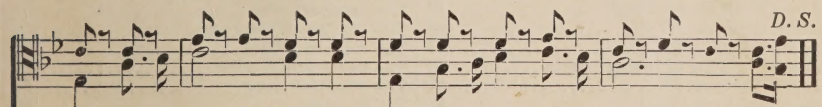


lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale. Come to the
turb not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

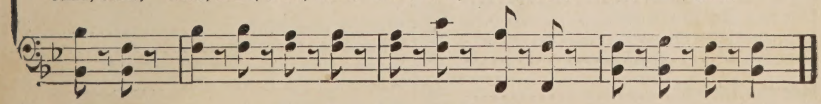


*lit-tle brown church in the vale.*

D. S.



church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



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